Recollections of a life of adventure. By William Stamer (‘Mark Tapley, junr’)

RECOLLECTIONS OF A LIFE OF ADVENTURE.

VOL. II.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A LIFE OF ADVENTURE.

BY WILLIAM STAMER. (‘MARK TAPLEY, Jun R.’)

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LC

LONDON: HURST AND BLACKETT, PUBLISHERS, SUCCESSORS TO HENRY COLBURN, 13, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.

1866.

G477 .S8

LONDON: SAVILL AND EDWARDS, PRINTERS, CHANDOS STREET, COVENT GARDEN.

198669 13

CONTENTS OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

WHAT a wonderful place Melbourne is! To look at its busy streets, handsome shops, and well-built houses, who would believe that the very spot upon which it stands was unknown to Europeans at the commencement of the present century? And yet such is the fact—Port Phillip heads having been first entered by white men in 1802, when Lieutenant Murray, in the *Lady Nelson* , sailed into that noble harbour, in which the finest fleet of vessels in the world can now be seen at anchor, whilst the settlement itself dates only so far back as 1835, when Fawkner and a party of colonists from Tasmania first pitched their tents on the banks of the pleasant Yarra-Yarra. Where but little more than a quarter of VOL. II. B 2 a century ago the laughing jackass chuckled, and the white cockatoo shrieked undisturbed by the presence of man, is now heard the rattle of the steam engine and the busy hum of the human hive, and flocks and herds innumerable may be seen quietly fattening for the Melbourne market on those well-watered lowlands, once sacred to the wallaby and kangaroo. But, apart from the interest which must attach itself to a city of such rapid growth, Melbourne has few attractions. I went out once with the hounds, but the country was altogether too “stiff” to be pleasant, and after getting a couple of “croppers” in a suicidal attempt to take my hired hack over some split timber fences, I suddenly came to the conclusion that hunting a miserable dingo was not a gentlemanly sport after all, and made the best of my way back to the stables. There are, however, several charming places in the environs, Heidelberg more especially; and, accompanied by S., I scoured the country in all directions, until there remained nothing more to be seen nor to detain me longer in Melbourne. I therefore proposed to S. that he should act as my guide to the diggings, a proposal to which he at once assented; so, having purchased a couple of horses which were warranted sound and free from vice, we bid 3 adieu to Melbourne for a while, and took the road to Bendigo.

It was a lovely spring morning, the air was soft and balmy, and the earth, refreshed by the heavy rains, looked charmingly fresh and verdant. Early spring is, in fact, the season at which the Australian landscape can be seen to the best advantage. Australians are very fond of talking about their magnificent climate, and the park-like aspect of their

country, but, for my own part, I could never appreciate the one, nor see any particular beauty in the other. The climate of New Holland will, no doubt, compare favourably with that of Northern Europe, but to say that it is the finest in the world is perfectly ridiculous. During the summer months the heat is intense, and although I never had the misfortune to encounter hot winds, I have seen the thermometer at 106° in the shade on more than one occasion during my sojourn in the Moreton Bay district. But more on this subject hereafter.

Although the general aspect of the country for some distance out of Melbourne was not particularly interesting, the constant succession of strange novel sights that met my eye as I jogged along the high road to Castlemaine, made the ride anything but tedious. Teams of panting, reeking B 2 4 bullocks, dragging heavily-laden drays through the mire and slough, the drivers cursing and swearing as only Australian bullock-drivers can; closely-packed six-horse coaches, skilfully tooled by Yankee Jehus, dashing past at full gallop, swaying, surging, jolting, creaking, in a manner which would have made me tremble for my neck, had I been a passenger; dog-carts drawn by horses, and smaller ditto drawn by dogs; mud-stained, half-starved hacks, carrying swarthy, hard-featured individuals, who looked so extremely like what I had pictured bush-rangers to be, that my hand stole involuntarily towards my holster; mounted troopers on Government business; well-to-do speculators on their own, and stockmen and shepherds on their masters', all bound to or from the diggings. But a considerable number of those whom we met or passed on the road were pedestrians—and a motley appearance they presented. There were old hands returning to the diggings after their spree in Melbourne, seedy, dissipated-looking rascals, evidently upon anything but good terms with themselves, and suffering the consequences of their late debaucheries—new chums, recently landed, toiling along with their heavy packs, and almost “grueled” by their unwonted exertions—horny-fisted, broad-shouldered, iron-thewed 5 chummy from the plough or anvil—soft-pawed, weak-jointed chummy from the desk or counter—ne'er-do-well chummy, whose hands had been more accustomed to the billiard-cue than the pick, and to the dice-box than to the “cradle”—French chummy in Parisian hat and dilapidated *bottes vernis* , the last remaining souvenirs

of better days—Teutonic chummy, with a long-stemmed china-bowled-pipe hanging from his lips—American chummy, with his inevitable quid—Spanish, Italian, Scandinavian, and last, not least, Celestial chummy, with a stick across his shoulder and a bundle at either end, shuffling along, just as I recollected to have seen him represented on that old-fashioned china service which had constituted the nursery dinner-set in the days of my childhood. Yes, there was Ching-Chong-Chow the Chinaman, sure enough, with his sallow face, flat Mongolian features, pig-tail, and slippers—the pagoda alone was wanting to complete the picture. By S.'s account, my friend Ching was not a favourite among the digger fraternity, for his morals were even below digger par. Mrs. Ching had been left behind in the “flowery land,” and the fair sex at the diggings did not as a rule smile favourably upon their Celestial admirers. To do Ching justice, 6 however, it appeared that whenever he had been fortunate enough to obtain a wife, he generally made an exemplary husband. But the Benedicts formed but a very small portion of the Celestial community, and the conduct of the bachelors was shocking. But there were other reasons for the bad odour into which the Chinese had fallen; they had a weakness for working out old and abandoned “claims,” and it riled the barbarian diggers to see the Celestials making a living where they had been unsuccessful. Never having been subjected to digger law in their own favoured land, it was not an easy matter to make them understand that they must abide by the will of the majority, nor to teach them that the hole from whence the diggers drew their drinking-water was not the place to wash their clothes, nor the door of their huts the spot to throw their offal. Then the manners of my pig-tailed friends were not particularly winning. Ching was not of a social or convivial temperament. “He kept his self to his self,” and but a very small portion of his earnings found its way into the pockets of the publican, who was on this account his bitterest enemy, and the man above all others whose voice was raised the loudest against the influx of the Celestials, who, he would declare with 7 an oath, had no right to be allowed on the diggings at all, as not a single mother's son of them had paid the Government capitation tax upon landing. This was, no doubt, in a great measure true. Although the Colonial Government had passed a bill authorizing a poll-tax of 10 *l.* to be levied on every Chinaman landed in Victoria, the act was almost a dead letter,

for coolieship captains were not the sort of men to disburse their owners' money when such disbursement could be avoided. So their cargoes were landed some miles up the coast out of sight of the Government authorities, and the Celestials were left to make their way to the diggings as best they might.

It was an evil day for Victoria on which the advanced guard of these Celestial hordes first set foot on her too-hospitable shores, for the Chinese are now as great a nuisance in Australia as are the emancipated negroes in the Southern States. They have, however, managed to make good their footing, and the Australians must put up with their presence, and endeavour to civilize them by the aid of alcohol, the gallows, and religious tracts printed for their especial behoof in the Chinese tongue. It would be an easy matter for the Legislature to pass an act by which Ching 8 would have to pay his footing by working for a certain fixed period on Queensland cotton plantations—that is, if the Government of that Utopia would consent to such a thing. But then what would the Exeter Hall gentlemen say if the liberties of these dear heathen were to be interfered with? No; such a scheme would never answer. The Chinese will, of course, be brought into the fold at the appointed time, and until then they must be allowed to conduct themselves in their own fashion, to the edification of the rising generation in our colony of Victoria.

As we leisurely rode along, S.'s conversation was essentially “diggerish.” He spoke of the past, present, and future of the colony; but gold was the Alpha and Omega of his discourse—the all-powerful magnet towards which his thoughts biassed.

But little more than six years had elapsed, he said, since the first discovery of the precious metal, and even in that short space what a marvellous change had that discovery effected in the prospects of the colony!

The value of her exports, which, in the year preceding the gold discoveries (1850), amounted to barely one million, had, in the year 1856, risen to upwards of fifteen millions sterling, 9 whilst her imports had increased at a like ratio. Gold, and gold alone, had

effected this, for two-thirds of the entire amount had been derived from her gold fields; wool, the second great staple of the colony, having only contributed one million and a half to the sum total. During the same period, her population had increased with enormous rapidity, the city of Melbourne alone numbering nearly one hundred thousand souls, whilst large and prosperous cities had sprung up, where, prior to 1850, was the vast unexplored wilderness. “The Americans,” he said, “boasted of the rapid growth of some of their western states and cities, but Victoria had outpaced California, and Melbourne their far-famed San Francisco; and, before many years had passed away, Australia would most assuredly become the England of the Southern Seas and the rival of the United States, both in wealth and maritime greatness.”

Of course there was no denying the statistics; but I was by no means as sanguine concerning the future of Victoria as friend S. Before Victoria, or any other colony, can hope to become a great and powerful state, she must have other than golden foundations upon which to rest her pretensions. It is to the plough of the 10 husbandman and not to the pick of the goldseeker that she must look, if she desires to become one of the nations of the earth; and, until she is able, like the United States, to rely altogether upon her own internal resources, she must be content to remain the dependency of Great Britain, or of the nation that, for the time being, “rules the waves.” Of all our colonies, those in Australia are the worst protected, and in the case of another American war—a by no means improbable event—one of the first acts of the Yankee Government would be to despatch a few cruisers or letters of marque to the Australian waters; and we have only to call to mind the ravages committed by half a dozen Confederate vessels during the late war, to form some estimate of what we may ourselves expect whenever the privateers of Brother Jonathan make their appearance in the track of our Australian liners, between Melbourne or Sydney and the Horn. England would, doubtless, endeavour to protect her colonies to the utmost of her ability, but that she would be in a position to afford material assistance to her Australian dependencies, I very much question. “It is a long cry to Lough Awe.” Victoria is a long distance from Downing Street, and we have other colonies 11

nearer home, which, with an equal claim for protection, could be much more readily and advantageously assisted when the time came for action. There is, however, no earthly use in endeavouring to impress this upon your genuine Australian; for, like the rest of our British colonists, he has got the idea into his head that the mother country is in duty bound to afford him every protection and assistance of which he may stand in need, and to send him a fleet whenever he is menaced by his next door neighbour. That he should consider himself entitled to all this is not surprising, for England has so often assisted her colonists, whilst they stood quietly looking on with their arms folded, that she has almost established a precedent. But precedent or no precedent, even though England had the will, she has no longer the power to protect all her colonies, and the sooner the elder children are in a position to take care of themselves the better, both for them and her. Hitherto she has received nothing but ingratitude from these children. Jonathan, her eldest hope, has proved himself an unfilial young reprobate, and it is now from his bony fist and horny foot that Dame Britannia shrinks in motherly horror; for that he will be deterred by a family feeling from 12 administering the cuff and kick whenever he may happen to have the opportunity, no one who knows the amiable young gentleman's character can suppose for a moment. Even as it is, we hold the Canadas solely by his gracious permission, for that he can take possession of them whenever he feels so disposed, I think there can be very little question, unless we at once make them military colonies, and determine to hold them at any cost. In the late civil war, the North alone brought into the field, from first to last, upwards of one million armed men. Reunited, she can now count upon all Lee's veterans besides, for, with our usual tact, we have made bitter enemies of both parties, and nothing would, I feel confident, be more likely to soothe the angry feelings of these late belligerents than the occupation of H.B.M.'s North American dominions by an army composed of mixed troops, drawn from every state from Maine to Texas. The Canadians would lose little by becoming citizens of the “Model Republic,” for Brother Jonathan would be only too happy to admit them into the Union on their own terms; but I much doubt whether he would treat my Australian friends with the same amount of consideration. In the event of a war with England, 13 he will no doubt honour the Victorians with a visit;

but it will not be to make offers of admission into the Union, but to present bills, drawn on the mother country for payment—bills which will have, I fear, to be paid at sight. But, after all, our Australian colonies will only have to do that which other British colonies have done before now—pay the penalty for the blunders and penny-wise-pound-foolish policy of the home Government with as good a grace as possible, and sing “Rule, Britannia,” whilst a hostile fleet is sweeping her commerce from the seas. It is to be hoped that the Australians, instead of looking to England for help, as they have done hitherto, will think for the future what they can do to protect themselves; for if they do not, it strikes me that they will have a rough time of it when the storm breaks.

It is not, however, simply because Victoria is unable to protect herself that I am sceptical concerning that great future, which my friends as a rule believe to be in store for her: it is rather because I cannot discover within her borders, apart from her gold-fields, any of those elements of prosperity which have been scattered broadcast on the wide domains of Uncle Sam. What constitutes the present wealth of the colony? 14 Rich gold-fields, and flocks and herds—apart from these, she has little to depend on but the fertility of her soil. “And a very good sheet-anchor too,” my Australian friends will exclaim. No doubt of it; but bear in mind that Brother Jonathan offers that and a good deal more to the intending emigrant. The products of his inheritance, more especially the mineral, are not to be enumerated; and it would almost seem as if Nature's laboratory were situated somewhere beneath the crust of Yankeedom, so rich and varied are the chemicals which exude from her soil—oils, soaps, gases, spirits, and let Liebig or Faraday say what besides. But there can be little use in recapitulating all the sources of wealth which Uncle Sam has within his borders. I have merely alluded to some of them to prove how little need he has to fear any competition on the part of his Australian cousins, and to show upon how much more solid a basis his house is founded. Nothing would afford me more sincere satisfaction than to see our Australian colonies rivalling the United States in wealth and prosperity; but that I have small hopes of ever beholding them in that enviable position I must candidly confess. My Australian 15 friends may assure me that the gold-yielding quartz reefs of Victoria are

inexhaustible, that her soil is rich, and that her pasture lands are boundless. It won't do. I must know something more than that. I must be thoroughly convinced that Australia's prosperity is altogether independent of her gold-fields; and that were they to cease yielding the precious metal to-morrow, it would not materially affect her prospects. I must be satisfied, that were she to become agricultural instead of pastoral and gold-yielding, she could enter into successful competition with other countries in the production of corn, cotton, silk, oil, indigo, or whatever other articles of commerce could be raised on her soil. I must know that she is self-supporting, and no longer dependent upon other countries for the means of subsistence; and that the value of her exports, irrespective of gold, exceeds that of her imports by at least twenty per cent. Above all, I must be persuaded that the colonists themselves have that faith in the colony's future that they say they have, and this I shall never be, so long as I see them for ever turning such wistful glances in the direction of Europe, or hear them heave those deep-drawn sighs, whenever 16 they speak of the "old country." No. If my Australian friends desire that the land of their adoption shall one day rival the United States in greatness and prosperity, the sooner they can forget that old country across the seas, and look upon the new one as their home and the home of their children, the better. There must be no ties to bind them to the old world save those of gratitude; they must be Australians and nothing else. Hitherto there have been too many birds of passage in our Australian colonies—vultures, which only alighted to see what they could pick up, and which took to flight the instant they had a full craw. The millions that were made at the gold-fields were not invested in the colony—a pretty fair amount of the yellow metal found its way to London and Paris. The fortunate squatters and speculators have not as a rule settled in that pleasant land of promise, which is to become the New England of the Southern Seas. Absenteeism is not confined to Ireland by any means, and it may be the ruin of Australia, as it has been the ruin of that "jim of the say" of the Northern hemisphere. In fine, notwithstanding the assurances of my Victorian friends, in spite of her present apparent prosperity, nay, in spite of what I am told is 17 only common-sense I have but small faith in that great future which is predicted for Australia, and fully

expect, before I die, to see a reflux tide of emigration setting steadily towards the shores of the American continent. VOL. II. C

18

CHAPTER II.

An Australian Village—The Hounslow Health of Victoria—An Awkward Summersault —The Gold-field of Forest Creek—Castlemaine—Sandhurst—A Gold-digger's Music Hall—Sunday at the Diggings—The Bendigo Gold-fields—The Life of a Gold-Digger— Unsatisfactory Condition of the Australian Gold-fields.

AFTER leaving Keilor, the first stage out of Melbourne, where we made a halt to “liquor up” with a party of rough-looking gentlemen diggers, quondam pals of friend S., who I may mention, *en passant* , appeared to possess a most extensive circle of rather dubious acquaintances, our road lay for some twelve miles through a flat country, but after having passed the “gap,” the scenery became more varied, and indeed, between that spot and Gisborne, might almost be called picturesque. The village of Gisborne itself was most decidedly so, being situated in a ravine, the general aspect of which brought to my remembrance a certain little village, unknown to the mass of English tourists, which I chanced to discover when out on a fishing 19 excursion in Saxon Switzerland. Gisborne passed, the next point of interest on our road was the Black Forest, the Hounslow Heath of this part of Victoria—a spot that has gained a most unenviable notoriety from the number of murders and robberies which have been perpetrated in its immediate vicinity. Here it was that after the first rush to the Forest Creek gold-fields, the most desperate of the bush-ranging fraternity took their stand, and here it was that armed men were wont to look to the priming of their pistols, and that the unarmed banded together for mutual protection and support. It was in the Black Forest that drays were pillaged, horses stolen, diggers “bailed up,” and it was on the verge of this same Black Forest that we arrived about dusk, for S. had stopped so frequently to shake hands and have a “cuffer” with friends on the road, that our advance had been of the slowest.

Although he assured me that we were as safe as if we were in our beds at the Criterion, I must confess that I did not feel altogether at my ease. My eyes wandered restlessly from side to side; I began to revolve in my mind the possibility of my pistols having been tampered with during our halt at Keilor, and I was more pleased than I would have cared to acknowledge C 2 20 to friend S., when he proposed that we should put our horses to the canter, and endeavour to make up for lost time. My horse, which had been warranted to me a perfect hack in every respect, had already proved himself the hardest-mouthed, laziest, most vicious brute it had ever been my bad fortune to throw a leg across. But lazy or willing, for that night, at all events, I was determined he should go, and by dint of constant application of spur and whip, I did get him into a sort of hand gallop, at which pace I kept him until S. swore that if I did not pull up, I might go on by myself, and get bailed up for my trouble. The words “bailed up,” which my worthy guide yelled out with fearful significance (I verily believe the wretch was in mortal terror at the thought of being left behind in the dark by himself), had a magical effect in bringing me to a halt. I pulled short up at once, and waited patiently until S., who was a long way in the rear, overtook me, leaving it to him to regulate the pace for the remainder of the distance; and lucky it was that I did so, for had I continued my headlong course, I should have broken my neck to a certainty, the road being in a truly diabolical state, even for Victoria.

We halted for the night at a place called 21 Wood End, where S. of course fell in with a lot more digger friends and acquaintances, and they kicked up such an infernal row in the room next to mine, that there was no getting any sleep that blessed night. We had agreed to make an early start in the morning; but when daylight came S. was still in a state of “fourpenny,” or what was worse still, “new rum,” and I could not get him out of the dirty blankets in which he was coiled up until it was past ten o'clock. Even then there was another hour's delay; for hardly was I well in the saddle ere my brute of a horse took it into his head to initiate me into the mysteries of buck-jumping; and so effectually did he commence his performance that he sent me flying over his head into a heap of mud, which lay “convanient,” as Pat would say, for my reception. Whilst S. galloped after the brute,

which made back-tracks towards Melbourne the instant he had effectually disposed of his rider, the ostler scraped me down with the back of a carving-knife, pretty much in the same manner that he would have done had I been a hunter in a lather of sweat; and by the time my guide made his reappearance with the runaway, which had luckily been caught a mile out of the town, I was ready for another trial. I did 22 not think it advisable to give my gallant steed a chance of acting on the offensive a second time, but at once gave him the benefit of both spurs, which sent him off at a rate that soon left the hamlet of Wood End miles behind me. Our second day's ride lay through an apparently fertile and well-watered tract of country—about the most promising district for the intending agriculturist that I had as yet seen in the colony—through the towns of Kyneton, Malmsbury, Elphinstone, without drawing rein, until we at length came in sight of what was once the far-famed gold-field of Forest Creek.

I certainly was most sadly disappointed when S., pointing exultingly to a bare, bleak, upturned tract of country in front of us, suddenly exclaimed—“There, old fellow! those are the Forest Creek diggings.” *Forest* Creek, indeed! There was not a tree to be seen —nothing but a bare, dismal expanse, upon which a battle of evil genii might have been fought, the upturned hillocks marking the spots where the giant slain lay buried. The glory of Forest Creek had indeed departed. The place was, in American parlance, “pretty well played out,” and hardly anything remained on that once famous gold-field but the mounds which the digger-ants had 23 thrown up, and some few parties of Celestials, who were “fossicking” amongst the deserted claims, after their peculiar fashion. It did not take me a very great length of time to do this side of Forest Creek, for in less than half an hour my curiosity was satisfied, and we were again on the high road to Castlemaine. The entrance to that second great mart of the northern gold-fields reminded me of that modern “city of the plain,” that Canadian “Gomorrah,” so dear to drunken soldiers, rollicking sailors, and hard-fisted lumbermen and raftsmen, which lies on the heights above Quebec. There stood the same class of tumble-down, seedy frame-houses; the same dissipated, don't-care-a-damn looking population. Even the very smells were the same as in the Gomorrah

aforesaid; and had it not been for an occasional tent and “slab” hut, I might have imagined myself re-transported once again to the Heights of Abraham. An hour's gentle riding brought us into Castlemaine, and I was fairly on the gold-fields, and surrounded by a “digger” population.

I was as agreeably surprised with the appearance of Castlemaine, as I had been disappointed with my first glimpse of the Forest Creek diggings. This city of six years' growth is situated 24 in a pretty rolling country, and possessed, even at the time of my visit (September, 1857), several good hotels; stores, where everything was sold that the digger community could require; banks, churches, chapels, and American drinking-saloons galore. There appeared to be a pretty smart trade doing at the different stores, although the quantity of gold found in the vicinity was trifling, the majority of the diggers having made tracks for Mount Alexander and Bendigo, or joined in the rush to Mount Ararat, which had recently taken place.

There being nothing to detain us in Castlemaine, we started at an early hour on the following morning for Sandhurst, the metropolis of the northern gold-fields.

Some few miles out of Castlemaine the country reassumed its pastoral appearance, which it preserved until we arrived on the skirt of the Bendigo gold-field, a short distance from Sandhurst, where we arrived just in time for dinner, which was cooked and served in better style than any meal to which I had sat down at the far-famed Criterion in Melbourne.

Truly rapid, even for Australia, has been the growth of this same city of Sandhurst. At the beginning of the year 1852, the shepherd pastured his 25 flock along that Bendigo Creek upon which there now stands a city of some fifteen thousand inhabitants; and perhaps on the very site of his slab hut there may have been erected one of the many handsome public buildings which adorn this modern Ophir. No man visiting Sandhurst for the first time, and ignorant of the city's history, would believe that so great a change could possibly have been effected in so short a time—unless, indeed, he were an American

from some Western State; and even he would open his eyes “some,” I warrant. It was, without exception, the most “go-ahead” place for its age that I had ever come across in my travels; and I made S. quite jubilant by assuring him that it beat the western cities of the United States hollow. And so far as “go-aheadedness” went, beat them it most certainly did. Not only had the plan of the town been well conceived, but many of the buildings were handsomely designed and solidly constructed. There were several commodious hotels, vast stores, banks, theatres, music-halls, and churches and chapels for every denomination. And what was more, they all appeared to be doing a good business—the places of amusement more especially; but I have no doubt that even “running” a church or chapel was a paying 26 speculation, for a smart parson can be pretty certain of getting a flock together on the gold-fields, for there are devotees to be found even amongst diggers. The evening of our arrival we went to a large music-hall, the name of which I now forget; and for a new chum, who desired, as I did, to study digger character, a better place could not possibly have been selected by friend S. It was a Saturday night, and the diggers were in great force, every part of the hall being crammed to suffocation. I had expected to find a perfect pandemonium—a barn full of brutal, drunken, yelling diggers—instead of which I found a fine handsome hall, that would not have disgraced London itself, and as orderly an audience as any man could desire to meet. It is true that the applause at the conclusion of a song was a little louder than I was accustomed to hear—for diggers are, as a rule, exceedingly demonstrative; but taking it all in all, the behaviour of the audience was most praise-worthy, and I did not see more than half-a-dozen men the worse for liquor during the entire evening. But what a mixed lot they were! Not a country under the sun but had its representative in that well-filled hall; and as I looked upon the different types around me—the Anglo-Saxon, 27 the Yankee, the Mongolian, the Negro, and a whole host of others—I was obliged to acknowledge the universal sovereignty of King Gold, that mighty potentate who has but one mightier than himself—King Death—at whose presence even he must bow his head, the glittering sceptre dropping from his grasp, and nothing remaining but dust and ashes.

The entertainment provided was considerably above the average—indeed out of London I never saw anything to equal it—and the proprietor richly deserved the success which had attended his spirited attempt to cater in a liberal manner for the amusement of the good people of Sandhurst and the surrounding gold-fields.

The next day being Sunday, there was not much doing except drinking and preaching; for, as in Scotland, preachee-preachee and drinkee-drinkee go hand in hand at the diggings, only that in Scotland both the one and the other are carried to a greater extent, there being more Puritanical cant and more Glenlivat whisky. I stood at the door of my hotel and watched the good people going to church, and, for any difference I could discover in their general appearance, I might have been posted at the door of the Hen and Chickens in Birmingham. If the 28 features of the passers-by were more varied, their dress was generally of English cut and texture, for even Mr. Ching sported a “tile,” and had his garments cut by some colonial Moses or Nicoll. The women were decked out in silks and satins, and the men wore tweed and broadcloth, and instead of the rough, unkempt, dirtstained community that I had expected to find, I beheld a staid, church-going population. I could hardly believe my eyes, but there was no mistake about it, and had not S. taken me behind the scenes and piloted me to a vagabond quarter of the town, where his digger friends were domiciled, I should most probably have left Sandhurst with the impression that it was the sort of place where, to use the words of an American friend of mine, “Those ninety and nine just persons might have lived who needed no repentance.” But my trusty guide was determined that I should form no erroneous notions of the morality of the Bendigo diggers. His digger pride revolted at the very thought of my taking the digger fraternity of which he was a member for a moral and religious class of men, and he spared no pains to prove to me that for drunkenness and low debauchery the town of Sandhurst stood unrivalled. Need I say that he succeeded. 29 Early on the Monday morning we commenced our tour of inspection of the Bendigo gold-field, and for six entire days our time was fully occupied in riding from one rich “claim” to another, descending

shafts, making inquiries, which were not always answered, and watching the miners at their work.

The Bendigo gold-field proper has an area of nearly one hundred square miles, and contains within its limits quartz-reefs of sufficient magnitude to keep the miners at work for centuries to come, if quartz-crushing should continue as lucrative a business as at the present time, which I, for one, am very much inclined to doubt. Of the great Victorian gold-fields, it stands third in order of discovery, Ballarat being the first and Mount Alexander the second; but for richness, and for the intrinsic value of the precious metal that it has yielded, it is second to none in the colony. Within six months of its discovery, fifty thousand diggers were hard at work on the spot, and successful they most certainly must have been, or they would have perished from downright starvation, for the common necessaries of life soon reached famine prices, flour being 200l. a ton, and everything else in proportion. Indeed, the diggers were supposed at that time 30 to be making at the rate of 250 *l.* per man per annum; but what is that when the price of provisions is taken into consideration?—a bare existence; nothing more. The Bendigo diggers confined themselves at first to “surfacing” and alluvial mining; but as the rich auriferous deposits near the surface became exhausted, they had to try deep-sinking and quartz-mining, and their labours soon increased tenfold, without their reaping any corresponding advantage. It is not my intention to give a detailed description of the various methods for separating the gold from the dirt in vogue at the diggings, for who has not heard of “washing” and “puddling,” “sluicing” and “amalgamating,” *usque ad nauseam?* Neither do I purpose entering into an elaborate account of what I did and saw at those diggings, for the Bendigo gold-fields have already been described by scores of better writers than myself—men who had as many years'as I had days' experience. Suffice it to say that I made the most of my time, and when, at the expiration of a week, I bid adieu to Sandhurst, I had seen and heard quite sufficient to convince me that there were many other pursuits more suited to my taste than gold digging, and I politely declined S.'s proposal that I should throw 31 in my lot with a party of “devilish good fellows” of his acquaintance, who were about to

commence quartz-crushing, and take up my abode for a season on the Bendigo. The life of a digger is both hazardous and laborious, and were it not for the excitement that he experiences whilst seeking for the precious metal, hoping against hope that his slice of luck in the shape of a nugget will be laid bare at each stroke of his pick, and above all, for the satisfaction he experiences from being a free agent, working on his own hook, I very much doubt whether, at the end of a twelvemonth, there would be five hundred diggers on the Bendigo gold-fields, unless indeed they were in the employ of the large quartz-crushing companies, and received their weekly wages. People may say what they like—gold-digging is *not* a remunerative employment. We only hear of the lucky ones who have drawn a prize in the lottery; of the thousands of poor devils who eke out a miserable subsistence on the different gold-fields we hear nothing. Now that the alluvial diggings are well nigh exhausted, the chances of those who have no capital are worse than ever. They will soon have to leave off “fossicking” and work at fixed wages for the gold-mining capitalists, and, having no interest in the venture, 32 even the little excitement that made the labour endurable will be wanting. The rate of wages, at the time of my visit to Sandhurst, was as high as fifteen shillings a-day, but they have considerably fallen since then, and, on referring to the last accounts, I find that the amount made annually by employers and employed on the Victoria gold-fields averages only 70 *l.* per head. Were I to write for a month, I could adduce no stronger evidence to prove the present unsatisfactory condition of the much-vaunted Australian gold-fields.

I returned to Melbourne alone, S. having determined to try his luck on the Bendigo. Whether fortune finally smiled upon him I know not, for I have neither seen nor heard of him since the day we parted at the door of the hotel in Sandhurst.

I only remained in Melbourne until my horse was disposed of, when, taking a berth in the *City of Sydney* steamer, I left Victoria for the sister colony of New South Wales.

33

CHAPTER III.

Port Jackson—The general Aspect of Sydney—Its Parks and Gardens—The River and City of Brisbane—Tallow worth more than Meat—A Boiling-down Establishment—Off up country—A Squatter's Homestead—The Cause of its Roughness—Australian Sheep-shearing—The Author makes an unsuccessful Experiment—The Resources of Queensland—A Warning to intending Emigrants—Australian Bullock-drivers.

AS the *City of Sydney* rounded the Southern head and the noble harbour of Port Jackson burst upon my view, I was obliged to admit that there was, after all, something worth seeing in the colonies, and that my voyage to the antipodes had not been entirely thrown away. Sheltered from the swell of the ocean by two projecting headlands, which are not more than three-quarters of a mile apart, the harbour of Port Jackson presents all the appearance of an inland lake, and as I looked at its calm unruffled surface I could hardly bring myself to believe that it was part and portion of the restless surging Pacific. From the entrance of the harbour to Sydney Cove, a distance of some six miles, VOL. II. D 34 the scene is one of surpassing beauty. The shores on either side present every variety of aspect, now sloping gently down to the sandy beach, now rising precipitately from the water, indented here and there by the most charming little nooks and coves imaginable. At the head of many of these miniature bays the country house of some wealthy Sydney merchant may be seen peeping through the foliage, which here at least is luxuriant and verdant, even in the hottest days of an Australian December. Truly, the Sydneyites have just reason to be proud of the site of their city, although the harbour may not exactly be what they vauntingly assert that it is—the finest in the world. I was agreeably disappointed to find on landing that Sydney was not such a go-ahead place as the capital of Victoria. The city had in a great measure recovered from the gold fever, and, once away from the bustle of the wharves, I might, so far as out-ward appearances went, have imagined myself in some provincial town in England.

After the noise and stir of Melbourne, it seemed what the Yankees would call a very “one-horse sort of a place.” There was not even a fight amongst the porters for the possession

of my baggage; and when I was finally deposited at 35 the door of Petty's Hotel, on Church Hill, my cabman took his fare and drove off, without favouring me with any of that slang which I had been accustomed to hear from his brother whips in Victoria.

So much has been already written about Sydney and its environs, that a detailed description of the town would be out of place. Seen from the harbour, it does not present a very imposing appearance, but it improves upon closer inspection. The streets are fully as good as those met with in the majority of our provincial towns; the houses are substantially built, the shops large and well supplied, whilst many of the public buildings, the Government House and the College more especially, have considerable pretensions to architectural beauty. Parks and gardens are not wanting to add to the health and enjoyment of the citizens. There are the Botanical Gardens, beautifully situated on Farm Cove, a most delightful retreat in the hot summer weather, when a light breeze is stirring on the waters of the harbour; the Domain, a public park, the fashionable resort of Sydney swelldom, and some of the most charming walks and drives in the outskirts of the town that can well be imagined. The road between Sydney and the South Head will compare D 2 36 favourably for picturesque beauty with the far-famed Cornice itself, and the north shore of the harbour would be a second Garden of Eden were it not for the sad-coloured foliage of the eternal gum-trees. What with picnics to the Heads and riding parties to Botany and fishing excursions in the harbour, a fortnight passed pleasantly away, at the end of which time I accepted the invitation of a Moreton Bay squatter to spend a month at his station on the Condamine, and taking leave of Sydney for a while I sailed in the *Boomerang* for Brisbane.

The gallant *Boomerang* did not make a very smart run of it, and it was only on the morning of the fourth day that we passed Moreton Island and entered the Brisbane river. I had heard so much of the beauty of this river, that my disappointment was considerable when I found that it had all the characteristics of an American bayou. The stream was sluggish, the banks covered with impenetrable mangrove thickets, whilst for downright gloominess it might have been the Styx itself. As we approached the town, however, a

decided improvement took place in the aspect of affairs. The mangroves disappeared, the Brisbane no longer bore any resemblance to a Louisianian bayou, but flowed along 37 like a sensible river, now expanding itself into a miniature lake, now coursing through some narrow channel, overhung by precipitous rocks and banks rich with tropical vegetation.

The city of Brisbane is situated on a bend of the river, some fourteen miles from its mouth, and was a place of considerable importance even at the time of my visit, which was prior to the separation of Moreton Bay from New South Wales, and the formation of the colony of Queensland. It was from Brisbane that many of the Moreton Bay squatters obtained their supplies; and as the greater portion of the wool and tallow produced in the district found its way down the Bremer and Brisbane rivers, the export trade was considerable. A bar at the mouth of the river at present prevents vessels of large size from entering; but should this eventually be cleared away, as they confidently expect that it will be, there is nothing to prevent Brisbane from becoming a first-class seaport, for the depth of water in the river itself is sufficient to float ships of the heaviest tonnage.

There being nothing to detain me in Brisbane, I, the morning after my arrival, took the steamer for Ipswich, the second town in the colony, which is situated some fifty miles higher 38 up the river. Although not to be compared with a score of American rivers that I could name, the Brisbane is unquestionably a very picturesque stream, and what is of more consequence to the Queenslanders, a wealth-bearing one likewise. Coal is found in considerable quantities on its banks; forests of valuable timber are in its immediate vicinity; whilst as a highway of commerce, it is priceless. Thirty-six miles above Brisbane, it is joined by the Bremer, and it is at the head of the navigation of the latter river that the town of Ipswich has been built. It is a thriving little place, although immeasurably inferior, both as regards situation and extent, to its rival, Brisbane.

A short distance from the town is situated the boiling-down establishment of Mr. Fleming; and he it was who first initiated me into the mysteries of tallow-making on the Australian principle. Prior to the gold discoveries, both sheep and cattle had so decreased in

value that the squatters were at their wits' end to know what to do with their surplus stock. In fact ruin was staring them in the face, when it suddenly occurred to some individual who had his wits about him, that although sheep were at a discount, fat was a marketable commodity, and 39 that nothing would be easier than to boil down the surplus stock and export the tallow to Europe. The idea was immediately acted upon. Boiling-down establishments, as they were called, started up in every direction; thousands upon thousands of sheep and cattle were converted into tallow; the market value of distant “runs” increased fifty per cent., and the squatocracy began once more to breathe freely. The flood of immigration which followed the gold discoveries, and the increased demand for butcher's meat consequent thereupon, had sadly interfered with the boiling down business, and at the time of my visit there was but little doing at Mr. Fleming's establishment. However, I saw the whole process, and a most disgusting sight it was, too. The bullocks were driven, one by one, down a narrow passage, over a certain spot in which was stationed the executioner, watching for his victim. Bellowing mournfully, as if in anticipation of his approaching end, the doomed beast was urged onwards until he reached the fatal spot. A rapid stroke, delivered with a precision which practice alone could give, a low moan, a heavy fall, and all was over with poor *toro.* The atmosphere of this Aceldama was heavy with blood. Blood on the floor, on the 40 walls, upon the hands and faces of the men, and like Le Chouan in the “Mystères de Paris,” I could almost have imagined that I “saw red” myself. The rapidity with which a beast was broken up was perfectly astounding. Before I well knew what had become of the bullock which I had seen slaughtered, the hide, horns, and hoofs had been removed, the carcass cut up, and the pieces were on their way to the boilers. If the smell in the slaughterhouse was sickening, that outside the building was, if possible, even worse, for great heaps of refuse from the boilers lay rotting in the sun, and for a considerable distance the air was impregnated with the most deadly stench that it is possible to conceive—that of putrefying animal matter. They say that it is an effluvium to which one soon grows accustomed; but had Mr. Fleming offered me his pretty cottage, and the mill to boot, on the condition of my taking up my abode there, I should most certainly have declined doing so.

Having purchased a clever little fourteen-hand mare to carry me up-country, I left Ipswich in company with a squatter, who, on hearing that I was bound for the Condamine, had not only offered to be my guide but my host likewise, if I would consent to break my journey at his station, 41 which lay a little out of the direct road to Drayton. A right good fellow was X., as squatters generally are, and so amusing, that when we reached his paddock fence I could hardly believe that ten hours had elapsed since we left Ipswich, nor that fifty miles of ground had been covered. My worthy friend's homestead was not a very imposing edifice. The walls were constructed of split timber slabs, put together in the roughest manner, and but for the honour of the thing, there might just as well have been no doors and windows, so warped and ill-fitting were they.

Squatters, as a rule, appear to dread making any outlay on their residences, and few up-country stations are in a condition to receive a lady accustomed to the comforts and requirements of civilized life. In America, the settler has an affection for his rude log shanty, and takes an honest pride in making it as cheerful-looking and comfortable as his circumstances will permit, for to him it is a home. But this is not the case with an Australian squatter. The land upon which his flocks and herds are grazing is his only upon sufferance; the interest that he takes in his “run” is dependent solely on the amount of money that he derives from it; neither does he consider Australia as the land of his adoption, 42 nor his station as his home; and he is constantly looking forward to that happy day when, having at length realized a handsome fortune, he will be able to bid an eternal adieu to Kangaroo-land, and steer his course once again for that “old country” which a prolonged absence has made doubly dear. The result of all this is, that the head station generally remains pretty much in the same condition as it was when he first took possession of it; and if any money should be expended on improvements, the chances are that a new wool-shed will be considered of greater importance than a dwelling-house, and a few acres of additional paddock than either kitchen-garden or shrubbery. The rough style in which some squatters are contented to live would hardly be credited; their ordinary *menu* consisting of badly-baked bread, greasy mutton-chops, or beef-steaks done to a

cinder; and on more than one station that I visited, there was neither fresh butter nor milk on the breakfast-table, although five hundred head of cattle were grazing on the run and half a dozen cows in the paddock. I am sure that my old Moreton Bay friends will forgive me for having spoken thus disparagingly of their tables, when I add that it is just because their hospitality cannot be questioned that I 43 have ventured to make these remarks. Had there been a doubt about it, they may be sure that I would have thought twice before touching upon what might then have been a most unpleasant, not to say dangerous subject.

Sheep-shearing had commenced on my friend's station, and as extra hands were wanted I volunteered for the wool-shed, the superintendent having given me a quiet hint that I could make myself exceedingly useful in the fleece-rolling department. The wool-shed was a long barn-like building, divided by a row of hurdles into two compartments—the shearing-floor, and the catching-pen. Twenty men were hard at work when I entered, and the click of shears was incessant. There was no noise or flurry, for the shearers knew that the superintendent's eye was upon them, and he was a martinet of the first water. Under his inspection the work was conducted in the most methodical manner. A batch of sheep having been driven into the catching-pen, and the word given to fall to, every man would seize upon a sheep, and in an instant twenty shears would be clicking away with all the regularity of clock-work. The fleece removed, the shearer would mark his sheep with a piece of ruddle, and in a moment he would be hard at work on another, 44 for to be the “boss” shearer of the party is a distinction for which they all strive, and to achieve it a man cannot afford to remain idle for an instant whilst in the wool-shed. All the sheep in the pen having been shorn, and each individual's score entered in the superintendent's note-book, another batch would be driven in, and the work would begin *di nuovo.* That the labour is incessant may be believed, when I state that one man will often shear his five and even six score sheep in the day, and that fifteen hundred to two thousand are sometimes disposed of between sunrise and sunset on the large stations. As the fleeces fell they were collected and laid upon a table, at which I had the honour to be stationed,

alongside the superintendent, it being his duty to inspect, mine to fold them ready for the bale-packer, who was hard at work with his screw-press in an adjacent corner. I worked most patiently until the men knocked off for dinner, when it occurred to me that it would be a good time to try what kind of a shearer I was myself, as I was alone in the wool-shed and ran no risk of being disturbed at my labours. I accordingly possessed myself of a pair of shears, and having dragged an unfortunate sheep into the shed, commenced operations. I soon discovered that 45 shearing was by no means the easy work that I had imagined it to be. The old wether that I had foolishly selected appeared to know instinctively that he had fallen into the clutches of a new chum, and made such frantic efforts to escape that it was as much as I could do to hold him. Finding, however, that he could not get away, he like a wise sheep resigned himself to his fate, and grasping my shears I began the work of spoliation. I had been told that the easiest way for a beginner was to take off the belly-piece first, and this I proceeded to do in what I considered to be a most scientific manner, but which my victim evidently did not; for I had hardly been at work half a minute when his struggles recommenced and he began to bleat in the most piteous manner. This was not surprising, as I had made a deep gash in the region of his ribs with the point of the shears, but this mishap being altogether owing to his own perversity and restlessness, I gave him an admonitory cuff and continued my labours with redoubled ardour. To this day I blush when I think of that unhappy wether. I clipped and clipped and clipped, now giving my victim the point, now the edge of my weapon, so that when at length his blood-dyed fleece dropped upon the floor of 46 the shed, a more pitiful appearance than he presented could not well be imagined. I had barely time to contemplate my handiwork when in trooped the men from their dinners, and the comments passed upon my skill and humanity when they beheld the wretched sheep standing bleating in the middle of the shearing-floor, with the blood trickling from many an ugly wound on his panting body, were by no means flattering to my vanity. The poor brute's sores having been dressed with tar he was turned into the paddock, some facetious individual having first written “Lazarus” across his back in large letters with an N. C. underneath, which I have an inkling was meant for “new chum,” or some other pointed sarcasm, for it appeared to tickle the other shearers immensely.

Heartily ashamed of myself I left the wool-shed in disgust, and bidding adieu to X., who tried in vain to keep me, I the same evening continued my journey westward. My first halt was made at a station which lay but a short distance from the foot of the mountain range which separates the Moreton Bay district from that of the Darling Downs, where I was most hospitably entertained, my host accompanying me the following morning on my road as far as Drayton.

47

It was a most delightful ride, and the view as we ascended the “ranges” was truly magnificent, extending over an immense tract of well-wooded country, which, when looked down upon, did in some degree resemble English park land. On arriving near the summit we dismounted from our horses and gazed long and admiringly on the landscape at our feet, my friend expatiating the while on the immense resources of the colony, and the advantages which it possessed over every other dependency of the British crown, in America or elsewhere. Not only was the soil admirably adapted for the production of corn, wine and oil, but for cotton, sugar, tobacco, and most of the fruits and plants indigenous to a tropical climate likewise. Moreton Bay wool was finer than the vaunted Saxony, her timber of the best description, nor was even coal wanting to complete the list of her natural productions. With a back country of immense extent, a fertile soil, and a climate second to none, what, he should like to know, was there to prevent the colony from eventually becoming the most precious jewel in the British sceptre, or her people the most prosperous in the world? And in his dream of the future, the thinly-inhabited plain at our feet teemed with life; towns and hamlets dotted 48 the landscape in every direction; and instead of the sombre forest were seen golden fields of waving corn. In fact, my friend was so eloquent that, for an instant, I could almost have believed that the parched-up country through which I had so recently travelled was, as he said, a veritable garden of Eden, and emigration to Moreton Bay the most desirable thing in life: assertions which I, for one, regret to say I cannot now, on calm consideration, endorse. Emigration is a desperate remedy for that most desperate disease which Falstaff calls a “consumption of the purse.”

If fortune refuses to smile at home she must be wooed abroad, but she must have indeed been adverse if the exile never heave a sigh of regret when he thinks of the green lanes and pleasant homesteads of dear old England, nor desire to visit once again his native land. I myself have wandered over a considerable portion of the globe, and pitched my tent on many a fair spot in both hemispheres, but there was invariably something wanting; and taking it for all, there is to my mind no place like home, nor any country in the wide world like England. Nothing amuses me more than to read the highly-coloured descriptions given by interested writers of those favoured spots where they 49 themselves have found a “local habitation and a name.” Not long since, I was reading a work upon Queensland, and had I not already been there, I should have secured a berth in the very first ship bound for Brisbane, so splendid was the account given of that rising colony. I could hardly credit that the author was that same straightforward conscientious man to whom I had been introduced whilst in Sydney; but he had, like many other writers, described the country more as he wished it to be than as it was in reality. By his account the climate is delightful, the country a garden, whilst even in the character of the aborigines themselves he finds something to praise and admire. If what he asserts be really the case, I must have been singularly unfortunate, for I found the heat intense, the country badly watered, and the aborigines the most hopelessly degraded race that it had ever been my bad fortune to meet in any part of the world. But I shall have occasion to return to these subjects when I describe my life on the Condamine river.

The town of Drayton is built at a short distance from the slopes of the ranges, and at an elevation of some two thousand feet above the level of the sea. Although nothing more than VOL. II. E 50 a village, it is the principal town on the northern side of the Darling Downs, and as it lies on the main road from the Upper Condamine to Ipswich, is a bustling little place in the wool season. At Drayton I took leave of my enthusiastic friend, and continued my ride alone as far as Gowrie, a station on the Downs, where I passed the night.

Nothing can be more praiseworthy than the manner in which hospitality is exercised in Australia. The weary traveller rides up to the homestead, and, after turning his horse into the paddock, walks straight up to the house, where he is certain of receiving a cordial welcome, be he friend or stranger. On many stations there is a room especially set apart for such chance guests, in which three or four beds are ranged barrack-fashion against the wall; and when the homestead lies near the main road, it is a rare thing to find them all untenanted. With two exceptions, I was always, during my wanderings in Australia, most kindly welcomed at every station that I visited. I found that the only difficulty was in getting away from my hospitable entertainers; for having but recently arrived from Europe, and being well up in all the gossip of the day, I was a welcome guest among men whose general topic of conversation, from year's 51 end to year's end, was of wool, woolly. Gowrie was the first downs station that I had seen, and not a little surprised was I at the prairie-like appearance of the country. These downs are vast plains which extend from the Condamine river eastwards to the ranges, a distance of nearly three degrees. They are the finest grazing lands in the colony, and, although well watered, are exempt from those dreadful floods which occasionally devastate the less elevated districts. From Gowrie I continued my journey to Myall Creek, and the ride was anything but a pleasant one. Not only was there a fierce Australian sun overhead, but the grass had caught fire in several places, and the heat was so intense that, as I rode across the unsheltered plain, I fairly reeled in my saddle. Although no favourites of mine, I could not help pitying the unfortunate bullock-drivers, whom I met toiling along by the side of their drays, enveloped in clouds of burning dust, which would have suffocated an English waggoner in a twinkling. The billet of bullock-driver is no sinecure. From the time he leaves the paddock-rails to the time he re-enters them, a period of often two months, his life is one continued round of troubles. In summer obliged to plod his weary way amidst clouds of stifling dust, E 2 52 and to see his best bullocks drop dead by the road-side from heat and exhaustion; and in winter wading the live-long day through a sea of mud, his dray often stuck fast for hours in some hole or quagmire. Even when asleep under the tilt of his dray, his mind is not at rest, for his dreams are of straying bullocks, and he often wakes up with a start to find his worst

fears realized, and his beasts wandered miles away from the camping-ground. Subjected as he is to a life of perpetual trial and hardship, that his temper should be none of the best is not surprising. He curses and swears at his bullocks in a manner truly appalling, and he is apt to grow quarrelsome on the very slightest provocation. Rum is his bane. Even with the thermometer at 90°, I have seen these men tossing down pannikin after pannikin of stiff grog, without winking; and on more than one occasion they have wanted to pick a quarrel with me because I refused their proffered dram. Taking them as a class, a rougher lot of customers could not well be found, and the colony has every reason to be proud of them.

With all due deference to the feelings of my Darling Downs friends, I must confess that I was truly thankful when I lost sight of the vast 53 smoking plains, and found myself once more in a wooded country. The downs may be admirably adapted for sheep farming, but not being a squatter myself, I prefer a less open country, and a little more variety of scenery than these downs present.

On the evening of the second day after my departure from Gowrie, I safely reached my destination on the Condamine, and my bush experiences began in earnest.

CHAPTER IV.

A Kangaroo Hunt—The Game in Sight—An “Old Man” in Trouble—A little too Fast—A Kangaroo at Bay—An unfortunate Scratch—Rough Surgery—Lost in the Bush—Making “Back-tracks”—The Musquitos make a Night of it—Lost in the Bush—“Charcoal,” the Model Native—Boomerang throwing—A first Introduction to an Australian Scrub—The Wallaby.

SHEARING not having commenced on my friend's station, he proposed that the few days which remained to us before the men set to work should be devoted to kangaroo hunting; and to this arrangement I joyfully consented, for I was extremely anxious to try the

speed of a couple of kangaroo dogs which I had purchased in Brisbane, and for which I had paid a pretty long price. Orders were therefore given to have the horses driven from the paddock into the stock-yard, and I was invited by my host, whom I will call Mr. B., to saunter down and pick my mount for the next day's run from amongst his “mob,” as he would not hear of my riding the 55 little mare which had carried me from Brisbane. His stud consisted of some fifty horses, one half of which were supposed to be in working condition. They were not long in driving a score of them into the stock-yard, and from the top rail of the fence we leisurely canvassed their merits, and questioned the stockman as to their fitness for a hard day's work. Many of them were suffering from saddle-galls, and others had but recently come off a cattle-mustering expedition, and were evidently completely done up, so that, after half an hour's weeding, there were only six horses remaining from amongst which to select a mount. One animal, a black mare of immense power, B.'s especial favourite, I particularly fancied, and picked her out for my use on the morrow, much, I fear, to my host's disgust. But he was too good a fellow to raise any objections, and he let me have her, selecting for himself, much to my surprise, a great ugly chestnut, with a coat on her like a Shetland pony's. The superintendent and stockman having, in their turn, selected their mounts, the horses were again turned into the paddock, and we retraced our steps to the house to discuss over a glass of toddy the best means of ensuring a good day's sport, B. and the superintendent squabbling on the subject until ten 56 o'clock, when we all turned in, so as to be ready for an early start in the morning. My bedroom was certainly not a luxurious apartment, although admirably suited for an astronomer, every star in the firmament of heaven being distinctly visible through the cracks in the roughly-constructed split-cedar walls. Not being astronomically inclined, my vigils were of short duration, and in a few minutes I was in the land of dreams, riding desperately after a mob of kangaroo with the field to myself, B.'s black mare having distanced the rest of the hunt in no time. I cannot now remember whether I succeeded in killing the old man kangaroo, whose tail was the object of my ambition, before I was roused from the “balmy” by B.'s deep bass voice summoning me to turn out; but I can

distinctly recollect that I was nothing loth to change the ideal for the real, and that I was up and dressed in a trice.

It was a glorious morning, and the tops of the tall gum-trees in the paddock were already glittering in the golden rays of the rising sun. Hundreds of white cockatoos screamed a welcome to us, as laden with saddle and bridle we wended our way to the stock-yard, the laughing jackass adding his discordant notes to the general hubbub. We found the superintendent and stockman already 57 at their posts, and in less than ten minutes we were all in the saddle, and clear of the rails which surrounded the head station. The line of country through which our road lay was as tame and uninteresting as usual. Endless stretches of burnt-up pasturage, dotted with scraggy blue gum and iron-bark trees, which scarce threw a shadow on the burning ground, so scant and poor was their foliage; at one moment skirting a dense scrub, impassable save to kangaroo and wallaby, and the next, perhaps, wending our way by the side of some deep, gloomy water-hole, fit habitation for those bogies so dreaded by the Australian aborigines. As we rode along, B. beguiled the time by giving me what he, no doubt, considered to be necessary instructions for the guidance of a “new chum.” How I was to ride—how to bridle, saddle, hobble, feed, water and physic my horse, and myself too, I verily believe—for your genuine Australian squatter is egotistical to a degree; no one can possibly do anything right but himself. One piece of advice which he gave me, however, appeared sensible enough. “If ever you should happen to lose your way,” he said, “halt at once; it will be easier for us to find you than for you to find us.” Unfortunately, I paid but 58 little attention to his well-meant advice, for I likewise was particularly self-sufficient—and how I had reason to repent my perversity the sequel will best show. After about three hours' gentle riding we arrived at the out-station, in the vicinity of which B. had decided to hunt for kangaroo. It was not much of an establishment—little better than a hovel—but clean, the shepherd and his wife being both Germans. The horses were hobbled and turned out to graze. Frau Brandt set to work to get breakfast ready; B., like worthy John Gilpin, having an eye to business as well as pleasure, started off with his superintendent to count the sheep; whilst I, spreading

my blanket on the floor of the hut, quietly composed myself to sleep. On B.'s return we breakfasted, and then alternately smoked, yarned, and nobblerized—and nobblerized, yarned, and smoked—until three o'clock in the afternoon, when our leader gave the signal for starting, telling the old lady to be ready to receive us and have supper ready by sun-down. The afternoon had turned out cloudy, which was all in our favour, as the kangaroo would the sooner leave the dense scrub where they had taken shelter from the noon-day heat, and again commence feeding in the open. We had five dogs—three 59 belonging to the station, and my couple—all well bred and up to their work, combining the fleetness of the greyhound with the tenacity and endurance of the sleuth-hound. We had ridden a couple of miles or more, and were skirting a dense scrub, to the right of which lay a long stretch of open country, when we suddenly heard the heavy thud, thud of kangaroo tails, and in another minute we came in view of the whole mob making tracks at full speed across the plain. The dogs caught sight of the game and were off at once, and B., with a loud *coo-ey* , ripping the spurs into his chestnut, galloped away in full pursuit—a lead which we were none of us long in following. And now for the first time I could feel the mare under me, and I was not disappointed in her, her long, easy stride being perfection itself. The kangaroo had a good start, and for the first half mile the dogs did not appear to gain much on the mob. B. and myself rode together for some time, the ugly chestnut going in a style which I had little expected from her appearance. But the pace was killing, and the plain over which the “old man” was leading us, more than a mile across. Another half mile, and a great change had taken place in our relative positions. B.'s weight beginning to tell on 60 the mare, she gradually dropped astern, and the superintendent on his grey coming up with a rush, was soon in his place, evidently bent on being first in at the death, if a light weight and good riding could accomplish it. The dogs, all well together, were now close on to the mob, which consisted of the old man and three others. Another minute, and the unfortunate lady who brought up the rear would in all probability have been turned over, when the whole lot suddenly broke, one going away to the right and two to the left, the old man alone keeping steadily along with all the dogs after him. Although I pitied the poor old fellow, I could not help laughing at the extraordinary figure he cut, as with

tremendous bounds and an occasional sly peep over his shoulder to see how things were progressing behind, he made one last desperate effort to gain a clump of trees which were now but a short quarter of a mile in front of him, calculating no doubt that they would prove a haven of safety. Less and less grew the distance between the dogs and himself, but he did succeed in gaining the timber, and I then thought it time to call upon the mare—a call to which she responded in gallant style, shooting away from the grey like a rocket. In an instant I was close alongside the 61 dogs, and not more than a dozen yards from the old gentleman himself, of whose tail I had already begun to concoct imaginary soup—when thud, thud, thud, away burst another mob of kangaroo right in front of us, and after these my dogs and one of B.'s immediately broke off, leaving the other two to settle with the old man at their leisure. I could not of course let my dogs hunt by themselves so with a hearty malediction at my bad luck, I pulled the mare's head round and kept away after the interlopers. I soon found that I was in a very different sort of country to that which I had just left. The timber lay rather too close to be pleasant, and it required some steering to keep clear of trunk and branch. Fallen trees there were in abundance, some of them ugly enough for a new chum to ride over, but evidently old friends of the mare's, for she took them in her stride without effort. Seeing that she was well up to her work, I determined to let her have her head, and soon found that it was a move in the right direction, for we shortly afterwards came up with the dogs, which I had lost sight of for some minutes. The country became more and more broken as we advanced, and a couple of dried-up watercourses, which 62 the mare took upon her own responsibility, I should most positively have declined crossing, had my blood been cooler. The pace was nothing like so severe as at starting, the dogs beginning at length to feel the broken ground and the effects of a double run. However, they kept along gamely, I shouting and yelling at them, until the mare put a stop to my music by getting her foot in a hole, and coming down with a force that sent me flying out of the saddle. Luckily she was uninjured and I only a little shaken, but it was a couple of minutes before I could “pick myself up” and manage to get into the saddle again. The delay had thrown me a long distance in the rear, so I gave her ladyship a smart touch with the spurs, just to waken her up a little; but never in my life had I greater

reason to regret such a proceeding, for she no sooner felt the rowels than with a snort of rage she gave one spring which nearly sent me flying, and, with the bit between her teeth, started full tear after the dogs, I endeavouring in vain to hold her. To the day of my death shall I ever forget that ride? The mare was perfectly frantic, and all I could do was to stick to the pigskin, and pray fervently that she might break down or come to grief somehow or another, for I had lost all fear 63 of B.'s displeasure, and heartily wished the brute in the infernal regions. My prayers as usual did not “come off.” She had the endurance of an Arab, the wind of a deerhound, and the temper of the devil. Her pace seemed to increase rather than slacken, and from sheer devilment she picked out the very ugliest places over a country by no means easy to ride over at the best of times. Now she would be topping a fallen gum-tree, now clearing by a few inches some yawning hole or gully, the very look of which was enough to take away one's breath and make one close one's eyes involuntarily. How long this pleasant state of things continued I am perfectly unable to say. To me it appeared hours, days, weeks, months, years—a whole lifetime—condensed into a few minutes. But as the longest night must have a morning, so at length the mare bethought herself that she had nearly had enough, and again settled down into a quiet canter. It was some minutes before I could regain sufficient composure to look about me, and when I did do so, I was as ignorant of my whereabouts as new chums generally are. It was an open piece of ground not far from a water-hole, and I at once saw that the mare must have covered a considerable distance during 64 her run, for we were again close to the dogs, which now, thoroughly beaten, were only just able to crawl along after a booming old man kangaroo, who, in not much better plight, was heading direct for the water-hole. This was indeed a most unexpected piece of good luck, and for a moment my spirits were raised higher than ever, only to fall the next hopelessly below zero. As the kangaroo reached the pool he stopped, and turning his back to the water, resolutely faced his pursuers. My best dog, “Tige,” was the first up, and finding that he could not get at the old man's tail, he at once sprang at his throat. But he paid dearly for his temerity, for before I could dismount he lay bleeding on the ground, his body ripped open by the sharp claw of his desperate enemy. The whole thing took place in less time than I have taken to describe it. Throwing

myself from the mare, I with one blow of my loaded riding-whip stretched the old rascal on the turf, and my vengeance being satiated, I next proceeded to examine poor old Tige. He was in a sad state, being ripped from the throat downwards; but the cut was not so deep as I had at first feared, and the vitals were uninjured. I am sure I felt almost as bad as he did, poor fellow! when looking piteously into my face, 65 he seemed to beg of me to do something for his relief, although what that something was to be I knew not. I had neither needle nor thread, and could not therefore sew him up. He would not bear removing, and by the time I could send assistance, he would in all probability be dead. Much as he had cost me, I would willingly have given twice the amount to have seen him once again as sound as when we had left the station in the morning. There was, however, no time to be lost, if I wished to save his life. Necessity is the mother of invention; and it suddenly struck me, that with the pricker-out of my hunting-knife and narrow strips of handkerchief, I might possibly be able to fasten him up and keep the life in him until I could have him doctored in a more scientific manner. I at once proceeded to put the idea into execution. Beginning at the throat, therefore, I made incisions on either side of the wound, at intervals of about an inch, and through these I passed a narrow strip of handkerchief, drawing the skin together as I proceeded, thus lacing him up as if he had been a Balmoral boot. Never having been a student at “Guy's,” I fear I made a sad bungle of it, and the poor brute must have suffered tortures. But he evidently knew that it was all VOL. II. F 66 for his good, and he never whined nor attempted to bite during the entire operation. The lacing accomplished, I pounded some wet grass, which I bound to the wound with my necktie; and after making the sufferer a bough-hut close to the water, I again turned my eyes in the direction of the spot where the dogs were licking the blood from the body of the dead kangaroo. He was a splendid fellow, and had a tail of tremendous calibre. To cut off this appendage was my next move; having possessed myself of which trophy, I put some slices of the flesh before Tige, and remounting the mare, endeavoured to make “back-tracks,” being anxious to reach the hut before sundown. I soon found out, however, that in Australia back-tracks were not so easily made as I had imagined. I rode and rode and rode, and the more I advanced the more perplexed and uncertain I became as to the direction of

the hut. The evening wore rapidly away, and when the sun went down, I was no nearer to my destination than when I started. There was no alternative but to camp; so having hobbled the mare and given the dogs some kangaroo meat, I placed my saddle against a tree and endeavoured to compose myself to sleep. Sleep, indeed! I might as well have tried to sleep on 67 the rack. I was in the vicinity of a water-hole, and entire brigades of mosquitoes kept charging at me with a vindictiveness truly diabolical. I had not the means of lighting a fire, and the handkerchiefs with which I might in a measure have screened myself from their attacks, were encasing the carcass of poor “Tige.” In sheer despair I took off my coat and wrapped it round my head; but after enduring half an hour's semi-suffocation, I was obliged to throw it off again, and keep my enemies at bay by waving the branch of a tree, punkah fashion, in front of me. For a couple of hours or more I kept on at this lively work, anathematizing the colony and everything belonging to it in the most bitter spirit, until through sheer exhaustion I dropped my fan and fell asleep. My slumbers were not peaceful by any means, and every few minutes I would awake with a start. At one moment I would dream that some huge snake was dragging his slimy length across my body, and the perspiration would start from every pore, and my heart cease to beat, for I had in those days a mortal dread of all such reptiles, and my head was filled with the most horrible snake stories. Recovered in some degree from my fright, I would dream the next moment that the mare had strayed, and F 2 68 that I was alone in the bush without the means of extricating myself from my dreadful position. And so the night wore away, and the gray light of morning found me hungry, unrefreshed, dispirited, in total ignorance of my locality, and of the course I ought to steer to regain the station. After bathing my temples in the tepid waters of the pool, I had a search for the mare; but no mare was to be found. So calling the dogs I started off in the direction in which I had last seen her the previous night; and in that blessed direction I wandered and wandered and wandered, until the great red sun was high in the heavens, and the heat became so intense that I was fain to lay me down at intervals and gasp for breath on the burning ground. But why recapitulate the events of that miserable day? How I endeavoured to retrace my steps to the spot where I had left my saddle, and signally failed, only getting more hopelessly lost than ever in the

attempt; how, in my great thigh boots, I toiled along hour after hour over the arid, burnt-up plain, until the very dogs could go no further, and yet I dragged my weary blistered feet along, goaded onwards by the energy of despair; how at length, utterly exhausted, I sank at the foot of a gum-tree and gave myself up 69 for lost, the laughing jackass shrieking my requiem amongst the branches overhead; how, as the sun went down, I fell into a feverish sleep, from which I was aroused by the bleating of sheep; how I succeeded in finding the shepherd in whose hut I passed the night; and how I was conducted the next morning with sadly draggled plumes to the station;—is not the whole story too painful to be told at length?

B. had, I found, sent off the superintendent and a couple of black boys in quest of me, and the same evening they made their appearance (having heard from the shepherd of my safety), bringing with them the mare, who looked none the worse I was thankful to see, my saddle, the dogs, and the kangaroo-tail. I was somewhat consoled for the hardships I had undergone when they assured me that the said tail was one of the largest ever taken in the district, and well worthy of being preserved as a trophy. It still adorns the den where I keep my “curios,” and whenever I tell my friends the story of my first kangaroo-hunt, I invariably point to it with considerable pride and satisfaction. Having had quite sufficient kangaroo-hunting to last me for some time, I thought I might as well try what other sport the bush afforded, and I therefore asked 70 B. to let me have one of his black boys as a guide, being determined not to lose myself a second time through ignorance of the “lay” of the country. A young native who gloried in the name of “Charcoal,” was accordingly handed over to me, to act in the double capacity of guide and beater; and in his amiable society I one morning set off for a certain scrub, where he assured me “chucky-chucky” (the so-called wild turkeys), wonga-wonga, pigeons, and wallabies were to be found in any numbers. Master Charcoal was without exception the most intelligent native that I met with during my residence in Australia. He spoke a little English, and was a great favourite of B.'s, who considered him a great acquisition to the station. No one could follow up a trail in the dark, nor find a lost bullock like him; and on cattle-mustering expeditions, Charcoal's

advice would be taken in preference to that of either the superintendent or stockman. His failings were few. Unlike the majority of his kindred he seldom got drunk; and if he had a weakness it was for silk handkerchiefs, not that he might therewith adorn his portly person, but to tear up into “crackers” for his stock-whip, in the use of which he was an adept. It was most amusing to watch the way in which Charcoal's eyes kept 71 on the move as he walked along. Nothing seemed to escape his notice. The slightest scratch on the bark of a gum-tree was sufficient to convince him that an opossum lay concealed in some hole amongst its branches; and as the bees flitted past, his quick eye would follow them to their lurking-place, arrived at which he would point upwards and say, “Sugar-bag in that waddy, guv'nor,” (Honey-comb in that tree, governor)—and sugar-bag there was certain to be. Once he suddenly stopped, and threw a short stick (waddy) which he carried with tremendous force at a tree which stood at some fifteen paces distance. But it was only when a large iguana dropped on the ground that I discovered at what he had aimed, for to my inexperienced eyes, the reptile appeared to be part and portion of the branch on which it lay. Dependent as these blacks in a great measure are on their eyesight for their daily food, that they should be so observant is perhaps only natural, but the dexterous way in which they throw a stick, spear, or boomerang, is wonderful to behold. With both waddy and boomerang Charcoal was an expert. With the former his aim was, I may say, unerring, and as a boomerang-thrower I never saw his equal. Taking half a dozen short 72 quick steps he would, with a sudden turn of his powerful arm and wrist, send it skimming along the ground for some distance, when it would take an upward direction, and soar away till it became a mere speck in the distance. For an instant it would seem to hover in the air like a hawk about to swoop upon its prey, and then it could be seen returning on its marvellous backward course with greater velocity than ever, until it would at length strike the ground a few yards from the spot it had grazed on starting. It was a very pretty sight to see Charcoal throwing the boomerang, but I used always to watch him from behind a tree, for it is a dangerous sport, and a man may get seriously hurt when he least expects it, the boomerang being rather uncertain in its movements, often striking where least expected. I believe the boomerang is the sole invention to which the aborigines can lay any claim,

and a most extraordinary one it is too, although it certainly has neither utility nor beauty to recommend it.

After two hours' hard walking we reached the scrub, into which Charcoal at once plunged, beckoning me to follow him. This was by no means an easy task, for, not only had I to force my way through the dense underbrush, but my 73 advance was still further checked by the parasitical plants and orchids, which trailed along the ground or hung in festoons from tree to tree. It was my first introduction to an Australian scrub, and, after my recent experiences, I could not help shuddering when I thought of what my fate would in all probability be were I separated from my guide, and left to find my own way out of that gloomy jungle. Unmindful of scratches, bruises, and tumbles innumerable, I made the most desperate efforts to keep up with the black, who stealthily crept along, now scanning the branches overhead for wild turkey, now peering from behind some tree and listening with neck outstretched for the slightest sound which might denote the presence of larger game. We kept along in this way for a quarter of an hour or so, the scrub getting more and more tangled as we advanced, until all at once Charcoal came to a dead point, and motioning me with his hand, said “Wallaby.” Cocking my gun, I crept up to the spot where he stood, and strained my eyes in the direction to which be pointed, but nothing could I see save a huge bottle-tree and the same eternal myall thickets as before. Noiselessly he advanced a pace or two, and pointing again in the same direction, whispered, “Bale you see 74 that fellow now?” (Can't you see that fellow now?) No, I was blessed if I could; so I was obliged to answer, “Bale me see him;” and another advance would be made, and the same pantomime repeated, until I saw something make a spring from behind the bottle-tree and disappear in the thicket beyond. It was the wallaby; but he was too quick for me, and managed to make good his escape, much to Charcoal's disgust, who evidently regarded me as a new chum of the very greenest description. Three times did Charcoal point, and three times did I fail to catch sight of the game until it was too late. But my eyes grew at length either sharper or more accustomed to the gloom of the scrub, for the fourth point was a successful one, as I succeeded in tumbling over a fine wallaby

before he had time to make more than a couple of springs from the spot where he had been caught napping. In the marsupial family of Australia, the wallaby ranks next to the kangaroo, being considerably larger than the paddy-mellon, which in its turn is larger than the kangaroo-rat, the smallest of the species. Its flesh is considered a great delicacy by the natives, but for my own part I prefer that of the kangaroo, especially the tail, which, when converted into soup, is about the best dish 75 one tastes in the bush, and worthy of the table of a Lucullus. After hiding the wallaby, Charcoal kept along as before, and a better broken pointer I never followed. Game was plentiful, and in two hours' time I had bagged three wild turkeys, a couple of wallabies, and a paddy-mellon—but this did not satisfy Charcoal. I had expressed a wish to kill some wonga-wonga pigeons, and as plenty of those birds were to be found, he assured me, on the edge of the scrub, we made “back-tracks,” and soon arrived at the very spot where the iguana had been killed a couple of hours before, for the Australian black can strike a “bee-line” through the densest myall thicket with the most marvellous precision, without having either sun or compass to direct his course. The birds were not so plentiful as Charcoal had predicted, but before we turned our faces homeward, I had added both a wonga-wonga and a bronze pigeon to the bag, besides several brace of quail, which I found among the long dry grass.

B. was greatly surprised at what he called my “luck,” for, like most squatters, he was not much of a sportsman, his shooting experience being confined to an occasional crack at a cockatoo in the paddock, or a pot-shot at the ducks, as they came lazily floating down the waters of the Condamine. 76 He agreed with me, however, that any kind of game was preferable to the eternal beef and mutton which graced his table, and he gladly consented to my becoming forthwith “grand veneur” to the establishment, with Charcoal as head gamekeeper; and “grand veneur” I accordingly became. It would have made an English sportsman open his eyes to have seen Charcoal sorting the contents of our bag on our return to the station after a day's shooting in the bush, for our “game” was of the most non-descript character. Not only would there be the legitimate game of the district, consisting of various species of duck, pigeon, quail, &c., which had fallen to my gun, but

the iguanas, possums, and paddy-mellons, which had been knocked over by the waddy of that practised marksman, Charcoal; besides several specimens of snakes and gaudy-plumaged birds, which I was always going to preserve, but never did. A kangaroo's tail would likewise not unfrequently be found amongst the spoil, or, perhaps, a mullet, which my guide had caught in an adjacent creek, whilst I was taking my mid-day siesta. For my own part, I had no reason to complain of the scarcity of game in the bush. That there is a fair amount of sport to be had in 77 Australia I am perfectly ready to own, but whether many men could be found who would be willing to walk for six or eight hours a day under a burning sun, or tear through the dense myall scrubs in search of it, is a point upon which I am by no means so confident; nor would I advise any one to attempt it, unless indeed he should happen to be a half-bred salamander, with a cuticle as tough as a rhinoceros-hide.

78

CHAPTER V.

The Author turns Man-of-all-Work—Sheep-shearing—A Cattle-mustering Expedition—A Shepherd's Hut in the Bush—A sad, true Narrative—Night Hunting for Bush Cattle—A Moonlight Scene—Draughting Cattle at a Stockyard—Stockmen at Loggerheads—News of an old Acquaintance—The Squatters and the Aborigines—A few Words on Extermination—A liberal Offer—Sheep-farming in Australia—Purchasing an improved Station—Certain Drawbacks on Pastoral Happiness—Selecting a “Run”—Establishing a Head Station—A dismal Life.

IT must not be imagined that because I was game-purveyor to the station I did nothing but scour the country from morning till night, with Charcoal at my heels instead of a retriever. Far from it. On arriving at the station I had particularly requested B. to have no scruples in turning my services to account, as I desired to make myself useful, and see with my own eyes how things were managed in the bush. This he faithfully promised to do, and when sheep-shearing commenced, I hung up my gun on the rack, and became the factotum or loblolly-boy of the establishment. What kind of work was 79 there, I should

like to know, at which I did not try my hand during the four months that I remained on his station? Echo answers, “What?” I began my noviciate with sheep-washing, and for six mortal hours I remained up to the hips in water, rubbing away at the dirty fleeces until my arms ached again, and my legs became so cramped that I was hardly able to move. One day's experience at the washing-hole was quite sufficient for me, so I was, at my especial request, transferred to the wool-shed, where I was employed pretty much in the same manner as I had been the day I passed at the station of my friend X. I rolled fleeces, helped to pack and mark the bales, counted the sheep, carried the tar-bucket to the shearers, and under B.'s superintendence made myself generally useful. I was rewarded for my diligence by being allowed to shear an odd sheep whenever my services were not in demand; and although I cannot boast that I became a fast shearer, I may safely say that, before I left the station, I could take off a fleece without flaying the unfortunate sheep at the same time, and could account satisfactorily for a score of tough-coated wethers a day, which was not bad work for a new chum. The station was a large one, and some weeks 80 elapsed before the clip was safely stored in the wool-shed ready for transportation to Brisbane. But at length the last bale was numbered, and marked with my host's hieroglyphics, and then, and not till then, was I at liberty to turn my attention to other pursuits more in accordance with my temperament than the monotonous labours of the wool-shed.

At the time of which I am writing there were supposed to be upwards of three thousand head of cattle on B.'s run, most of them in a perfectly wild state; and as it was considered desirable to thin their ranks a little, no sooner was shearing over than the order was given to make preparations for a grand cattle-mustering expedition, the moon being then nearly at the full. This was just what I had been waiting for. I had heard so much said about the excitement attendant upon a moonlight ride after wild cattle, that I was extremely desirous to make one of a mustering-party, and it was solely that I might enjoy this essentially Australian sport in perfection that I had prolonged my visit on B.'s station. The order once given, no time was lost in getting ready for a start, and for eight-and-forty hours great was

the noise and bustle in the vicinity of the stockyard and paddocks. The horses, looking 81 all the better for their month's rest, were driven in, the “quiet mob” of cattle draughted, and all the available hands on the station mustered to take a part in the proceedings, for on these expeditions no man who can sit a horse is allowed to remain behind on any pretext whatsoever. Charcoal and the other black boys were in high feather, the demand for silk handkerchiefs was incessant, and the noise of stock-whips was heard from morning till night. At length all was ready, and one fine morning eleven of us rode through the paddock rails, driving the “quiet mob,” consisting of some forty head of cattle, which had been herded—or, in bush parlance, “tailed”—in front of us. We were bound for an out-station, distant about twelve miles from head-quarters, in the vicinity of which large herds were known to be pasturing. We progressed but slowly, for having a long night's work before us, it was desirable that the cattle should be kept as fresh as possible, and they were therefore allowed to graze as they went along. Tailing cattle is dull, tiresome work, on a sultry day more especially, and I soon began to wish the “quiet mob” in Tophet, and myself back again at the station. Not only was I choked and blinded by the clouds of dust raised by the herd as VOL. II. G 82 they wended their weary way across the burnt-up plains, but the most intolerable thirst was added to my list of grievances; and, as is usual in Australia, no creeks or water-holes lay in our line of march. So I had to sit quietly on my stock-horse, and content myself by alternately anathematizing the colony, and administering vicious cuts with my stock-whip to any unhappy bullock which I saw attempting to struggle from the herd until the long-looked-for hut hove in sight. It was a miserable hovel, as shepherds' huts usually are in the colony, being built of rough slabs, and roofed with “stringy bark,” or some other Australian substitute for slates and shingles. The door was hung in its place by strips of green hide, and the furniture was made of slabs of stringy bark, ornamented with the same useful material—green hide and stringy bark, stringy bark and green hide in all directions—carrying out the bush saying, that “were it not for stringy bark and green hide, the colony would go to the devil in no time.” The place was alive with fleas, and the hut-keeper without exception the most wretched being that I had encountered since my arrival in Australia. He belonged to that class of which I have already made mention, the “pariahs

of London 83 society;" and when I heard his sad story, I could not help pitying the poor fellow from the bottom of my heart. It was not an uncommon one by any means. He had been a lieutenant in a dragoon regiment in which play ran high, and in a short time he had managed to get himself hopelessly involved. His father, a second Brutus by his account, had, immediately upon hearing of his pecuniary difficulties, paid his debts of honour, and packed him off with two hundred pounds in his pocket to Australia, with a parting wish that he might never behold his face again. Arrived in Melbourne he had, he said, first tried his luck at the diggings. But his strength was not equal to the work; and, his funds exhausted, he had been obliged to act in the capacity of tent-keeper and cook to a party of brutal ruffians, whose chief amusement consisted in kicking him whenever they had a leisure moment. After enduring their ill-treatment until his body was one mass of bruises, he thought it high time to skedaddle, and one fine morning left the tent to take care of itself, and made back-tracks to Melbourne in the hopes of being able to find employment as clerk in a store or office. But his education had not qualified him for a seat at a desk, and he had gained G 2 84 his bread for some weeks by breaking stones on the Melbourne and St. Kilda road. From Melbourne he had found his way to Sydney—where he had fallen in with B., who engaged him as shepherd, and paid his fare to Brisbane, and for some months he had been stationed at the hut where I found him. The tears trickled down the poor fellow's cheeks as he touchingly described to me the dreadful life he was forced to lead in the bush. The fearful loneliness of his existence was, he said, driving him mad, and I could well believe it. No one to speak to, except when the superintendent came to count the sheep, or the heavy German shepherd returned with his flock at sundown, and handed it over to him to guard during the night. Alone always—alone with his bitter thoughts. No books, no papers, nothing to console him but his pipe, that true friend in time of trouble, and his mother's letters. The only true friend he had left in the world, he said, was his mother. She, woman-like, loved him all the better in his adversity, and wrote him cheering letters from time to time, enclosing whatever money she had been able to scrape together without his father's knowledge. From a greasy old pocket-book, which he carried in the breast of his jumper, he extracted 85 a packet of these tear-blotted letters, which had been

thumbed until they had become nearly illegible, and read me portions of their contents. Sad and dreary as was the poor fellow's lot, I almost envied him as I listened to those fond outpourings of a mother's heart. No cruel reproaches—no ill-timed advice—nothing but the most tender solicitude for his present welfare and hopeful auguries for the future. Solomon must surely have felt like my poor friend when he said, “As cold water to a thirsty soul, so is good news from a far country.” No one could help taking an interest in the unhappy son of such a mother, and before I left him I promised to speak to B. in his behalf, and see whether I could not find him some employment on the station, a little livelier than that of hut-keeper to a German shepherd.

We remained quietly at the hut until the sun was low in the heavens, when our march was resumed, and an hour's riding brought us to the edge of the plain where we hoped to fall in with the wild cattle. Here we all dismounted, the quiet mob being allowed to wander onwards by themselves, whilst the black boys kept a sharp look-out for the wild herd which was momentarily expected to make its appearance. The 86 greatest silence prevailed, for wild cattle have sharp ears, and a night's work has been often lost by the inadvertent cracking of a stock-whip. Our patience, however, was not put to a very severe test, for, at the expiration of half an hour, Charcoal came to tell us that the wild cattle had emerged from the scrub, and were rapidly approaching the spot where our quiet mob was grazing. There was not a moment to be lost; girths were tightened, horses mounted, stock-whips grasped, and dividing ourselves into two parties, one of which went to the right, and the other to the left, we skirted the plain so as to get between the scrub and the wild herd without being seen by any wary bull of an inquiring disposition. After a quarter of an hour's steady riding, we met the other party, and the wild cattle being now between us and the quiet mob, one half of our task was completed. And now came the exciting part of the business. Away we all went with a rush; but before we had covered a hundred yards of ground, our presence was discovered by the sentinels of the herd, and in a twinkling the entire mob was scouring across the plain with a speed of which I had thought them incapable. But their pace soon slackened, and before they had succeeded in 87 gaining

the forest on the further side of the plain, we were upon them; and, after a little trouble, they were headed in the direction of the quiet mob, which was now pretty well in the centre of the open. The noise was tremendous; the rush of the cattle sounded like the charge of a body of cavalry, whilst the ear was deafened by the incessant cracking of stock-whips, the yells of the black boys, and the hoarse shouts and curses of the more civilized members of the party. Most desperate but futile were the attempts made by these bush cattle to regain the scrub which they had so recently quitted in happy ignorance of their impending fate. Whenever a beast tried to break away from the herd, he was at once headed off by the nearest horseman, and run back again, his hide seamed with many a cut from the terrible lash of the stock-whip. The entire lot were soon run into the ranks of the quiet mob, amongst which they became inextricably mingled, and after half an hour's delay, to give them a chance of becoming familiarized with the new state of things, we continued our onward march, driving the combined herds, which now consisted of some hundred and fifty head, in front of us, for our night's work was hardly commenced, B. having made 88 up his mind not to make back-tracks until four hundred beasts had been mustered. Although our advance was made in the most cautious manner, some of us riding in the rear, and others on the flanks of the herd, bullocks were continually breaking away, and not a few of them succeeded in effecting their escape in spite of all we could do to prevent them. Being a novice at night-hunting, I was stationed in the rear, my share in the proceedings being confined to urging forward the stragglers or administering an admonitory cut to any bullock which I thought had an eye to a charge in my direction. The moon had now risen, and seen by her soft mellow light, the open forest presented a totally different appearance to what it had done in the glare of day. The herbage no longer looked brown and withered, and the sad-coloured foliage of the gum-trees glittered like silver when seen from a distance. The dreary scrubs had been transformed, as if by the wand of the enchanter, into vast plantations of laurel and arbutus, the muddy water-holes into pellucid lakes, and were it not for the dusky faces around me, I might have fancied myself retransported to some noble domain in the old country. After the glare and heat of the day, the cool 89 night-wind was most delightfully refreshing, and I soon got rid of that

drowsiness with which I had been so nearly overcome at first starting. Not a sound was heard but the mournful lowing of the captive herd, or the distant roar of some restless bull, for B. enforced the strictest silence, and woe to the unfortunate individual whom he caught speaking above a whisper. Suddenly we came to a halt. The black boys dismounted and examined the ground, and, after a short consultation, it was decided that four of the party should be left in charge of the herd, whilst the rest of us reconnoitered the adjacent glades for the wild cattle which, from the fresh footprints in every direction, were known to be not far distant. B. having given a reluctant consent to my making one of the advance party, off we set, the black boys leading, as they generally do on such occasions, their quick eyes enabling them to keep the trail without dismounting from their horses. They struck a pretty direct course, stopping every now and then to exchange a hurried word with B., or listen for an instant to the bellowing of the bulls of the herd, until a small clump of trees was all that separated us from the unsuspecting beasts whose forms I could see through the intervening 90 branches as they leisurely wandered on. After a whispered word of advice from B., who told me to keep close to him and give the bulls a wide berth, the signal was made to be off, and in another instant we were right in the centre of the herd, which, taken completely by surprise, divided into two bodies, one going to the right and the other to the left—a move which we at once followed by opening out from the centre and wheeling from both flanks, like old troopers. We had about a hundred head in the division to which I was attached, and a wilder lot could not, I am sure, have been found in the district. It was as much as I could do to keep up with them, for they went off at score, and doubled in and out of the timber in a manner which, had I been less well mounted, would speedily have bewildered a green hand like myself. But the old stock-horse which B. had taken the precaution to select for my use, was altogether too knowing a customer to be outwitted by a lot of bullocks, and he doubled and wheeled of his own accord in a way which soon convinced me that my wisest plan was to give him his head, and trust myself entirely to his superior sagacity.

The Australians are not very far wrong when they assert that a smart gallop after wild cattle 91 through the moonlit forest is, without exception, the most exciting sport that can be enjoyed, in the colony or elsewhere; and they might add dangerous besides, especially for a new chum. The shadows thrown by the moon's uncertain light are most deceptive. To judge distance with any correctness is impossible; and one's only chance is to stick closely to the pigskin, and leave the rest, as I did, to my horse. But there are other dangers to be guarded against besides unexpected leaps, turns, and halts on the part of the horse. As one tears along through the timber in pursuit, bare treacherous branches often come into disagreeable proximity to one's head; bulls have an ugly way of charging when least expected; and before now many a poor fellow has been killed by coming in contact with an over-hanging bough, and scores of horses irreparably injured by the horns of these same wild cattle. In the hot excitement of the chase the danger is forgotten, and bushmen will ride at night, over the most broken country, at a pace that would make even a Galway man stare. I know that as I dashed after the flying herd, all B.'s advice was for the second time forgotten, and I rode as if a broken neck was a matter of the very slightest consequence. It was a glorious sight to 92 see those hundred wild cattle, with tails erect, scouring through the open forest, their sleek parti-coloured hides glistening in the clear moonlight. Hid from our view for an instant by a cloud of dust, or a belt of timber, they would wheel rapidly round and endeavour to escape us by a flank retreat, or some other such crafty manœuvre. But our stock-horses were up to all their little dodges. They would turn at full gallop, as if on a pivot, and be on the flanks of the herd again in a twinkling. Once or twice a savage old bull made a charge in my direction, but my steed was always ready for him. He would swerve just at the right instant, and a smart cut with my stock-whip would send Master Toro bellowing back amongst his mates again. After a quarter of an hour's hard riding, during which space I was within an ace of being unseated at least a score of times, we succeeded in heading the beasts back again, and hardly was this effected when a cloud of dust on our right warned us that the other portion of the mob was coming full tilt in our direction. I had only just time to save myself, when both bodies came into collision with a force that put a sudden stop to the stampede, and

afforded us the opportunity of breathing our horses previous to making a fresh 93 start. A messenger having been despatched to apprise the herders of our whereabouts, we formed a cordon round the surging mass, and sat patiently awaiting the moment when the mob, having recovered from the confusion into which they had been thrown, should take it into their heads to make another rush. Luckily for us, however, the smart run had taken all the fight out of them, and they delayed making the attempt until it was too late. After ten minutes of anxious suspense, the other herd was seen slowly approaching, the cordon was withdrawn, there was a short gallop, another collision, and three hundred head of cattle were mustered into one compact body.

It would have been well if B. had been content with a fair share of success, and had consented to return quietly to the station with those three hundred beasts. But no; he would persist in keeping on, and the consequence was that, in our subsequent attempt, we not only failed to increase the mob, but managed to lose a hundred head of those we had already mustered, so that, when we arrived at the stock-yard the next morning, two hundred beasts were all that we could show as the result of our night's labour. I was well nigh exhausted, and during the ride homewards more 94 than once fell asleep in my saddle. But there was not much rest for me. The next night we were out again; and three hundred head having been mustered, the work of draughting commenced at the stock-yard.

On large cattle stations periodical draughtings are absolutely necessary. There being no fences to divide one run from another, beasts from half a dozen different stations are frequently found in one herd—“strangers”—whose presence it is desirable to get rid of, as they cannot be pounded by the squatter on whose land they stray. Besides these interlopers, there are always a number of young unmarked beasts to be branded—prime fat ones to be selected for the “pots” or for despatch to the nearest market, and medium ditto for home consumption—so that there is plenty of work for all hands in and around the stock-yard whilst the draught is in progress. Stockmen from all the adjoining stations are

there, looking after their masters' interests, and a considerable amount of squabbling and swearing is pretty sure to take place.

Seated on the top rail of the fence, in company with half a dozen of the amiable stockmen aforesaid, I quietly watched the proceedings. A heavy cloud of dust hung over the stock-yard, in which 95 four hundred hot panting beasts were rushing frantically about, goaded almost to madness by the noise and hubbub around them. The main yard was separated from the smaller or draughting-yard by a heavy gate, at which, armed with a formidable goad, was stationed the hawk-eyed Charcoal, to whom had been assigned the dangerous post of draughter. On either side of this draughting-yard were gates leading into two smaller yards, one of which was to receive the strangers and herders, and the other the young beasts that had to be branded; and at each of these gates a man was likewise stationed, whose duty consisted in preventing all outsiders from forcing their way into his pen. Some forty head having been driven into the draughting-yard, Charcoal shut the gate of entry, and the work commenced. Creeping cautiously towards the corner in which they were all huddled together, he singled out a bullock across whose buttocks he laid his heavy stick with a force that made the poor brute roar with pain and rush desperately at the closed gateway. But Charcoal was after him in a trice. Blows descended upon his devoted carcass with a rapidity that would have bewildered an Irishman, let alone a bullock. He turned and fled, the black boy in pursuit; and after one or two doubles was finally 96 driven into the strangers' yard, as he had been claimed by the stockman of an adjoining station as his master's property. The next beast was not so easily disposed of. He showed fight, and instead of being the pursued became the pursuer, chasing Master Charcoal round the yard with an impetuosity that would have soon brought that worthy to grief if he had been a whit less agile; as it was, he only escaped being gored by vaulting over the fence, which the enraged animal charged with a force that made the timbers crack again and nearly sent me flying off the top rail on which I was seated. After recovering his breath the undaunted darkey re-entered the yard, and continued his draughting as coolly as if bullocks' horns were made of velvet—now belabouring a

stubborn beast, now flying from a fierce one, until the receiving-yard was cleared and the work completed. Before the branding commenced, angry words passed between B. and the stockmen on the subject of ownership, and once or twice I thought it would have come to blows.

“Don't you draught that strawberry heifer into your lot, mate?” would growl a litigious envoy from an adjoining station. “He's one of the—mob got by that short-horned bull I brought up, four years agone, from Mount Brisbane. 97 Any fool could tell that by looking at her head.;” And then would follow a storm of invectives, denials, and asseverations, until one side or the other “caved in,” and let the beast go under protest. But long before sundown the entire mob was draughted, the young beasts branded, the “strangers” packed off, and the proceedings brought to a termination by my shooting a fat bullock, for, amongst other things, I was head slaughterer to the establishment, being the only decent shot on the station. After the fat beasts had been despatched to Mr. Fleming's boiling-down establishment, there was a little rest on the station. B. found time for an occasional day's kangaroo hunting, and right good sport we had, although my dog Tiger was no longer of the party. He had managed to crawl back to the station, and recovered from his wounds, but as nothing would induce him to tackle a kangaroo again I had given him away to a neighbouring squatter.

Although B.'s station was my head-quarters, a week seldom passed without my being an absentee for a day or two, and on more than one occasion I extended my explorations to the outermost stations of the district, where the miserable aborigines were vainly endeavouring to arrest the advance of the invaders by murdering shepherds, VOL. II. H 98 and carrying off their flocks whenever opportunity offered. The murder of the Fraser family by the Dawson blacks had but recently taken place, and many of my pioneering friends were living in hourly expectation of an attack. Some of them tried conciliatory measures, and allowed the poor devils to erect their “gunyahs,” and camp near the head station, but I think that, in most cases, the *lex talionis* was the order of the day. It was enough to make one's blood run cold to listen to the stories that were told of the diabolical manner

in which whole tribes had been “rubbed out” by unscrupulous squatters. No device by which the race could be exterminated had been left untried. They had been hunted and shot down like wild beasts—treacherously murdered whilst sleeping within the paddock rails, and poisoned wholesale by having arsenic or some other deadly substance mixed with the flour given to them for food. One “lady” on the Upper Condamine had particularly distinguished herself in the poisoning line, having, if report spoke the truth, disposed of more natives than any squatter in the district by means of arsenic alone. There can, of course, be no doubt that this amiable woman, whilst thus exterminating the wretched blacks, was only carrying out those inscrutable decrees of Providence 99 the wisdom of which it is not for us to question. We are the chosen race, and wherever our blood-red flag flaunts in the breeze, there the humanizing effects of Christianity and all the blessings of civilization are pretty sure to be found also. Like the Israelites of old we drive out the nations from before us, and go in and possess their land in the name of the Lord of Hosts. But, although we smite with one hand, we sow the seeds of the Gospel of Peace with the other. If we send soldiers to exterminate, we send missionaries to convert, and the gospel dove comes soaring on the wings of death. What matters it that every species of vice—drunkenness, bloodshed, rapine, loathsome disease, follow in our train? Are we not teaching the benighted heathen the blessings of civilization, and showing them by our own example the “humanizing effects” of Christianity? Strange, indeed, that they do not appreciate these blessings as they ought, nor understand us when we tell them that although ours is a God of love, they must be swept from off the face of the earth in order that the Scriptures may be accomplished. Pleasant it is to read the account of those May meetings at Exeter Hall, and to learn how eminently successful have been the labours of our missionaries in distant lands, and still pleasanter H 2 100 to think that in a few short years there will be no more heathen to convert, nor lands to civilize. Where, in a few short years, will be the red men of the Far West, the Maori of New Zealand, the aborigines of Australia, and the Polynesians of the Pacific? Where, indeed! The red Indians of North America have dwindled down to some four hundred thousand; the Maori are being exterminated in a manner that sheds additional lustre on English arms; the

Australian aborigines are rapidly disappearing, whilst the last of the Tasmanian race is now serving in the capacity of seaman on board an American whaler. Our missionaries, meanwhile, are “very successful in their labours in the vineyard” (missionaries always are); and, as recent events testify, the seed sown has borne fruit to perfection. The spread of the Gospel in India was effecting wonders amongst the natives—and, lo! the mutiny. The Maori had learnt to love their teachers, and we hear that they are eating them. But why continue the subject? Whether at home or abroad the result is generally the same. Too much “Preachee—preachee” to the heathen, and greater barbarism than ever; too much preachee amongst ourselves, and such scenes as were enacted last year by the revivalists of Belfast, 101 to the utter discomfiture of those weak mortals who believe in sudden conversions, and estimate a man's faith by the howling standard. The proprietor of one of these remote runs was particularly anxious that I should join him in sheep-farming, and made me what were certainly most liberal offers to induce me to remain for a few years on his station. But to spend the best part of my life in the bush was not my ambition, and I declined his proposal with thanks. Many people imagine that sheep-farming in Australia is not only a most money-making business, but an exceedingly pleasant one besides. Never was there a greater mistake, and, as several highly-coloured articles have lately been written upon Australian pastoral pursuits, perhaps a few words upon sheep-farming in the Colonies will not be out of place whilst thus endeavouring to describe every-day life on a large station.

To commence sheep-farming money is the first thing needful: without it, nothing can be done either in Australia or any other part of the world that I have visited. If the would-be squatter have a large capital at command, he can of course purchase an improved station, scores of which are always in the market, and begin farming at once. But if he be a poor man, his troubles are increased 102 a hundredfold, and many years may elapse before he finds himself in a position to make a start or take up a “run” on his own account. To simplify matters, we will suppose that two men leave England with the intention of sheep-farming in Australia—one a capitalist, the other possessed of say two thousand pounds.

On arriving in Sydney, the capitalist proceeds at once to the merchant to whom he has been recommended, and makes inquiries respecting the different stations that he sees advertised for sale. The worthy merchant is most affable. He is of course only too happy to give him every information he requires, expatiates largely on the advantages which a certain station, in which he himself probably has an interest, possesses over all the others, and in the end persuades him to become the purchaser. Our tyro is charmed at the easy way in which business is carried on in Australia. All difficulties are smoothed over by his amiable agent, and he starts to take possession in the full conviction that he has made a first-rate investment, and that he will be able to double his capital in no time. What can possibly be easier than to calculate profits! The wool, his agent assures him, will pay the working expenses of the station, the increase of stock is therefore clear gain; and like the barber's brother 103 in the“Arabian Nights,” he counts his lambs before they are dropped, and blesses the wind that wafted him to Australia. Knowing absolutely nothing of stock or sheep-farming, the chances are that our friend has been fleeced; but even supposing that this is not the case, a very short residence upon his station is quite sufficient to convince him that pastoral pursuits in the colony are neither so lucrative nor so pleasant as he had been led to suppose. His agent whilst calculating the gains, left no margin for the losses, nor did he think it necessary to make any mention of those various little mishaps to which Australian stock are subject, in spite of the most careful management, and incessant attention. Dingos make sad havoc amongst his flocks, the terrible “catarrh” sweeps them off by scores, whilst scab and foot rot are common maladies. One dry season may irretrievably ruin his prospects, and a wet one is equally to be dreaded. “Bathurst burr” may spring up on his run and his “clip” be seriously damaged thereby, and if he live on one of the remoter stations, the natives will be pretty certain to have a good many fat wethers in the course of the season. His life is one continued scene of anxiety; year after year goes by and he perhaps finds himself no richer than when he 104 commenced sheep-farming, sometimes considerably out of pocket, for squatters like other mortals have to buy their experience. With the exception of an occasional kangaroo hunt, and a periodical visit to the nearest city, amusements he has none, and when, after a lapse of years, he

has realized a competency and returns to the land of his birth, he finds that bush life has totally unfitted him for that gay world, the delights of which he had so often pictured to himself when subjected to a more than an ordinary amount of self-denial in the colonies, and he sighs when he thinks that even amidst the gaieties of London and Paris, he is a lonelier man than he was when inhabiting that rude slab built station at the antipodes with his superintendent as sole companion.

Let us now take a glance at his fellow passenger, and see what he has been doing in the interim. The chances are that on landing he offers his services to some squatter on whose station he remains for a few years, “gaining experience,” as it is called, in the colony, at the expiration of which he is perhaps promoted to the office of superintendent, with the privilege of grazing a few sheep of his own on the run, if his employer should chance to be one of the right sort. Even supposing that he does not add one fraction to his capital during 105 these years of servitude, he at all events has the opportunity of learning the internal economy of sheep-farming, and when he at length starts on his own account, he does so with a much better chance of success than did our moneyed friend who purchased the improved station. With only two thousand pounds, or perhaps three, if he have been fortunate in the employment of his capital, he knows that to purchase an improved station is out of the question, so he has to look about for an unoccupied tract of country suitable for a run. Accompanied by a tried stockman and a couple of black boys, he starts off one fine morning on an exploring expedition. Leaving the outermost stations of the district behind him, he strikes fearlessly into the unexplored regions beyond, and scours the country in every direction in search of water—water being the grand desideratum in a country which, like Australia, is subjected to the most terrible droughts. An immense amount of judgment has to be exercised in selecting a run, for it often arises that the tract of country which to an inexperienced eye appears to be the best watered in a wet season is the one that suffers most in a dry. Australia possesses comparatively few rivers, the so-called “creeks” being soon drained after a spell of dry 106 weather; and were it not for the deep water-holes, which are found at intervals along their beds, it

would soon be all up with the squatters, unless, indeed, they chose to go to the expense of sinking Artesian wells on their stations. But although an abundant supply of water is undoubtedly the first point, there are many others to be considered by the run seeker, before he finally decides upon taking possession. The grass may not be adapted for sheep —the country may be too scrubby; or, perhaps, he cannot find an eligible site for the head station. But supposing that he is lucky enough to tumble on the very spot of which he is in search, and finds a run on which there is plenty of water, good pasturage, and a desirable site on which to erect his station, even then he has made but a very short step towards attaining his object. Notice having been given to the government surveyor, and the boundaries of his run having been clearly defined, our embryo squatter must lose no time in commencing operations. Two or three rude huts are erected on the site of the head station, a few hundred sheep hurdles put together, a temporary stock-yard made for the reception of the cattle and horses, and a portion of the future paddock fenced in. The place is now in a condition to receive stock, and our 107 squatter's flocks and herds soon begin to make their appearance, and by their presence give a more life-like aspect to the scene. Little by little things are got into something like order, and the greatest activity prevails at head. quarters. Men are busily engaged from morning till night in erecting the permanent buildings; the noise of axe, saw, and hammer is incessant, and bullock drays, laden with every requisite for the establishment of a station, are constantly making their appearance. But at length the head station, wool-shed, and out-buildings are all roofed in, the paddock fenced, and the stock-yard finished, and for the first time since he started off in search of a run has our squatter a moment's rest or time to look about him. What he now wants is to fully stock his station, and stocked it must be, but having no more money of his own his only expedient is to borrow. Once in possession of a good run this is not a very difficult matter. There are plenty of merchants in Sydney and Melbourne who are only too happy to have the chance of lending money to any squatter who is desirous of increasing the number of sheep on his station, for it is about the best investment for capital that is to be met with in the colony. The advance is secured by a mortgage on all the 108 stock, and the rate of interest is high even for Australia. But it is not from the interest alone

that the merchant hopes to make his profits. He has other pulls on the squatter by which he manages to run up his debit account at an alarming rate. Having lent him money he becomes de facto his agent, and not only supplies him with all the stores required on the station, but acts as his broker besides, thus making a handsome percentage on the sale of his wool, hides, and tallow. The broker is to this needy squatter pretty much what the old man of the sea was to Sinbad. Only let him once get a firm grip of his customer, and it is next to impossible to shake him off. I do not by this mean to insinuate that the Sydney capitalists take unfair advantage of the position in which some squatters are placed, or that they are at all extortionate in their demands—far from it. From what I have heard they are, as a rule, strictly honourable in their dealings, but for all that, I would, were I a squatter, think twice before availing myself of their assistance, even though by so doing I could double the annual proceeds of my run.

If the life of the squatter in the more settled district is dreary and monotonous, what shall I say of that led by individuals on these remote 109 stations? The words dreary and monotonous do not describe it. It is truly dismal—frightful—appalling. No need have they of barrack-rooms for chance guests. The road, or rather the dray-track that leads to their door, ends there; beyond is the vast unexplored bush, the lurking-place of a savage race, to venture amongst whom would be to expose oneself to almost certain death. These pioneers of civilization, if so they can be called, seldom leave their stations for many days at a time, for the master absent, and everything goes wrong. The blacks carry off sheep wholesale; the dingos commit greater ravages than ever; the horses break out of the paddock, and go no one knows whither, and when the squatter returns to his station, he is overwhelmed by the disasters which have taken place during his absence, and solemnly vows never to leave the place again. How men can endure such a life for any length of time is marvellous to me; for I know that it would drive me mad in a twelvemonth.

CHAPTER VI.

Dr. Lang on Queensland—A Dream of Paradise—The Climate of Queensland—A Grumble at Eternal Summer—America and Queensland Compared—The Coolie Traffic—State of the Labour-market in Queensland—Shepherding in Australia.

I HAVE endeavoured in the last chapter to give my candid opinion as to the merits and demerits of Queensland as a home for the emigrant, but I think it only fair to say that my friend Dr. Lang in his work upon Queensland grows quite enthusiastic whilst depicting the delightful existence led by settlers in that colony, and in the most amusing manner contrasts their lot with that of the unhappy emigrants whom an adverse fate has driven to seek a home on the American continent.

By his account there is “an almost exact coincidence of mean temperature between Brisbane and Funchal; still” he *naïvely* adds, “I must notice that the range of temperature both in summer and winter, is several degrees greater here 111 than in Madeira: the summer here being a *little* hotter and the winter colder.” A letter from a clergyman—the Rev. Karl Wilhelm Schmidt—is given to prove the truth of his assertions. This reverend gentleman, who must, from the confident manner in which he speaks, have resided in every country under the sun, says,—“ Without fear of contradiction I give you my opinion, that there can scarcely be any other climate in the world superior to that of Moreton Bay... Our missionary establishment consisted, as you are aware, of nineteen individuals, of whom only one was removed to the heavenly mansions by a malignant tumour in the cheek,” &c. I can well imagine how miserable this worthy missionary must have felt at the prospect of leaving such a terrestrial paradise, even though the cruel tumour was removing him to a celestial one; for I find that those whose trade it is to bewail the miseries of this wicked world are generally the very people who are most unnerved when the hour comes for quitting it. The only wonder is, that with such a salubrious climate the people go off the hooks at all; but as Dr. Lang says—“Man, however, is mortal, and in the finest climates under the sun he must sooner or later die;” an unpleasant fact about which there can unfortunately be no doubt. But it is whilst 112 speaking on the subject of the

“Adaptation of Queensland for immediate and extensive Colonization,” that my reverend friend is most enthusiastic. He points exultingly to the internal water communications of the colony, and gives a list of the various rivers, with the number of miles that each is navigable from its mouth, the largest of them, the Clarence, being so for “upwards of fifty miles”!!! The Queensland settlers will therefore be able, he says, “to steam cheerily along with their produce under a cloudless sky to the provincial capital, whilst the Canadian farmer lashes his weary bullocks over the miserable corduroy roads of British America, up to the knees in mud, or sleet,” &c. &c. In fact, it is easy to see “how benignant the God of Nature has been to the one country, and how sparing, comparatively, of his benefits and blessings to the other. Indeed,” he continues, “there is the utmost difference imaginable between the rigours of a Canadian winter of six or seven months' duration and the *paradisiacal* climate of Queensland, in which the productions of both the temperate and the torrid zones grow harmoniously together, and the process of vegetation goes on uninterruptedly during the whole year. In the single item of clothing, the settler in Queensland 113 land, where light clothing of the cheapest fabric is generally worn, would be saved a comparatively large amount of expenditure to which the British North American farmer is necessarily subject.

“And what are the exportable productions of Canada to be compared with those of Queensland? Its only exports that I know of are wheat and timber; but the timber of Queensland is of far greater variety and much more valuable for all purposes than that of Canada, while the wheat of the one country is just as good as that of the other. But where is there any article of Canadian produce to match with the fine wool of Australia—I mean either sheep's wool or cotton wool—or with any of the long list of other valuable productions, whether of the temperate or of the tropical regions, for which the soil and climate of Queensland are so admirably adapted?”

Then follow a lot of calculations, by which the reverend doctor endeavours in the most ingenious manner to prove, that any man with a hundred pounds in his pocket has only to emigrate to Queensland in order at once to become a landed proprietor, whose “influence

would immediately be seen and felt in assisting to send VOL. II. I 114 fit and proper persons to the Local Parliament to make laws for his adopted country." If the settler should chance to be a man of taste, his house will be something in this style:—

"The cottage on a gentle rising ground, in full view of the river; the rustic columns of the verandah festooned with the vine, or with any of the beautiful flowering parasitical plants of the country, and orange-trees, fig-trees, olives and pomegranates, interspersed with patches of bamboos, bananas, and pine-apples in ornamental groups in front. Even Calypso and her nymphs would not disdain to rent the cottage for summer quarters if they happened to land in Australia." Now were the worthy doctor present, I should most certainly endorse every word of the above; for I make a point of never differing with clergymen, knowing full well that they are as a rule altogether too dictatorial and self-opinionated ever to admit themselves to be in the wrong, and too egotistical to conceive for an instant that any man can possibly be in the right who holds different ideas to their own. But Dr. Lang is not hereabouts; so, like his friend, the Rev. Mr. Schmidt above quoted, I can write "without fear of contradiction"—at least for the present. In the first place, then, I must protest against the cool 115 way in which Dr. Lang balances his meteorological account by giving us the *mean* temperature of the seasons. Why, by setting off in the same manner the heat of summer against the cold of winter, there is many a vile climate that would likewise have the same mean temperature as Madeira. Dr. Lang appears to forget that it is simply because there happens to be so little variation in the temperature during the course of the year, that Madeira is reckoned a fine climate. I do not profess to be much of a meteorologist myself, nor am I a first-rate hand at calculating *mean* temperatures, but I can tell the difference between hot and cold, and am able to distinguish a tropical from a temperate climate. Why, instead of calculating mean temperatures, does not the reverend doctor make a plain statement of facts, and say—The diurnal heat of summer in Queensland is excessive, the thermometer often ranging above 100 degrees in the shade, but this intense heat is in some degree counteracted by the coolness of the nights, and by sea breezes, which, near the coast, *occasionally*

blow during the hottest months of the year. The winters are remarkably mild, and although frosts occasionally occur, they seldom do any serious damage to vegetation. The climate is not considered injurious I 2 116 to European constitutions, although, as the colony is still in its infancy, dating as a free settlement only so far back as the year 1841, it would be presumptuous to assert, that the longevity of its inhabitants was in any way remarkable. Oh no; that plain matter-of-fact description of the climate would never have answered the doctor's book. To induce men to emigrate to a young colony at the antipodes, the climate must be described as something more than good, it must be “paradisiacal,” like the doctor's Utopia. It will no doubt be urged that I was in Queensland during the very worst season of the year, and am therefore not in a position to speak of the climate. Well, be it so. I will even suppose that after my departure, the remaining seven months really were “paradisiacal,” and yet with all due deference to Dr. Lang, I would rather live twenty-five years in the United States, or even in Canada, than half a century in Moreton Bay. When the learned doctor commiserates the Canadian farmer lashing his bullocks over the wretched corduroy roads of his country up to his knees in mud or sleet, one can see at a glance how far his knowledge of North America extends. For my own part I was under the impression that once the snow 117 was on the ground, and “runners” had taken the place of wheels, nothing was easier or pleasanter than a sleigh ride to market over the hard, smooth roads of the Canadian provinces; and at any time I would prefer being jolted over a badly-kept corduroy road in the Western States, to being smothered with dust or stuck fast for hours in the mud on one of the so-called “high roads” of Australia. There is of course no accounting for taste, but so far as my experience goes, I can imagine nothing more truly palling than eternal fine weather, or than that everlastingly cloudless sky of Queensland, which the doctor dwells upon with so much exultation. Those who live in the damp, murky atmosphere of Britain, are apt to imagine that to dwell in a land of eternal summer and cloudless skies must be the perfection of existence; but they have a very faint idea of the fearful significance of that word eternal. Eternal fine weather! For weeks and months consecutively to see the great sun rise morning after morning in golden splendour from the ocean, to dart its fierce rays for twelve or fourteen weary hours on the parched earth,

and to watch him sink again at evening in a flood of crimson over the distant bush; one's relief at his disappearance sadly alloyed by knowing that 118 he will be sure to make his reappearance on the morrow. Day after day, and not a cloud to be seen in the heavens; nothing but the same blue vault of infinite space, which in the tropics seems more distant than ever. No means of escape from the intense heat; no shade out of doors, no air within; with tepid turbid water to assuage one's thirst—myriads of fleas and mosquitoes to try one's temper—no peace or enjoyment, except when asleep, and not much even then. It is surprising how soon one grows sick of such a climate, and longs to be once again under the cloudy sky of Old England. Except for the contrast they present to each other, where would be our enjoyment of the seasons? Why is it that we so enjoy the balmy breezes of spring? Is it not because they follow the chilling blasts of winter? And why the soft airs of autumn? Simply because they succeed the fervid heats of summer. Without change there can be no enjoyment.

But whilst thus enumerating some of the pleasures upon which the intending emigrant may safely calculate, nothing is further from my intention than to disparage either the colony or its climate. What I do desire is simply to call things by their right names, which I would not 119 be doing were I to style the climate of Queensland “paradisiacal.” Were it not that Dr. Lang thinks it necessary to institute a comparison between the Queensland settler and his “navigable streams,” and the Canadian farmer and his corduroy roads, I would not revert to the rivers of the colony, and even as it is, the less said about them the better. Any man who could think of comparing the streams of Queensland with the noble rivers of Canada, must indeed be prejudiced. Just imagine any one speaking of the Clarence and the St. Lawrence, or of the Brisbane and the Ottawa, in the same breath. Absurd! If a comparison must be instituted between Australia and America, let it be a fair one; and if it only be so, I warrant that it will be found that the lot of the Queensland settler is not a whit more desirable than that of the American immigrant—quite the reverse. If the American immigrant have a little capital, he likewise can purchase land and commence farming on his own account; and although he may not at once have the immense privilege of “using

his influence in sending fit and proper persons to the Local Parliament to make laws for his adopted country," he will, if he settle in the dominions of "Uncle Sam," be entitled, after a five 120 years' sojourn, to the rights of citizenship, and have a vote in the government of that "great republic," which in spite of malice without and dissension within, is certain to become, before many years have passed, the greatest commonwealth that this world has yet seen. Will Australia ever hold the same proud position amongst the nations of the earth as does even the United States of to-day? I think not. The doctor may sneer at the wheat and timber of Canada, but she has within her, notwithstanding, every essential for becoming a great and wealthy nation, even were she deprived of the fostering care of the mother country. Can as much be said for Australia?

We are told that Queensland wheat is as good as the Canadian. This I am inclined to doubt; but, even supposing it to be the case, the colonists would not be materially benefited thereby in a pecuniary point of view, for with such a corn-producing country as the United States in the field, they can hardly hope to grow rich by the exportation of flour, at least to the European markets. It is moreover asserted that "the timber of Queensland is of far greater variety and much more valuable *for all purposes* than that of Canada." Of this important fact, I was likewise 121 ignorant, as must also have been the majority of our English timber-merchants, for I find, on referring to the trade returns of the Port of Brisbane for the year 1859, that the timber exported was 510,000 feet, of the value of 3825 *l.* —a great amount truly. Whether there will be "a large annual export of timber whenever a numerous and industrious free immigrant population shall have settled in the colony," is a question upon which I should like to have the opinion of such a man as Mr. Fleming, of Ipswich; but, for my own part, I think that, once the timber in the vicinity of the rivers is used up, the increased difficulty of transport will make lumbering anything rather than a profitable business; but time will tell.

We now come to what the doctor calls "the artificial productions of Queensland," which comprise, besides wheat, to which I have already referred, arrowroot, tobacco, indigo, silk, sugar, and, last not least, cotton. Cotton is to be the future staple of Queensland, not

slave or coolie-grown cotton, but cotton produced by an “industrious and virtuous emigrant population from the United Kingdom.” The doctor tells us that “he was led to cherish the hope that the cultivation of cotton by means of British free labour 122 in Australia might be designed by Divine Providence to give its death-blow to negro slavery in America.” Recent events have proved that Providence designed differently. Slavery has received its death-blow, not in the manner which the reverend doctor predicted, but by the cruel slaughter of tens of thousands of brave men. The negro is a freeman; and now that Providence has emancipated him, it is devoutly to be hoped that the same Providence will take care of him, for I know no mortal less fitted by nature to take care of himself.

If Queensland is eventually to become the cotton plantation of England, her inhabitants had better show what they can do, without loss of time, for it is doubtful whether they will ever again have such an opportunity as the present. Massa Sambo hates exertion, and in all probability but little work will be got out of him for the next few years, so that the “ *industrious and virtuous* ” Queenslanders will soon be able to ascertain how far they are in a condition to compete with the free negro in the production of cotton and sugar. Unless coolie labour be employed on their plantations, I much fear that the American free negroes will have the best of it; that is to say, if they can ever be induced to work 123 for fair remuneration, which is more than doubtful. The virtuous Queenslanders are, however, averse to the importation of coolies; not because they conscientiously consider coolie traffic to be wrong and inhuman, but simply that such an influx of Chinese would in all probability interfere with European emigration, “from the peculiar aversion with which Britons regard the degraded races.” There it is again. The Anglo-Saxon is the same all the world over. One only requires to know which way his interests lie at once to understand his principles, his religion, and his politics. We pretend to loathe the very name of slavery, and yet we countenance coolie labour, which is but another name for the same thing. In what respect is a coolie better than a slave? He is not exactly sold in the same way as the negro on the west coast of Africa; but, if I am to believe what the captains of many coolie transport vessels have told me, a good round sum changes hands before a full

cargo of coolies is safely stowed away under hatches. Once on board and out of sight of the emigration authorities, and how are these poor helpless wretches too often treated? Talk of the horrors of the “middle passage” indeed. Just let our *soi-disant* philanthropists take the trouble of inquiring how 124 coolies have been treated before now on board vessels flying English colours, and they will perhaps discover that the blessed nigger is not the only being who deserves commiseration. But ship-captains are not the only men who have enlightened me on the subject of coolie traffic and coolie labour. The internal working of the system has been explained to me by tea-planters from Assam and sugar-planters from the Mauritius and West Indies, and although they always took care to place the nefarious traffic in its best light, still I could never perceive any very great difference between slave and coolie labour. If “John Chinaman's” body be not exactly paid for in advance, his passage out and home is, and during his term of servitude he is as much the property of his employer as any negro on a Brazilian plantation. He likewise must work or undergo punishment, like Pompey or Sambo. He certainly gets paid for his labour; but what pay? An old broken-down nigger would reject it; and as to his food it is the poorest and cheapest that can be purchased. But why continue the subject? Our Government has decreed that the slave-trade is contrary to all laws, human and divine, whilst coolie traffic 125 is perfectly justifiable. What can possibly be more conclusive? As Pope hath it,

“In erring reason's spite, One truth is clear— *whatever is, is right.* ”

And now just one word in conclusion on the state of the labour-market in Queensland.

There has been for some years past a great demand for farm and household servants, shepherds and skilled mechanics, in the colony, and the wages have been proportionately high—that is to say, mechanics have been earning at the rate of from 2 *l.* 10 *s.* to 3 *l.* per week, whilst shepherds' wages have ranged from 25 *l.* to 35 *l.* per annum, with rations, which consist of 8 lbs. of flour, 16 lbs. of meat, half-a-pound of tea, and 2 lbs. of sugar, served out weekly. In pastoral and agricultural countries, however, skilled mechanics form but a very small proportion of the community, so I will confine my remarks on the state of

the labour-market to that particular branch of it which relates to shepherds, watchmen, and the other hands employed upon sheep and cattle stations in the interior. The squatters have been bitterly complaining of late years of the high rate of labour; and so far as their individual body is concerned no opposition would be offered to the immediate importation of coolies, 126 niggers, Bosjesmen, or of any other race of men or monkeys that would by their advent give a downward tendency to the labour-market. They pretend that 35 *l.* a-year, with rations, is altogether too much for a shepherd; but for my part, as a disinterested individual, I must say that I think these men are rather under than over-paid. I know that I have never yet had the effrontery to offer an American backwoodsman less than twelve dollars a month and rations, nor would he have accepted the offer if I had. But what a vast difference there is between the life of an American backwoodsman and that of an Australian shepherd! Whenever a man has been unfortunate in Australia and speaks bitterly of the country, I know it is the custom for old hands to shrug their shoulders and say—"Poor devil! what else could one expect? He is one of our 'white-handed gentry?'" It is some consolation to think that my antecedents have been such as to put it out of the question that any one can accuse me of belonging to this class. I have seen rough times in my journey through life, and filled situations which were certainly far from aristocratic; but the very last employment to which I would advise any sane man to resort, would be shepherding on an Australian station. 127 Even putting aside the fearful monotony and loneliness of such an existence, the amount of money which the shepherd saves is not so much as might be expected. Although "light clothing of the cheapest fabric" be generally worn, even that light clothing has to be paid for, and the shepherd has not the chance given him of purchasing his supplies in the cheapest market. His master keeps a store, and from that store he is expected to purchase his clothing and whatever little luxuries he may from time to time require. I do not say that he is forced to do so, but from what I know of the internal economy of a station, I would, were I a shepherd, think twice before I offended my master by making my purchases elsewhere. I regret that I should be obliged to have to do so, but I must confess that I was thoroughly disgusted at the barefaced manner in which the hands were cheated at these same stores. Twenty-five per cent.

above cost price was what was usually demanded for all goods exposed for sale, and it is not therefore surprising that when settling-day arrived the shepherd's store account usually swallowed up a goodly portion of his wages, and left him but a small amount in hand. I cannot congratulate that squatter who first conceived the 128 bright idea of making the profits of his store help to pay the men's wages. He must have been a mean and paltry fellow at the best, and I am surprised that any man who calls himself a gentleman can so demean himself as to follow his lead, and endeavour to make a few miserable pounds out of the hard-earned wages of his dependents. Even with the strictest economy, I doubt whether any shepherd can save more than 20 *l.* a-year out of his wages, and it would take a good many years at that rate before he would be in a position to commence farming on his own account. The rations, although ample, are generally spoiled for want of the means of cooking them, and any one who has lived for some length of time upon damper and the everlasting fried meat of the bush, washed down with “Jack the Painter” tea, will, I think, own that it is about the coarsest fare to which a man could possibly sit down. Of the garden which the shepherd is supposed to have in the vicinity of his hut, I will say nothing. It exists only in the imagination of Australian romance-writers, and is about as real as the Garden of Eden, or the hanging ditto of Babylon. But instead of confining myself to the narration of my own individual adventures in the colony, as I purposed doing 129 when I commenced, here have I been writing whole pages in the style of an emigration agent; so having but little space remaining, I think I had better resume my narrative without loss of time. VOL. II K

130

CHAPTER VII.

An interesting Character—Colt roping—An unpleasant Incident—A rash Promise—Mr. Snaffles' Eloquence—Australian Horses, and how they are Treated—Farewell to the Station—A Model Station—Missionaries in Australia—Setting Sail for Home—Gloomy

Weather—A regular “Snorter”—Under Hatches—Heavy Seas—The Bay of Rio—Home again.

DURING the latter period of my sojourn on my friend B.'s station, I was busily employed in helping an interesting individual, who delighted in the *sobriquet* of Snaffles, at a pretty little game which he was pleased to call “horse-breaking.” “Horse-ruining” I used to term it; but upon this point Snaffles and I never could agree. If I mistake not, Master Snaffles had received the rudiments of his by no means liberal education in a Newmarket racing-stable, of which he was by his own account the ornament and the pride. But like many another worthy man, the love of horses had been his ruin. One fine morning he was sent out to exercise his master's favourite cob, which (being subject to fits of 131 mental aberration) he unfortunately forgot to bring back to the stable, for which offence he was cast into prison and subsequently tried on a charge of horse-stealing. Being a poor man the jury found him guilty of that crime instead of simple kleptomania, which they no doubt would have done had his name figured in the “Who's Who” of the period, and he was sentenced to transportation for life. The fact of his having been forced to “leave his country for his country's good” did not appear to weigh very heavily on the mind of my rough-riding coadjutor. Indeed, he rather gloried in having been at one time a “Sydney duck;” and he used often to declare, with an oath, that the judge who had sentenced him to transportation was the best friend he ever had in his life. I do not think that even Dr. Lang would have accused him of being a *virtuous* Queenslander, and yet he belonged to a class by no means rare, even in that model colony. He made good wages, but spent them in drink. He might, no doubt, have become independent, but never did. He might have used his influence in sending fit and proper persons to the local Parliament, but preferred sending horses to the devil. He might have been virtuous and happy, had he not been dissipated and miserable; nay, K 2 132 he might even have been elected a deacon of the Kirk, were it not that he could never open his mouth without swearing. He never changed his mode of life, nor gave a thought beyond the morrow. He would work for, perhaps, a month on some station, during which time nothing stronger than “swizzle” would pass

his lips. But no sooner was the job finished and the money paid than he would make tracks instanter for the nearest “public,” where he would drink himself into a state of sheer insensibility, in which delightful condition he would remain until his money was all spent and his credit exhausted. Then, and not till then, would he think of making a start; and it was generally with shaking hands and a dizzy brain that he saddled his horse and led him to the front door of the “public,” at which his friend, the landlord, would be standing, ready to give him a stirrup-cup in the shape of half a tumbler of raw spirits. Once in the saddle, Snaffles was soon himself again; and although he was a bad horsebreaker, as bad was the best in that part of the country, he was never very long in finding employment. The first time I set eyes on this amiable individual, he was in the act of roping a very wild colt, and a more unfavourable specimen of colonial humanity it would 133 have been difficult to conceive. His recent potations and the fierce Australian sun combined, had so crimsoned his face that it would have done for the signboard of the Setting Sun Inn, had not a profusion of black shaggy hair given to it a wild expression, of which old Father Sol's physiognomy is guiltless. In his contest with the colt, he had apparently got the worst of it; for his cabbage-tree hat was lying at the further end of the enclosure, his inexpressibles displayed many a formidable rent, whilst his entire person was begrimed with the dirt and dust of the stock-yard. The moment he espied me he saluted me with a—“I say, mate, just lend us a hand in roping this” (here followed a string of the most awful curses) “colt, will you?” Although I did not admire the style of the gentleman's address, I got over the rails and advanced to the spot where he was stationed, roping-stick in hand, ready for another attempt on the liberty of the colt, which was now standing trembling in one corner of the yard, his black sides streaked with sweat and foam. Colt-roping is essentially an Australian “institution,” and one of which the colonists have little reason to be proud; for a more effectual way of ruining a young horse could not possibly have been devised even by 134 a “guacho.” The *modus operandi* is simple enough. The “roper,” as I suppose he ought to be called, is armed with a long stick, which is forked at one end, and over this fork is passed a running noose, bent on a good stout rope of some sixty feet in length, at the other extremity of which half-a-dozen men are stationed whose duty it is to haul in

the slack, and hang on until further orders. Snaffles was an old hand with the roping-stick, and no sooner had I tackled on to the end of the line, than he told one of the black boys to round-up the colt, and again placed himself in position. The nigger immediately made a rush at the poor brute, which had no alternative but again to seek safety in flight. Away he galloped full speed round the yard, keeping all the while close into the rails, until he came abreast of the watchful Snaffles, who, with a rapid motion of the arm, succeeded in passing the noose over his head, and down he came in a twinkling. But he did not fall alone, for whilst watching Snaffles I had altogether forgotten that I had hold of the line, and the result was that when the jerk came I not only had my arms nearly pulled out of their sockets, but I was sent sprawling in the dust of the arena like some unskilful disciple of Rarey. 135 Before I could make an attempt to rise the colt was on his pins again, and as I had not the sense to let go the rope, I was dragged half-way across the stock-yard in the most ignominious manner, to the immense delight of the black boys and Mr. Snaffles, who shouted, “Bravo, Chummy!” until I thought his parched old wizand would crack with the exertion. With a muttered prayer that the colt might lash out and break his ribs, I threw the end of the rope to the boys, and retreated to the stock-yard fence, from the top of which I scornfully looked down upon the grinning rascal and his dusky satellites. Although the colt did not quite succeed in smashing Snaffles' ribs, he managed to give all hands a pretty rough time of it. He plunged, and he kicked, and he bit, and it was not until he was almost throttled, and lay bruised and panting on the ground, that any one ventured to approach him. Then the three boys seated themselves in triumph on his prostrate carcass, and held him down, whilst Snaffles forced a heavy bit between his teeth, and strapped a roller round him, to which the reins were fastened in such a manner that the poor brute could not move his head without suffering torture. This accomplished, he was fastened to a post, 136 where he was left to champ his bit for a few hours, Snaffles giving him a kick in the ribs by way of a parting salutation. After three more horses had been handled in the same gentle manner, my friend's work was over for that morning, so he came and sat himself down on the fence alongside of me, and proceeded to give me his opinion of things in general, together with a detailed account of his own life and adventures, with a

résumé of which I have already treated my readers. Although he was as drunken and lying an old reprobate as ever trod this earth, no one could help liking the rascal, for his stories, for drollery and raciness, were worthy of “Sam Slick.” He was never noisy or quarrelsome in his cups, and if his lies hurt any one it was himself, which is more than most liars can say of theirs. I know that he was not long in ingratiating himself with me, for before half an hour was over, he had extracted a promise that I would act as his vice during the time he remained on the station, and help him to rough-ride the young horses, which, notwithstanding former experiences, B. had been foolish enough to confide to his tender mercies. To this rash promise on my part, Mr. Snaffles took precious good care to keep me, and I became forthwith a 137 sort of unpaid *attaché* to the worthy horse-breaker. I must, however, confess, that like many another honorary *attaché* I could name, I was often more trouble than I was worth, for Dame Nature never intended me for a colonial rough-rider, and my seat in the saddle was of the most precarious tenure whenever a buck-jumper took it in his head to give me a specimen of his performance. If anything could have given me confidence it was the eloquent manner in which Snaffles used to expatiate upon the manifold virtues and the gentle temper of the animal I was about to mount, for by his account every horse on the station was an angel in equine form.

“There now, gov'nor,” he would say, pointing to some brute whose restless bloodshot eye spoke not only volumes but whole libraries for the vicious temper within, “did you ever set eyes on an ansomer bit of ‘orseflesh nor that? And quiet—’lor love ye, a child might ride him with an 'alter. Wo ho, my beauty!” Here he would advance a pace or two, and the brute would lash out and be within an inch or so of planting his heels upon my worthy friend's ribs. “Jist watch him,” he would continue, turning to me, in apparent admiration of the colt's cleverness. “Now, isn't he playful?—like a kitten, and 138 *so* gentle. 'An't got a wicked thought in him—curse me. 'Ere, you Charcoal and Strike-a-light, kitch hold of his head whilst Mr. Tapley mounts;” and unhappy Mr. Tapley would, eventually, after having a dozen narrow “squeaks” for his life, find himself in the pig-skin. And then would commence a desperate struggle for mastery between me and the colt, Mr. Snaffles looking on—arms

a-kimbo—amusing the by-standers the while with a sort of running commentary on our respective performance, something in this style:—“Smash me if he don't stick to him like wax! Ah! ye devil, I'm a looking at you—give it him, Mr. Tapley, he'll soon have enough of that. Oh, you eternal thumping villain, I'd like to cut the liver out of you, I would! Never mind, sir, let him kick; he's got his match this time, I warrant him. Holy jumping! if he won't have his neck broken. Hold on, Mr. Tapley. There go his heels again, as high as a gum tree. He'll be off. Hey! Wo! Stop! There, I told you”—which generally meant that the horse and myself had parted company, and that one of us (there is no occasion to say which of the two) was lying stunned and breathless on the sward.

Snaffles was always loud in his lamentations, 139 and generally had some reason ready framed to account for my mishap.

“Was I hurt? No? Hooray! There wasn't a man in the colony could have sat the brute better than I had done—a Newmarket jockey wouldn't have had the ghost of a chance. If the curb had only been a link higher, and my stirrup-leather a trifle shorter, and I had stuck just a *leetle* closer to my saddle, I would have let master colt know how many blue beans made five. Did I say that I would have another try? In course I did. Mr. Tapley wasn't the man to be circumwented by the little game of a miserable four-year-old, he'd take his oath,” &c. &c. So the cunning rascal would continue, alternately soft-sawdering and piqueing me, until my foolish pride would get the better of my discretion, and I would, notwithstanding the most dismal fore-bodings, consent to mount again. It occasionally happened, however, that there was no horse to remount, as the colt, after disposing of his rider, would take the paddock-rails flying, and gallop away into the bush, and hours would elapse before his capture was effected by the black boy sent out in pursuit. On one occasion my precious steed was not brought back until the evening of the second day after his escape, and then minus saddle and 140 bridle—a loss at which my heart secretly rejoiced, as the articles in question were the private property of Mr. Snaffles himself, who was sadly put about when the disagreeable intelligence was conveyed to him by his emissary Charcoal. When I now, after a lapse of years, recal these little episodes of my bush life, what surprises me

most is how I ever managed to escape with a sound bone in my body. I have seen some of these same Australian horses actually kick the saddle-cloth from under the saddle, and the saddle itself under their bellies, although it was made fast with double girths and a surcingle. These little tricks, which are in a great measure peculiar to Australian horses, are generally acquired whilst they are in the hands of the trainers. Horse-breakers of the Snaffles stamp being paid so much per head for every colt they can turn out sufficiently broken to carry a man without bolting or jibbing, it is of course their interest to get over their work as soon as possible, and it matters not a straw to them how the animals are handled so long as they can be made passably quiet, and will stand the crack of a stock-whip, according to agreement. The consequence is, that hardly has the young horse the bit between his teeth than a saddle is clapped on his back, and he is 141 handed over to a black boy, or some other idiot, whose idea of horse-breaking is that the rough-rider must stick on somehow or another, haul away at the curb and use his spurs, until his wretched victim, no longer having a kick in him, sulkily resigns himself to his fate. He is ridden in this way for perhaps three weeks or a month, at the expiration of which time he is pronounced by the trainer to be a thoroughly-broken oss—and so he is in every sense of the word. But it is not only whilst in the trainer's hands that the Australian stock-horse receives bad treatment. Unless he be an especial favourite with his master, he is knocked about in a way that would astonish an Irish jaunting-car horse, or even a Brighton hack. After a hard day's work he is turned into the paddock, all reeking as he is with sweat, to cool himself as best he may in the tepid waters of the creek, and the only grooming he gets from year's end to year's end is an occasional self-administered rubbing against the fence of the stock-yard. The nutty flavour of oats his palate knoweth not, the dry coarse grass of the bush being his only provender, and even that he often eats with his legs hobbled. From badly-stuffed saddles, his back is hardly ever free from galls or fistula, and lucky is he if he escape 142 being staked or gored when after wild cattle, or hipped when driven with a score of his mates full gallop through the stock-yard rails. It is a rare thing to find even one-half the horses on a station in working condition; and yet with a little attention the majority of the ills to which they are liable might be prevented. Although, from being grass-fed,

Australian horses have softer backs than ours, still an occasional re-stuffing of saddles and cleaning of saddle-cloths would have a magical effect in preventing galls, whilst a little extra carefulness and patience on the stockman's part, when driving horses into the yard, would obviate all risk of their being hipped against the posts at the entry. But it is useless speaking to squatters on the subject, for there is nothing they hate more than what they call being “dictated to” on any point relating to the management of their stations; so I suppose things will remain pretty much the same as they are until the end of the chapter.

With Snaffles and horse-breaking ended my experiences on the station, and after a four months' sojourn I reluctantly bid B. farewell, and mounting my mare turned my face once again in the direction of the coast and civilization. I took a different road to that which I 143 had followed on coming up country, making a considerable detour to the eastward, visiting so many stations on the way that nearly a month elapsed before I found myself in the vicinity of Ipswich. Mount Brisbane, the last station at which I made a halt, possessed by far the most desirable homestead that I had seen in the colony. The house had evidently been designed by a man of taste, and with its broad verandahs and high pitched roof, was a remarkably sightly building, and one in everyway suited to the climate. The rooms were cool and airy, the furniture substantial and in good repair, and, above all, there was actually a library to beguile the hours on a rainy day. The kitchen-garden was well stocked; there was a commodious yard and outbuildings, stables, saddle-room, and every convenience for breeding and breaking horses in a proper fashion. At the time of my visit the proprietor was absent, but his superintendent, Billy B. (to whom I take this opportunity of again tendering my most sincere thanks), acted the part of host in the most commendable manner. The breeding of horses was carried on to a considerable extent at Mount Brisbane; and for “Sailor” and a couple of other imported stallions Mr. B. had given “long” prices in England. Horse-breaking 144 on this station was conducted on a totally different system to that employed by Mr. Snaffles. The horses were properly bitted and lunged before being mounted; and under Billy B.'s watchful eye a very different stamp of animal was turned out to those I had been accustomed to ride on other stations. It would

be well if some squatters whom I could name would condescend to take a leaf out of Mr. B.'s book, and instead of sacrificing present comfort in the hopes of future ease, as is too often their wont, they would have their houses kept and their out-door work carried on in something of the same style which has been found, I believe, to answer remarkably well at Mount Brisbane.

After a sojourn of nearly five months in the bush, the little town of Brisbane looked “quite a place,” as the Americans would say, when I once again found myself in its streets. The hotel no longer presented the same “one-horse” appearance that it had done at the time of my first visit; the shops seemed larger, the buildings loftier, whilst the noise and bustle were perfectly bewildering. But magnificent as was the general aspect of the town after B.'s tumble-down station, I was not sorry to get away from it, and the first steamer that sailed bore me and 145 some half-dozen screaming cockatoos, which I had been induced to purchase in an unguarded moment, back to Sydney. Arrived in that city I lost no time in making preparations for my departure from the colony, having seen quite sufficient to convince me that there were more desirable places of residence in the world than Australia. To find a ship bound for England was not a very difficult matter, for there were plenty of large vessels filling up with wool for London on the berth. But the splendid accommodation which these “liners” offered was not good enough for me, and I must needs make the return voyage of seventeen thousand miles in a little vessel of something less than one hundred and fifty tons burden, which was unfortunately for sale at the moment, and in which I was induced to take an interest. This precious hooker was laden with horns, bones, cocoa-nut oil, and whatever odds and ends could be hastily got together, and water and provisions for four months having been put on board, we were ready for sea. The custom-house authorities caused us a good deal of trouble and delay; but one lovely March morning we manned the windlass, and began to heave away. It happened to be a Sunday, and as the missionary bark, the VOL. II. L 146 *John Williams* lay alongside us in the harbour, I fear that the chorus of “Rolling river,” which our hands sung with all the strength of their lungs as they hove away at the windlass, must have

considerably interfered with the devotions of the white-chokered gentry on board. As I looked at her lying there quietly at anchor with her taper masts, trim yards, and black hull reflected in the water, I could not help wondering whether any of my money had helped to build her, or whether some of the sleek, comfortable-looking individuals, whom I saw pacing the poop, Bible in hand, might not once have astonished my young ideas by their account of the sufferings and privations that they had to endure whilst labouring as missionaries in distant lands. How well I remembered the quarterly visitation with which these proselytizing gentlemen favoured that select academy to which I have already referred, and the mortal agony I used to feel, not upon being given a pathetic account of their sufferings, but on being obliged to place my weekly pocket money as a free-will offering (?) in the plate which was handed round at the conclusion of the missionary sermon! Once only did I venture to evade this black-mail by putting a bright button, instead of my precious 147 shilling, into the plate, and never shall I forget the tremendous flogging which my reverend master administered to me for attempting, like a hardened young Ananias that I was, to defraud the Church. It did not increase the love I bore the cloth, and ever afterwards I experienced a grim satisfaction whenever I heard that another missionary had been eaten by his flock. *Ahimè!* had I only then known the pleasant tranquil lives that these same persecuted missionaries lead in the sunny islands of the Southern Seas, my bitterness would have been increased a hundredfold! No men that I know of take better care of themselves than missionaries—I mean those of our church, for the Roman Catholic propagandists go where duty calls them without making any fuss about the dangers and privations to which they are about to be exposed. All honour to them for it! But our clergy most do congregate where skies are bright, and natives tractable, and their cry is always the same—“Money! money!! money!!! We cannot save another soul without money.” If a missionary does occasionally fall a victim to the fury of the natives, it will be found that in nine cases out of ten he has been, parson-like, meddling with matters which had nothing whatever L 2 148 to do with his ministry—dictating to chiefs, or laying down the law, like a modern Draco; just in the same way that our clerical friends at home are wont to show their wisdom, charity, and forbearance, whenever raised

by some injudicious Lord-lieutenant to the dignity of the bench, by sending women to gaol for sleeping under a hedge like the Reverend Uriah Tonkin, or giving a wretched old creature two weeks' hard labour for plucking a few ears of wheat, *à la* Reverend C. Hill. But I have really no right to speak in this way of the shortcomings of the clergy, nor ought I to find fault with our missionaries, for not one farthing of my money ever finds its way into the coffers of the Church Missionary Society, nor will it so long as millions of my fellow-countrymen require instruction at home, and men are constantly dying in our streets for want of the common necessaries of life, and a little of that “charity” which is so liberally bestowed on the heathen.

It was with a feeling of relief that I turned my eyes away from the *John Williams* , and helped to sheet home our topsails. Slowly we dropped down to the “ heads,” where we discharged our pilot, and all the sail that the old “hooker” could carry having been shaken out, with a rattling breeze on 149 the quarter, we stood away to the southwards and eastwards, little dreaming of the pleasures that Father Neptune had in store for us, nor of the many long weeks that would elapse before we sighted the white cliffs of old England.

For the first few weeks of our voyage everything went along smoothly enough, and I had not much reason for complaint. If our gallant craft did not prove to be such a fast sailer as she had been represented (with a strong breeze on the quarter all we could knock out of her was nine knots, whilst four was her average on a bowline), and if the smell of bones in the cabin was overpowering, we had at all events fair winds and fine weather; and that was something to be thankful for. But as we got further to the southward, a great change took place in the aspect of affairs. The weather grew fearfully cold, the days shortened considerably, and strong headwinds succeeded the fair breezes which had wafted us along during the earlier part of our voyage. The greater portion of every twenty-four hours was passed either in vainly endeavouring to keep warm alongside the cabin stove, playing “cut-throat” (an American game of cards), or swilling steaming jorams of Hollands and water. The few hours we remained on deck 150 were generally passed in fishing for the albatross, which came sailing majestically in our wake; and perhaps it was owing to the

cruelty with which we treated these stately birds that we had such a constant succession of headwinds and foul weather. One would be eaten occasionally by the sailors, but our only excuse for killing them was that we wanted their pinion bones for pipe-stems, and their paddles for tobacco-pouches, although we never could use the one, nor succeed in making the others.

It was not, however, until we had rounded the “Horn,” and were bearing away to the northward, that we came in for a regular “snorter.” We were in the latitude of the Falklands when it came on to blow, and before twenty-four hours had passed over our heads there was a sea running, which, had I not beheld it with my own eyes, I would never have believed that any vessel of our tonnage could have lived in for five minutes. I had seen some heavy weather in the North Atlantic, without feeling particularly anxious; but as I watched the tremendous seas which came surging along, threatening every instant to overwhelm our little craft, I must confess that I thought it was all U-P with poor me, and inwardly cursed the day 151 that I put foot on the deck of the infernal, hooker, and heartily wished myself safe back again in Sydney. I soon found out that I was not by any means such a practical seaman as I had imagined myself to be; and had the working of the vessel been left to my care, I fear that if the blessed craft had not gone to pieces or foundered, she would be at the present moment hard and fast in the ice somewhere in the vicinity of the New Shetlands, and the “corpseses” of Mark Tapley and the crew “fruz to stun,” like Captain Sprague's “putrefied” forest. But, luckily for us, the mate was really a good seaman, and under his advice the brig was hove-to with a tarpaulin in the main-weather rigging, the wheel lashed, the sails secured with double gaskets, and all hands having been sent below, she was left to weather out the gale as best she could. For one entire fortnight, off and on, were we thus at the mercy of the winds and waves; for having but very few spare sails on board, and those none of the best, it would have been madness to have run the risk of splitting the only good suit we had by attempting to carry on in such weather. Although a bad sailer, the brig hove-to like a duck, and on two occasions only did a green sea make a clean breach over her. 152 During the greater part of this

time there was not a soul on deck; indeed, there was nothing to be done there, and it would have been downright cruelty to have kept the men in the bitter cold when they could remain warm and snug between their blankets. In the cabin things were as bad as they could be. The hatch being shut, there was but little ventilation, and the steam from the horns and bones in the hold, from which we were only separated by a thin bulkhead, was stifling. Although there was always fire in the stove, the cold was so intense that it was impossible to keep the cabin warm, and for eighteen hours out of the twenty-four we remained coiled up like anacondas in our blankets, amusing ourselves by making calculations as to how many days it would take us, drifting as we then were, to get into the ice; or by playing at the manly game of “Buck, buck, how many fingers do I hold up?” in the dark until we fell asleep. Every morning, immediately after breakfast, I would go upon deck, quadrant in hand, and try to get an observation. But the sun rarely condescended to make his appearance, and when he did it was generally at the very moment that he was not required. I was always glad to get below again, for the look-out on deck was not cheering: the 153 masts and yards standing out bare and spectral against the leaden sky, the fierce wind howling dismally as it came sweeping over the waste of waters, or whistling shrilly through the rigging of the labouring, creaking ship, and all around us great rolling billows, which, viewed from the deck, seemed on a level with our tops, or, to use the common expression, “mountains high.” It was enough to take away one's breath to watch the little brig, staggering and shaking, as she rose to one of these tremendous waves; and often, as she went down into the trough of the sea on the other side, I thought she would never be able to recover herself before the next wave was upon her; and I would shut my eyes and clutch the rail in anticipation of the coming crash. But with a roll and a plunge she would breast the toppling billow, and with a sigh of relief I would open my eyes and breathe again. Ah, yes! “Who would not sell a farm and go to sea?” At length the storm cleared away; sail was made, and our little vessel's head turned again to the northward. But our troubles were by no means over. Off the Plate we had some more severe weather, and were obliged to put into Rio for repairs, and a fresh supply of water and provisions. Right glad am I now that we 154 were thus forced to diverge from our

course, for had we not done so I should never, in all probability, have seen the capital of the Brazils, and I should have remained under the erroneous impression that the harbour of Sydney was the finest in the world. Never shall I forget the emotion I felt when the magnificent panorama of the Bay of Rio opened itself to my view. We had arrived at the entrance of the port at dusk, and as it was altogether too late for the Quarantine doctor, the vice ditto, the deputy-vice ditto, the deputy-vice assistant ditto, and the other officials innumerable, without whose gracious permission no ship can obtain *libre pratique* , to visit us that evening, we were forced to drop anchor abreast of the fort for the night, and wait patiently until they chose to make their appearance. When I came on deck the next morning everything was enshrouded in a thick mist, and I could not see two ships' lengths ahead of where we lay. But it happened to be a saint's day—nothing very extraordinary in a country where every day is a saint's day, had it not been that the saint in question was a saint of such importance in the Brazilian calendar that a salvo of artillery was fired in his honour. Whether he had been grilled *au naturel, à la St. Laurent* , flayed alive, *à l'Anguille de Billingsgate* , 155 or fried in oil, like a *poulet á la Marengo* , I know not, but hardly had I emerged from the hatchway when such a cannonading commenced, that, until the pilot enlightened me on the subject, I thought that there must be a *pronunciamento* amongst the inhabitants, and that the fleet was opening upon the town. As report followed report in quick succession, the fog rose slowly, like the drop-scene of a theatre, from the water, and the magnificent Bay of Rio, with the city in the distance, and the Corcovado mountains as a background, lay exposed to my enchanted eyes. After three months at sea, most delightful was it to inhale the soft fragrant breeze that came off the land, and to behold the green earth once again. Seated in the top, glass in hand, I spent the whole morning in scanning the harbour, and it was only when the health officers came on board, and my presence was required, that I descended from my elevated position, or gave a thought beyond the beauty of the prospect around me. After a great deal of unnecessary fuss, and the exhibition of any amount of “Jack-in-office” airs, these quarantine gentlemen ultimately discovered that, as we had come direct from Sydney, and had been three months at sea without having any sickness on board, it was 156 probable that we were

sufficiently healthy to enter a port in which the yellow fever had been raging for months, and decimating the crews of every vessel in the harbour. So we were given permission to leave our anchorage beneath the guns of the fort, easy sail was set, and in a couple of hours' time I had the satisfaction of again putting foot on *terra firma.* During the fortnight I remained in Rio, I enjoyed myself as the man only can enjoy himself who has been for months at sea in a dirty, foul-smelling little hooker of one hundred and fifty tons burden. Had I space, I could fill pages in describing Rio. Its noble harbour, filthy streets, black-eyed women, picturesque negresses, botanical gardens, markets, amusements, and last, not least, its eternal fireworks. But I have not. All I can say is, that when the time came for leaving it, I felt excessively sorry at being obliged to depart, and since that day I have often wished that circumstances had permitted me to prolong my stay in the dominions of his Imperial Majesty, Don Pedro, for at the period of my visit the drunken escapade of a lot of asses wearing the English uniform, had not as yet made us unpopular, nor the bullying despatches of our foreign minister ridiculous in the eyes of the Brazilian people.

157

The second portion of our voyage was uneventful in the extreme, as we had light winds and fine weather during the entire distance. One morning, eight weeks after my departure from Rio, I was aroused from my peaceful slumbers by the cheery cry of “Land-ho!” and when I tumbled on deck there, sure enough, was the “Lizard” clear and distinct on the port bow. With a slashing westerly wind we glided rapidly past each well-known beacon and head-land. The Downs were safely reached, the pilot came on board, and after five months' and a half voyage from Sydney, the old brig was moored in the “desired haven.” The happiest day of my life was that on which I finally got clear of her, and when I think of the horrors of that voyage, I never wish my bitterest enemy worse luck than to have to make a mid-winter passage round the Horn in just such another vessel.

158

CHAPTER VIII.

A Quixotic Idea—The Author becomes Food for Powder—Uninviting Quarters—Repentance—Officers and Privates in England and in France—The Réveillé—Untidy Soldiers—Breakfast in an English Barrack-room—Wasted Food—Military Cookery Schools—An English Canteen—A Real Soldier's Grievance—The Delights of Burnishing—Promotion—The Serjeant's Mess-room—Ill-natured Comrades—Refractory Recruits—Character of the English Soldier—Inefficient Corporals—An Absurd Routine—How Soldiers are Spoiled—Advantages of taking her Majesty's Shilling—The Private Soldier Married—A pet Medicine—The Use of the Lash—Why the Service is Unpopular—How to Obtain a better Class of Soldiers—The Bane of the British Army.

IT was at the time of the Indian Mutiny that one fine morning it suddenly occurred to me, Mark Tapley, jun., that although I had on more than one occasion tried my hand at soldiering with but indifferent success, that was no earthly reason why I should not yet become a second Murat in the shape of an English light dragoon. That such a thought could enter the head of a rational being may, perhaps, surprise many of 159 my readers; but I beg it may be most particularly understood that a so-called rational being is the very last thing to which I have any resemblance. I am neither more nor less than a “victim of circumstances,” and circumstances have sometimes been beyond my own control.

“Men are the sport of circumstances, when The circumstances seem the sport of men.” Don Juan, c. 5, s. 17.

It matters little, therefore, how it arose that the Quixotic idea of becoming an English light dragoon entered my head, suffice it to say, that it did do so, and what is more extraordinary still, I determined to make the idea a reality by joining some cavalry regiment without loss of time. To this end I proceeded to Maidstone with the intention of selecting at that depôt the regiment which was to have the distinguished honour of counting me amongst its braves; but an old sergeant, whom I took into my confidence, gave me such a dreadful account of Maidstone riding-school drill, that I changed my mind, and returned to London, where I volunteered for her Majesty's Seventeenth Regiment of Light Dragoons. I

had certainly no fault to find with the manner of my enlistment. The sergeant who gave me the shilling had me sworn in and inspected 160 privately, and allowed me, as I did not wish to be seen hanging about Charles Street, to run down to Canterbury where the depôt was stationed, there to await his arrival with the other recruits.

During the two days I remained at the Fountain Hotel in that old Cathedral city, I felt very much like a fish out of water, for although ostensibly my own master, I knew that I was in reality the property of the Crown, and I was not sorry, therefore, when the sergeant at length made his appearance to claim me for the gallant seventeenth. I must, however, confess that my military ardour had considerably cooled since my enlistment, and that it was with anything but a martial bearing that, under cover of night, I sneaked through the barrack-gates, and went in search of my quarters. Indeed, had it not been that I had gone too far to recede, I should certainly have backed out at the eleventh hour, and these experiences of an English light dragoon would never have been written. As it was, I determined to give the seventeenth Lancers a trial, and the result of that trial will soon be told.

My comrades of the seventeenth were just as much surprised on seeing me, valise in hand, 161 stalk into their barrack-room, as had been my red-breeched French friends when, under somewhat similar circumstances, I joined the 2 me Régiment de la Légion Etrangère at Bastia, for our service is not sufficiently popular to attract many men into its ranks besides those who are driven thither by downright penury and want. I likewise was a little taken aback when I saw my quarters, for a less inviting sleeping apartment than No. 6 X could not well be imagined. Through a dense cloud of pipeclay and tobacco smoke I could just distinguish some half dozen dragoons in shirt sleeves busily employed in cleaning their accoutrements. Some were burnishing their scabbards and lance-heads, others pipeclaying the white facings of their uniforms, all hissing away like so many geese in a cornfield. By the light of a farthing dip stuck in a ginger-beer bottle, I could see that the thirteen beds which the room contained were ranged much too closely together to allow of any comfort to the occupants, and my nose told me that the atmosphere was

not only heavy with pipeclay and tobacco smoke, but foul and unwholesome besides. One of the beds having been pointed out to me as the one which I was to occupy, it was forthwith proposed that I VOL. II. M 162 should pay my footing by sending to the canteen for some beer; and the beer having been sent for accordingly, my room-mates knocked off work, and endeavoured to make themselves agreeable. I had, of course, to undergo a considerable amount of questioning as to the reasons which had induced me to join the “Seventeenth,” points upon which I thought it advisable to be as reserved as possible, and more than one instance was brought forward of men of independent means having done the same thing as myself, although it was generally agreed that not one of them had stuck to the service for more than a month at the furthest. They ridiculed the idea of any one being such a fool as to remain in the regiment who had the money to purchase his discharge, and they gave me such a deplorable description of a dragoon's life, that I inwardly determined to send the service to the devil, and let the Seventeenth find the materials for a Murat elsewhere. By their account it was one continued round of work from *réveille* in the morning until the last post at night. They were all under stoppages, and were receiving from a penny to threepence per diem as pay, instead of the sixpence which they had been promised on enlisting; the food was bad, and the treatment they 163 experienced unbearable. But what surprised me most was the bitter manner in which they spoke of their superiors. I had always imagined that a particularly good feeling existed between the English soldier and his officer; but then it was as an officer myself that I had formed that opinion. I had now the opportunity of seeing things from the opposite point of view, and of hearing the actions of every officer in the depôt, from the colonel down to the junior cornet, canvassed by men who had formed their own opinion of what the duties of an officer and a gentleman ought to be. That the estimate was not a favourable one there was no denying. There was some screw loose with all. One had risen from the ranks, and knew too much; others who had not done so knew too little. Mr. This was so mean that he managed to avoid having to keep a charger, and Captain That so prodigal that he was afraid to stir outside the barrack gates for fear of the bailiffs; and although Cornet Noodles could not tell off a troop to save his soul, he was awfully smart in finding out that private

Thompson's belts had not been properly pipeclayed, or that there was a speck of rust on Smith's scabbard, and would confine a man to barracks because his boots happened to be the eighteenth M 2 164 part of an inch out of line on the shelf. How different all this was to the manner in which I had been accustomed to hear French soldiers speak of their officers! Even in the unhappy Foreign Legion there was a certain amount of *camaraderie* existing between officer and man: it was always " *mon Capitaine* " or " *mon Lieutenant* ," whilst the soldier was " *mon brave* ," " *mon vieux* ," or " *mon ami* ," as the case might be. And here let me ask, is it because the English officer is ashamed of his rank that he is invariably addressed as "Sir," or is he such a mighty personage that he cannot speak to a private without having a non-commissioned officer to act as interpreter? That strict discipline is necessary in every army there can, of course, be no question; but there is such a thing as carrying it a little too far; and the absurd line of demarcation which at present exists in our service, whilst it signally fails to increase the dignity of the officer, has a tendency to lower and degrade the man.

My first evening's experience in barrack-room No. 6 X was quite sufficient to convince me that a general feeling of discontent prevailed amongst the young soldiers at the Canterbury Depôt, resulting, in a great measure, from a number of grievances which, although trifling in 165 themselves, were together quite sufficient to make the men disgusted with the service, and ready to desert at a moment's notice, and what these grievances were I will endeavour to explain as I proceed.

As the first notes of *réveille* sounded the next morning, I tumbled out of my hard, uncomfortable bed, only too glad to exchange the close atmosphere of my barrack-room for the fresh air of a fine autumnal morning. I was the only one in the room, however, who showed signs of life, all the others remaining coiled up underneath their rugs as if trumpet-calls were altogether unworthy of notice; and it was not until some one shouted out that the trumpeter was about to sound "stables," that any movement took place amongst the majority of the sleepers. Then, to be sure, there was a frantic hurrying on of clothes, and making up of beds, accompanied with a fair share of cursing, until the last notes of the call

died away, when down they all rushed to answer their names, leaving the room in a fearful state of disorder. In the Legion every man turned out without having to be told, at the first tap of the drum, the corporal himself setting the example, and the room was always ready for inspection before the occupants 166 fell in for roll-call. At Canterbury, it was different. Up the men would not get until they were forced to do so, and the consequence was that the room-keeper was delayed every morning by having to make a lot of beds which the owners had left unfit for inspection. I must say that, for my own part, I think the French plan the more soldierly of the two; but of course this is a mere matter of opinion. As I had not been furnished with a kit my presence was not required at stables, so I commenced my dragooning by lending the room-keeper a helping hand in getting things into something like order; and by the time our labours were completed, the men had been dismissed, and the call gone for breakfast.

Breakfast in an English barrack-room is not a comfortable meal by any means. In the first place, there are always sure to be a number of bowls missing, and inquisitors have to be despatched to the other rooms to search for the abstracted crockeryware—not a particularly pleasant mission, for there is generally a dispute, and occasionally a fight, about ownership, and the envoy returns *minus* the pipkin, and *plus* a black eye, which may be the means of consigning him to “durance vile” in the guard-room. 167 Then it is nobody's turn to fetch the coffee; and when it does at length make its appearance, there is sure to be a squabble before anyone can be found to take the breakfasts to the men on guard. In this way so much time is lost that, unless a man have everything cleaned overnight, he has either to bolt his food, or run the risk of being only half-dressed when the trumpet sounds for parade. I am, of course, now only speaking of young soldiers, for your old dragoon is altogether too wide-awake a customer to be caught napping; or if he be, a few touches of pipeclay and a judicious application of the burnisher here and there, will make him look cleaner in five minutes' time than poor “cruity” would do if he had been cleaning away for a fortnight. I know that during the whole time I had the honour of being a private in the Seventeenth Lancers, I never felt the slightest inclination

to partake of the breakfast prepared for my delectation. So far as the breakfast itself was concerned, it was pretty much the same as that served out to me in the French army, with the addition of a little hot water, which was supposed to have a flavour of coffee, but which it most decidedly had not. If the same quantity of coffee had been served out to any but English troops, I am convinced 168 they would have found no difficulty in making something drinkable with it. But in our army, notwithstanding the lectures of poor Alexis Soyer, and our Crimean experiences, and improved kitchen ranges, and a lot of other new-fangled notions, the state in which our soldiers' rations still leave the cook-house is a disgrace to a civilized nation, and good food is daily spoilt from downright ignorance and mismanagement of the grossest description. Under the unskilful hands of the regimental cook, it is really wonderful how the three-quarters of a pound of meat which the British soldier is supposed to have for his dinner shrinks away, until nothing is left but a dry, tough, unpalatable piece of carrion, at which a well-bred poodle would turn up his nose. Only just fancy a French soldier with three-quarters of a pound of solid meat per diem, with potatoes, and occasionally other vegetables besides! Why, in a month's time, the rascal would grow so fat, that the *pas accéléré* , let alone the *pas gymnastique* , would be entirely out of the question. What savoury stews he would concoct! How cunningly he would extemporise a soup, an *entrée* , and a *rôti* out of the unpromising piece of meat, which, under English manipulation, would have remained an unpromising 169 piece of meat to the end of the chapter. And why should it be so? Why should our soldiers still remain as ignorant of the simplest rules of the culinary art as they were at the time of the Crimean war, when, although complaining of starvation, they threw away immense quantities of rations as unfit for food, simply because they had not the remotest idea of how to set to work about cooking them, much to the amusement of our French allies, who were only too glad to pick up their leavings, which they, somehow or another, managed to turn to good account? If the English soldier is so obtuse that he cannot learn how to cook his food without undergoing a regular course of instruction, the sooner military model-schools for cookery are instituted the better, for that he should have his rations properly cooked is a matter of the gravest importance, not only to himself, but to the nation at large; for if we

are to believe history, a battle has been lost before now by a bungling *chef* having spoilt the digestion of the general with badly-cooked mutton-chops, and won solely through the excellence of the fried chickens which formed his breakfast (*vide, poulet à la Marengo*). But to return to my barrack-room experiences. One of my comrades, 170 seeing that I did not tackle my breakfast, volunteered to fetch me something from the canteen, an offer which I gladly accepted; and in a short time he returned, bringing with him a piece of rancid butter, wrapped in a morsel of paper torn out of an old copy-book, some half-dozen slices of most unsavoury “polony,” and a little suspicious-looking ham.

If there be a business more than another in which I have a desire to invest money, it is in that one carried on at an English canteen. In the daily papers I read that rapid fortunes are to be made by purchasing shares in this or that company (limited), or by investing a few paltry hundreds in the carrying out of some patent, “which only requires to be known to be appreciated.” All bosh! The easiest, safest, and best way to make a fortune is by having an interest in a canteen. All the expense and trouble of advertising is avoided, for business comes of itself, and the canteen-keeper has only to remain quietly secreted in his parlour, like a huge two-legged spider, and the military flies are caught of their own accord. As there is no opposition, it matters little to the canteen-proprietor what the quality of his edibles and drinkables may be, the soldier has to take them and 171 be thankful, or go without until such time as he can leave barracks to purchase them elsewhere; and so long as they are approved of by the inspecting officers—who of course only taste and smell what he chooses to put before them—he can afford to laugh at the wry faces pulled by Private Giles as he gulps down his nauseous pint of sour swipes or muddy half-and-half. I have no doubt that the sleek appearance of many of our quartermasters is in a great measure owing to the nourishing qualities of this same canteen-stout, for there is this peculiarity about quarter-masters and their horses, that they always appear to thrive best where others thrive least. An extraordinary coincidence, people may say, but none the less true for all that. My first breakfast at the Canterbury depòt was of the very lightest description. I could not summon sufficient courage to tackle the “polony,” and the very

look of the ham was sufficient to take away any little appetite that the smell of the rancid butter might have left me. So I had to fall back on the Spartan fare of a crust of bread, washed down with a glass of cold water. After breakfast, I had to undergo another series of inspections; and having been approved of by both doctor and commandant, I was served out with a kit, and 172 placed on the strength of the regiment. I, Mark Tapley, junior, *ci-devant* sperm whaler, Légionaire, Flâneur de Paris, and the Lord only knows what besides, having advanced backwards, like a true Irishman, had now arrived at the exalted position of a private—must I say, of a “common” soldier—in a regiment of Light Dragoons. I wonder why the good people of England will persist in calling a man a “common” soldier simply because he is serving his country in a more humble capacity than Cornet Bouncer, whose father has scraped together sufficient money or interest to procure him a commission; and what I wonder at still more is, that the British soldier should have put up with the indignity so long. This is what I call a real soldier's grievance, and a great one. Why should a man, because he has her Majesty's uniform on his back, be excluded from all places of entertainment, excepting the very lowest taverns in our garrison towns? Would a landlord in France or Italy dare to eject a soldier from his hotel or restaurant because the *galons* of an officer were wanting on his “kepi”? I rather think not. Then why should he be permitted to act differently here? Is not the service sufficiently unpopular already, that we desire to make it (if 173 possible) even more so, by depriving our soldiers of all social status whatever, and reducing them to the same level as the blessed negro on the other side of the Atlantic? And can we be surprised that our troops, instead of being proud of the uniform they wear, look upon it as the badge of forced servitude and disgrace?

If I did not regard my uniform in this light, I have no doubt that it was simply because I was differently circumstanced to the other recruits, who, not having thirty pounds wherewith to purchase their discharge, were forced to remain in the regiment, whether they liked it or not. Against the uniform itself nothing could be said. It was neat, soldierly, and much better cut than the long blue-gray coat of the Légionaires which had been served out to me at

Bastia. If the cloth *was* a little coarse, it was quite good enough for barrack wear; and for perambulating the streets of Canterbury I got the regimental tailor to make me a superfine shell-jacket and overalls, being determined, if I were only a private, to look as much like a gentleman as the regulations of the service would admit.

Once in possession of a stable bag I was not long left idle, and the very first evening after my arrival at the depôt, I found myself with a 174 brush in one hand and a currycomb in the other, working away at a horse as naturally as if I had been brought up as a groom, and not as a gentleman; for it is astonishing how soon a genuine “Bohemian” can adapt himself to circumstances. I was a pretty good hand at cleaning a horse, but I soon found, to my cost, that burnishing bit, bridoon, and stirrup-irons, according to the rules and regulations of her Majesty's Service, was the real hard work, and not to be learnt without an immense amount of patience and perseverance. I suppose it was because the English dragoon had not sufficient to do that the Horse Guards determined upon having his bit, bridoon, stirrup-irons, buckles, scabbard, &c., made of polished steel, which he is expected to keep burnished, so that they shine like silver. If this were really the reason they could not have devised a better expedient, for it is a never-ending, still-beginning labour, which keeps the poor recruit, at all events, in a feverish state of anxiety from morning till night. He sees the result of three hours' hard work destroyed in as many minutes. Leaving the stable with arms and accoutrements dazzlingly bright, hardly is he well in the saddle before everything is tarnished by the sweat of his horse, or the 175 damp atmosphere of our delightful climate, and when he returns from mounted parade all the burnishing has to be done over again, to the infinite delight of poor “cruity,” and the advantage of the service generally. It would of course be out of the question to alter this state of things. The interests of the country require that dragoons' arms and appointments shall be burnished, and burnished they must be. It of course likewise matters little that on active service these same bright arms and appointments get fearfully rusty, when galvanized ditto would be, if not exactly resplendent, at all events clean and presentable. Oh, no! the English dragoon, it would appear, is intended for show, and not

for service, or, at most, for some brilliant charge like that at Balaclava. Throw him on his own resources and expose him to all the hardships of a winter campaign, and where is he? Let our Crimean experiences furnish an answer. But enough said on the subject. Until the commander-in-chief and his staff have to clean their own appointments, no change will take place in the present ridiculous regulations, and the “burnisher” will still remain, as it is at present, the especial *bêle noir* of every English dragoon. My mounted and dismounted drills were not 176 long in following my first introduction to stables. Not having forgotten my infantry drill, I was saved the ignominy of having to practise the inevitable “goose step,” and the annoyance of having my heels trod upon by a lot of raw recruits, whilst learning the mysteries of file marching. I was at once put into an advanced squad, where some thirty of my comrades were learning the use of sword and lance; and as I took private lessons from a drill sergeant in my leisure hours, I made a fair amount of progress. I began once again to take an interest in soldiering, and to feel a sort of pride in belonging to the “Seventeenth,” which was, to my mind, at all events, the best cavalry regiment at the depôt. Indeed, I may say that I made up my mind to take my turn for India, and see whether I could not raise sufficient interest to obtain, for the second time, a commission in her Majesty's service. I took things very easily, for after having once learnt the way to set about cleaning my accoutrements, so that I might experience no difficulty in doing my own work whenever occasion required, I thought it better to pay a man to act as my batman, preferring a quiet cigar and glass of brandy and water in a certain snug little hostelry near the city walls (after my day's 177 labours were over) to a pipeclaying and burnishing match in my close barrack-room. Of the bad treatment about which I had heard so much talk on my first arrival, I must candidly admit I saw little. I took care that my officers should have no reason to find fault with me either for insubordination or neglect of duty; and if there were one or two ignorant, disagreeable lance-sergeants in the regiment, they thought it advisable to leave me alone, so that I, at all events, had nothing to complain of.

Riding-school drill, likewise, which was the reverse of agreeable to most of my comrades, I liked rather than otherwise, although the fact of knowing that I had a stupid recruit behind

me, the point of whose lance was in dangerous proximity to my hump ribs, did not tend to increase my enjoyment. Guards I had none, for having the best soldier in the regiment to look after me, whenever my turn for duty came, I invariably proved to be cleanest man on parade, and, as such, was excused not only guard, but all work whatsoever, for the next twenty-four hours. And so a month or six weeks passed away, when one morning my presence was desired at the orderly-room, and having been ushered into the presence of the commandant, I was asked by VOL. II. N 178 that all-powerful officer whether I should like to be made a lance-sergeant. Of course I was only too glad to have the chance, and eagerly grasped at the offer. As a sergeant I should, I thought, escape all the drudgery of the service. I would have some one to clean my horse, take charge of his appointments, and do all my dirty work about the stables; and as the sergeants' mess was infinitely preferable to that in the barrack-room, I should no longer have occasion to go scouring the town for my dinner. And so in the order-book of that evening it was formally announced that Private Mark Tapley was to do duty as lance-sergeant, and on the strength of that ukase he transferred himself, bag and baggage, to the non-commissioned officers' quarters, which were situated in another part of the barracks. The sergeants' mess-room, at the Canterbury depôt, was by no means a bad sort of place, and it was becarpeted and bepictured in a style that would have made a French non-commissioned officer stare. There being, at the time of which I am writing, the depôts of seven cavalry regiments at Canterbury, the accumulations of the sergeants' mess-fund were considerable; and as the surplus had to be spent in some way or another, a portion of it had been devoted to the 179 embellishment of the common mess-room. That the money had been judiciously laid out was questionable, for the frames of the prints which hung on the walls were more suited to the morning-room of a nobleman's mansion than a sergeants' mess, whilst the less said about the taste displayed in the papering and painting line the better. But apart from the decorations, the room was everything that could be desired, and I duly appreciated my good fortune in having so soon effected my escape from the noise and discomforts of barrack-room 6 X. There was a corresponding change for the better likewise in my sleeping-quarters, as we had only five sergeants in the room to which I was

told off, and they were of course a better class of men than those with whom I had been associating. I was pretty well received by the majority of my new comrades, the two lance-sergeants of my own regiment forming the exception. Whether it was from a feeling of jealousy, or downright ill-nature, I know not, but from the first moment of my promotion these two worthies seemed determined to have agreed that from them, at least, I was to receive no assistance in the learning and carrying out of my new duties; and that they succeeded in giving me no end of trouble N 2 180 and annoyance I cannot attempt to deny. All that men could possibly do to make things unpleasant for me they did, or tried to do. Let a man be never so smart, he cannot be expected to learn the duties of a non-commissioned officer by intuition, and for all the information I could glean from these two amiable individuals I might just as well have applied to the barrack-pump. Had it not been that there were other sergeants to whom I could go for a little assistance, I should have been in a precious mess when my turn for orderly duty came, as I was totally ignorant of the manner in which reports had to be drawn out, those of my predecessor, from which I was supposed to be able to obtain the desired information, being so detestably written —whether purposely or otherwise deponent saith not—that I might as well have been furnished with a copy of the Koran, so unintelligible were they from beginning to end. How all our men were distributed, I was left to find out as best I might, for my brother lance-sergeants, like “Signor Majocchi,” never could recollect anything that they were particularly required to know, and always gave evasive answers to the plainest and most straightforward questions; so for some days my new billet was anything but a 181 sinecure, and I was kept continually running from one end of the barracks to the other in search of the information which I could not otherwise obtain, and so sick did I get of the whole business, that I could willingly have resigned my unenviable position had I not known that by doing so I would have pleased my two disagreeable coadjutors beyond measure. More, therefore, for the sake of depriving them of the pleasure of having a crow over my discomfiture than from any love for my duties, I persevered in my endeavour to overcome the difficulties that were thrown in my way, and in a short time I had the satisfaction of knowing that I was no longer in their power, being perfectly competent to

do my work without either their advice or assistance. But these two sergeants were not the only men in the regiment to give me trouble by any manner of means. As a private, I had found the recruits both obliging and willing, as a sergeant I learnt to my cost that they were as stubborn as mules, and that kind usage was completely thrown away upon them. They appeared to imagine that it was at their option to obey orders or not, just as they pleased; and instead of setting about what they had to do with a will, they invariably began grumbling at 182 the way in which the fatigue-roster was made out by the unfortunate sergeant who had to warn them for duty. Day after day I would “warn” some dozen men to carry forage; and time after time, when the call went, not one of the entire number would put in an appearance, and I would be obliged to threaten them with the guardhouse before I could get them out of their respective barrack-rooms. The delay occasioned by having thus to do my work twice over would sometimes make me late at the quartermaster's stores. I would be blamed for what was no fault of my own, and would then and there inwardly resolve to carry my threats into execution the very next time, and confine the whole lot if they failed to respond to my first summons. But when the next time came I somehow or another always thought it better to give them another chance, until human forbearance could stand it no longer, and I at length found myself forced to show them that they could no longer impose on my good-nature, and immediately became, as might have been expected, excessively unpopular with all those with whom I was brought into contact. I can easily imagine how old soldiers will sneer at the confession. Yes, we all know that; nothing is easier than to—&c., &c.; and that a 183 man who cannot enforce his orders without having to resort to extreme measures, must be sadly deficient in those qualities which command respect. Well, be it so; and yet in my short lifetime I have had to do with all sorts and conditions of men, and have generally managed somehow or another to make myself liked by those amongst whom my lot has been for the time cast, English soldiers excepted; and to tell the truth I am rather proud of this than otherwise, for a non-commissioned officer to become popular in an English regiment must possess qualities which I, for one, have no wish to acquire. I have no hesitation in saying that our soldiers are, as a rule, the most unsatisfactory lot of men to have any dealings with that could be

found, were one to search the world over. English sailors are bad enough, God knows, but they are angels in comparison with their brother grumblers of the army. I can always get along with Jack, for I know his character “like a book,” and whenever he shows signs of turning rusty, I find that a little severity, accompanied with a good deal of swearing, will generally restore him to reason; for he is like the Australian bullocks—having been weaned upon curses, he is so accustomed to them, that he never can be made 184 to think that a man is in earnest, unless his conversation is interlarded with a few round oaths. But the young soldiers at the Canterbury depôt were neither to be conciliated by kindness nor frightened into obedience by threats of the guardroom; and as it was against the regulations of the service to take the law into one's own hands, how to deal with them was not easy to determine; for if I had been constantly bringing them up before the commandant for disobedience of orders, I would soon have been looked upon as the most quarrelsome and inefficient non-commissioned officer in the depôt—a character which I had not the slightest desire to earn for myself. All this worry and trouble might easily have been avoided, had the corporals of the different rooms been held responsible for the appearance of their men, as they ought to have been. In the French service, corporals really are of some assistance to the sergeants, but at Canterbury, for all the good they were, there might just as well have been none at all. That it was their duty to set the men a good example, and to show the young soldiers how to do their work, seemed never once to enter their heads; and the consequence was that their authority was *nil* , and the progress made by their respective squads most 185 unsatisfactory. The bother and trouble there always was before a young soldier was ready to turn out in heavy marching order, would hardly be credited. First of all he would go frantically rushing from room to room in search of some one to roll his cloak for him, and then he would require some one else to lend him a helping hand in packing his valise. Arrived at the stable, his troubles would commence afresh, for there was his sheepskin to strap on, and his holsters to pack according to regulation, and he was sure to have forgotten his hoof-pick or something else; so that when he was at length fairly in the saddle, he was the joint get-up of some half dozen men. No doubt the recruit, once at headquarters, soon learns to depend more

on himself and less upon others; but that is no reason why a little more system might not be displayed in teaching him his duty whilst at the depôt. A fortnightly parade, at which the men would have to roll their cloaks, pack their valises, and saddle their horses under the eye of the adjutant, would have a magical effect in making the young soldier self-dependent, more especially if corporals of rooms were held responsible for any gross exhibition of ignorance on the part of their men. To know what the soldier really can do and what he cannot do, 186 a man must himself have done duty as a private; to learn it in any other way is out of the question. A soldier well knows that he cannot impose on the ignorance of an officer who has himself risen from the ranks, and that is the reason why such officers are as a rule disliked by their men. They know too much, and are always detecting flaws which others with less experience would have passed by unnoticed. But if a non-commissioned officer be quick in detecting the shortcomings of those beneath him, neither is he slow in finding out those of his superiors; and there is no denying that the ridiculously important demeanour of some officers, and the downright stupidity of others, afford him a pretty wide field for criticism. I could never forbear smiling whenever in my course of duty I had to act as pioneer to some man who desired to speak to an officer, the whole proceeding was so extremely ridiculous, being more suited to the dark ages of pigtails and gaiters, than to these enlightened times of Albert hats and German tunics. Having halted and eyes-fronted my charge, and saluted the beardless young gentleman in whose august presence I was standing, “Sir,” I would solemnly proceed to say, “this man wishes to speak to you.” “Oh, he wishes 187 to speak to me, does he?” would respond his mightiness, looking about as wise as an owl in the daylight. “Well, my man” (turning to the unhappy petitioner), “what is it that you want to say?”

Permission to speak having been thus graciously accorded, the man would proceed to state his case, which would be patronizingly listened to, or pooh-poohed according to the humour the little gentleman might happen to be in; and then, without more ado, I would salute a second time, and giving the word “Right about face,” march the man back to the ranks again, very little the better for the interview. Then there would be the farce of

taking young officers round the barrack-rooms. I soon discovered that the more stupid the subaltern, the greater the chance of his finding fault with something or another, in the manner of dolts generally; and many a time when going the rounds have I wished myself clear of the service, if only for five minutes, that I might be free to administer to the little whelp whom I was escorting the horsewhipping he so richly deserved. “Whose bed is this, Sergeant Tapley?” he would say, turning to unhappy me. “Whose bed is this, Corporal Jones?” I would ask, turning to the corporal of the room. “Private 188 Smith's,” would be the answer. “Private Smith's, sir,” I would re-echo. “Well then, just see what Private Smith has got there behind his valise;” and I would forthwith proceed to fish out a rag, or a brush, or some other tabooed article, which unhappy Smith, in an evil moment, had forgotten to stow away in his “hold-all,” and the culprit would be lectured on the enormity of his offence, and cautioned how he transgressed for the future. Scenes of this description were of every-day occurrence, and even if the men were never punished, the constant badgering and fault-finding was quite sufficient to make them sulky and disgusted with the service. Recruits, like young colts, require very gentle handling, and this is what they very seldom get. They are expected to cast their old habits as quickly as a serpent casts his skin. They must be clean, orderly, and respectful to their superiors, or the corporal reports them to the sergeant, the sergeant to the officer, and they receive the punishment due to their misdeeds. Of course poor “pilgarlic” is asked for form's sake what he has to say in his defence, but he knows that his wisest plan is to say nothing, for the non-commissioned officer is pretty certain to receive the support of his captain, let the case stand how it may. English officers think that 189 if they do not always support their sergeants, neither will their sergeants support them. That there should be mutual support is all very well, but the non-commissioned officer ought not to be protected at the expense of the private, as he is with us. If the private be in fault, let him be punished by all means; but if it be the sergeant who is the aggressor, neither ought he to escape scot-free. It appears to me that the duty of an officer is to impress upon the minds of his men that he is their friend and adviser, rather than their oppressor, and when he is called upon to act as judge, he ought, above all things, to be an impartial one. It seems to be a matter of general surprise, that a better

class of men do not enter our service, considering the numerous advantages held out to induce respectably brought-up youths to enlist. For my part I can see nothing surprising in it, for when I remember what my own experiences were, I have not the slightest difficulty in understanding why it is that our army is so unpopular, and how it arises that men, notwithstanding all the baits held out, cannot be induced to join Her Majesty's service. All the advantages of which we hear so much, are more than counterbalanced by many a grievance of which we hear nothing. If, prior to taking the shilling, the recruit were badly lodged and fed, he 190 was in a measure a free agent, and liberty counts for something all the world over. No sergeant had he constantly dogging his footsteps, ready to pounce upon him for the slightest dereliction of duty, and if he got drunk on Saturday night, the sum total of his punishment was a temporary confinement in the police cells, followed by a slight fine on the Monday morning. And whilst on the subject of drunkenness, I wonder whether it ever strikes those gallant gentlemen of Her Majesty's service who are in the habit of occasionally getting what they call “tight,” that the soldier must feel it rather a hard case to be sentenced to a term of imprisonment for drunkenness, by an officer whom he knows to have been carried to bed time after time in a beastly state of intoxication by his own batman, and who, although on court-martial duty, has not even recovered from his last debauch. Of course the soldier has no business to talk of the doings of his superiors; but unfortunately he will talk for all that, and if the “lushingtons” of our army could only hear the contemptuous manner in which their conduct is spoken of by the men whose opinion they affect to despise, it would bring the blush of shame to their cheeks, if such a thing as shame were to be found in their composition.

191

But let me enumerate all the advantages which a man can gain by simply taking Her Majesty's shilling. At the time of which I am writing, not only was he given a free kit, but he had three pounds bounty besides, the possession of which kept him alternating between the public-house and the guard-room for the first three weeks—at the expiration of which time he would be just ripe for desertion in the hopes of getting another bounty elsewhere.

The Government gave him his fire, lights, and lodging gratis, and supplied him with food at so low a figure that he was supposed to have sixpence remaining out of his day's pay of sixteenpence, to spend as he thought fit. I say supposed to have, for when his stable-jacket and overalls began to wear out, and his boots to show signs of holes, he was placed on the one penny per diem platform—one penny being the entire amount that a man is entitled to when under stoppages, which a recruit generally is unless he be a very rare specimen of his class. His food was, as I have before stated, about as badly cooked as it well could be, and his barrack accommodation not much to boast about. But then, if he behaved himself he might hope some day to obtain permission to take unto himself a wife, and remove his quarters to one 192 of the commodious rooms provided by the English Government for married soldiers, where, as closely packed as the “happy family” in Trafalgar Square, if not quite as peaceable, he and his helpmate would be allowed to enjoy all the pleasures of married life with some half-dozen other couples similarly situated to themselves. As a married man, the monotony of his life would be enlivened by hearing constant squabbling going on between the wife of his bosom and Mrs. Kitty Flannigan or Mrs. Corporal O'Toole about the possession of one of those innumerable clothes-lines with which our barrack-yards are so gracefully festooned; and if particularly favoured by fortune, he would, when the regiment was ordered for foreign service, carry his amiable partner along with him, to be a greater nuisance in India than she had even been at home. If, on the contrary, fortune proved unkind, and his wife had to be left behind, he would have the satisfaction of knowing that his chances of meeting her again were slightly— *very* slightly—better than the negro's when separated from *his* wife and family and packed off to another plantation. What business a soldier has with a wife at all, is a mystery to me. Soldiers' wives are, as a rule, not only slatternly and dirty, 193 but they are meddling and quarrelsome besides; and until nine-tenths of them are sent to the right-about, with their noisy, ragged children, our barracks will continue to present to the eye the same half-foundling-hospital, half-laundry-establishment appearance which they do at the present time.

But the chance of becoming a domesticated animal such as I have briefly described, is not the only bait held out to induce men to enlist in our service. Oh no! If the British soldier escape death by the sword on the field of battle—death by pestilence in unhealthy climates—death by infection in our garrison-towns—he will, when his protracted term of servitude is expired, be rewarded with a pension which will be just sufficient to keep him out of the workhouse (not always that, if he have a wife and family to provide for); or if he have been wounded and lost a limb in action, he may look forward to becoming some day a member of that corps of Commissionaires, about which so much has been written and for which so little has been done. What a truly splendid prospect for the deserving soldier! —the alternative of either dragging through the remainder of his days in the backslums of one of our over-crowded cities, or of VOL. II O 194 eking out a miserable subsistence after the manner of those Commissionaires whom we see standing daily idle in our streets, like the men in the parable, and for pretty much the same reason.

But, whether married or unmarried, there are at least two things with which the soldier is really liberally provided—balm of Gilead for diseases of the soul, and balm which is not of Gilead for those of the body; garrison chaplains, army Scripture readers, and colporteurs innumerable supplying him with the one, the regimental surgeon with the other. Never having had occasion to require the assistance of the former gentlemen during my stay in Canterbury, I am unable to speak of the efficacy of their treatment, but if their spiritual medicine be anything like that with which I was drenched by our staff-surgeon, it must have been soul-stirring indeed. In our military hospitals—the Canterbury one, at all events —they appear to have come to the conclusion that an emetic is the panacea for all those lesser ills that soldiers' flesh is heir to, and an emetic is accordingly administered for every imaginable complaint, from a pain in the head to a diseased liver. Twice had I to present myself at the surgery for a little medicine, and twice was I served out with an emetic, although on 195 the first occasion I was suffering from boils, and on the second from lumbago. I may just mention here, that on both of these occasions I was kept waiting, with some score of fellow-sufferers, in the barrack-square until the orderly sergeant was

ready to march us up to hospital, for it is altogether against the rules and regulations of the service for a soldier to proceed thither by himself, or indeed even to feel ill until the time arrives for the surgeon's daily inspection.

Finally, that nothing may be left undone to make the service attractive, the disgusting spectacle of punishment by the lash is occasionally provided by our military authorities for the amusement and edification of the young soldier. It matters not that it is only resorted to in extreme cases, and administered to the most incorrigible ruffians. That it should be resorted to at all is quite sufficient to prevent any respectable man from enlisting in the ranks of the British army, and to make those who have enlisted disgusted with a service to which they ought to be only too proud to belong. I am not particularly chicken-hearted, and yet I can never see a man flogged without turning deadly sick, and I am not a solitary instance by any means. If I could O 2 196 only see any good that arises from the use of the lash, it would be different, but I can see none; for corporeal punishment, as I have had occasion to say before, hardens and degrades, without in the slightest degree benefiting the recipient; and when a man has become so incorrigible as to be a fit subject for the cat, the sooner he is ignominiously dismissed the service, or sent to the hulks as in France, the better. All very well in theory, will say those military wiseacres upon whom anything like common-sense reasoning is completely thrown away—all very well in theory; but if corporeal punishment were abolished, the desertions from our army, which are already enormous, would be increased fourfold. The very reason that some alteration should be effected in its organization without delay, for it carries out my assertion, that the service is most unpopular, and likely to remain so until something more is done for the soldier than at present. And how very easily that something might be done, if those whose business it is would only give themselves the trouble of first enquiring what our soldiers' grievances really are, and then set themselves earnestly about the work of redressing them. Why is it that our soldiers are more discontented than the soldiers of other armies, 197 when they are at all events better fed and better paid, if nothing else, than any other troops, the American excepted? It is because they are differently treated, not only in barracks

but out of barracks; for with us a man instead of raising himself in the social scale, lowers himself by enlisting, and let him have been what he may, he is, both to his officers and the public, the “ *common* ” soldier, and nothing else. Unlike his French brother, he carries no marshal's bâton in his knapsack, or if he should ever attain the rank of lieutenant or captain, a more unenviable position it would be difficult to conceive. True, he is ostensibly on precisely the same footing as his brother officers, but he well knows that these same amiable brother officers do not forget that he is a “ranker,” and that the very privates talk of him disparagingly as a man who was at one time no better than themselves. Without any private means of his own, he is hard set to make both ends meet, and has the mortification of seeing junior officers, whose purses happen to be better lined than his own, constantly passing over his head, and of being obliged to deny himself many of those little luxuries, which, as sergeant-major, he could well afford. Of course he has the option of accepting or of rejecting his commission as he 198 thinks fit. You would not have the Government provide him with pocket-money as well as with pay, I think I hear demanded by some virtuously indignant gentleman, who, if he had been in the ranks, would in all probability have remained there. Certainly not, I must answer; but as at present I am writing about the soldier's grievances, I must leave those of his officer for some future occasion. I have said that it is because our men do not hold the same social position as their military friends across the Channel, that they are, as a rule, discontented; and so it is in a measure, for nothing galls a soldier more than the feeling that he is despised by those who, were he *not* a soldier, would be his equals. But this is not the only reason. Like his fellow-sufferer, “Jack,” he has nothing to look forward to—nothing to induce him to lead a steady, thrifty life, and existing only for the present, without hopes for the future, he grows dissatisfied with his lot, and is constantly brooding over his real or imaginary wrongs. But let him once have an aim in life—let him feel that, as a soldier, he is but fitting himself for more remunerative labours in another sphere, and before six months are over, he will become an altered man. Our army would undergo an entire change. There would 199 be no longer any need for the brutal lash—desertion would be almost unknown, and instead of the ranks being filled with “ne'er-do-weels” of every denomination, as at

present, they would only be open to orderly and well-conducted men. And what difficulty would there be in bringing about this most desirable end? Absolutely none. Supposing that a man's service were limited to twenty years, he would, if he had enlisted at an early age, receive his discharge about his fortieth year, or in the very prime of life. Well, then, allowing that he was only entitled to a pension of sixpence per diem, he would if he lived to the age of sixty, have cost the Government, from first to last, very close upon 200 *l.* This money which, when dribbled out by quarterly instalments, would be barely sufficient to provide the pensioner with the common necessaries of life, might, I think, with proper management, be turned to much better account, and be made the means of not only really benefiting the recipient, but the country at large. This could be effected in a very easy manner—by simply making him a military colonist. The discharged soldier, instead of being forced to eke out a living by picking up odd jobs here and there, would at once receive a free passage to Canada, and the grant of, say, 200 sixty acres of land. The 200 *l.* which the Government would have had to pay him sooner or later, might be laid out at the discretion of the resident inspector in clearing and stocking his farm, so that the ex-soldier might have the means of beginning work on his own account with as little delay as possible, and have the satisfaction of feeling that he had at length a home which he could call his own. The money would of course be invested in such a manner as to prevent the possibility of the pensioner disposing of his interest in the property, should he feel inclined at any time to desert his colours and shelter himself under the protecting folds of the star-spangled banner in the neighbouring dominions of Uncle Sam. Why, might I ask, could not that splendid tract of country on the Red River be settled in this manner? and what more satisfactory solution could there be to that eternal Canadian question? These colonists would not only be tillers of the soil, but veteran troops as well, ready, at a moment's notice, to help the Canadian militia in the defence of their common country; and as such they might receive a small annual allowance from the colonial government. These veterans would be commanded by veteran officers, for the reward held 201 out to meritorious “rankers” might likewise be a farm of a size and value in proportion to their services. Only let the Government hold out such inducements as these, and there will be

any number of good men to be had for the asking, and we should soon be in a position to save the black sheep the trouble of deserting by sending them about their business, whether they liked it or not. But, to qualify our soldiers for back-woodsmen, it is absolutely necessary that they should be taught something a little more useful than the use of the pipeclay, sponge, and burnisher during their period of service. Our soldiers are, without exception, the most helpless lot of men to be found on the face of the earth, and if they were to be sent out to Canada in their present state, I fear the soldiers' colony would soon resemble that celebrated nigger settlement which John Brown the martyr founded at Elba, in the state of New York. In some regiments—the twelfth Foot more especially—industrial bazaars have been organized with a considerable amount of success. Is there any reason to prevent similar schools of industry from being established in all our infantry regiments, or do commanding officers think, like a certain gallant old colonel of the old school with whom I had a 202 discussion on the subject lately, that, as the English army had done without such schools hitherto, it could continue to do so until the end of the chapter. The dragoon when at home has quite sufficient to occupy his time without extra labour of any description, but with the infantry soldier it is different. Neither has he a horse to clean, nor a burnisher wherewith to beguile his leisure moments, and when he returns from parade, after touching his belts with the pipeclay sponge, and his pouch with a little bees-wax, he has only to rub down his rifle with an oil rag and his labours are complete. The consequence is that the time often hangs heavily on his hands, and he repairs to the nearest public to drown “his cares in heavy wet.” The devil tempts every man, but the idle man tempts the devil to tempt him. Let our soldiers be taught some useful trade, and whilst working at that trade, they will forget themselves; let them forget themselves and the chief cause of their discontent is at once removed. Somehow or another it appears as if our Government had a decided objection to the self-supporting system. In the French army every article that can be made in the regimental workshops is made there, and in America and other countries they manage to make even their convict establishments 203 self-paying; why cannot we do so here? Of course there must be some excellent reason for it, but I, for one, have never been able to discover what that reason is.

But there is yet another way by which men of good family and liberal education might be induced to enter the ranks of our army. It is by forming two regiments of gentlemen volunteers, one cavalry, the other infantry. There are hundreds of young men, gentlemen by birth and education, who would only be too happy to begin life at the very lowest rung of the military ladder, if they were not deterred from enlisting by knowing the class of men amongst whom they will be thrown. Once let that objection be removed by two regiments being reserved especially for young men of good family and education, and in a few years, any number of efficient soldiers would be forthcoming to supply the places of the illiterate non-commissioned officers of the present day. It will of course be urged that such an innovation would cause an immense amount of discontent in the service, and so it might at first. But that it would ultimately succeed I have not the slightest doubt, and that our army would be considerably benefited by having a better class of men for non-commission 204 officers, will, I think, be allowed by even the greatest sticklers for the old regime. However, I never expect to see such a state of things during my lifetime, nor is there much chance of the condition of our army being materially improved, until our absurd purchase system is entirely done away.

But to return to my own individual experiences as a non-commissioned officer, the more I became acquainted with the routine of the service, the more clearly I perceived that my room-mates in 6 X had not been far wrong in saying that no man but a fool would remain in the army if he could obtain a living elsewhere. I grew thoroughly disgusted with soldiering, and made up my mind to cut Her Majesty's service the instant the mutiny was ended, and no more draughts were required from the depôt of the gallant 17th. At one time I was in daily expectation of receiving orders to hold myself in readiness for embarkation, and had made my preparations for departure at a moment's notice. But I was happily saved the annoyance of having to make a voyage to India in a government troop-ship. The news of the final suppression of the mutiny arrived before my turn came for foreign service, and I was at liberty to purchase my discharge, and depart whithersoever I listed. But I had 205 not quite done with the regiment. Whilst serving in the capacity

of lance-sergeant, it had often been thrown in my teeth that I owed my promotion more to the fineness of my jacket than to my fitness for the office, and I knew that more than one man had threatened (behind my back) to give me a “good licking,” if ever he should happen to meet me minus the stripes on my arm, or in the dress of a civilian. I thought it would be a pity to deprive my chivalrous comrades of the opportunity they desired, and I therefore applied for permission to resign the appointment of lance-sergeant, and once more re-enter the ranks as a full-blown private. This permission was of course accorded, and in the order-book of that evening it was formally notified that Lance-sergent Mark Tapley had returned to the ranks at his own request. Stables dismissed, with my valise and accoutrements on my back, I once again entered that same 6 X barrack-room which I had left five months previously to take upon me the thankless duties of a lance-sergeant. With a pair of scissors I removed the stripes from the sleeve of my jacket, and the gold lace from my forage-cap, and after having unfastened the silver “Death's-head and glory” badge from my arm, I was once again a simple, or rather a *common* 206 private of Her Majesty's 17th, and in no way superior, so far as the service went, to the lowest rough in the regiment. My amiable comrades had now the chance of carrying their threats into execution, but they thought it advisable to postpone doing so *sine die.* I found, in fact, that those men who had given me the greatest trouble, and who had threatened the most, were the veriest curs when the hour arrived for action. For six weeks I remained at their disposition, doing my work meanwhile at stables and elsewhere, just in the same way as I had done on my first arrival at the depôt. At the expiration of that time I applied for my discharge, and after eight months and two days' service the parchment was placed in my hand by the commandant, and I was once again a free agent. During that term of servitude I alway endeavoured to do my work like a good soldier, and despite the impediments which were thrown in my way, I think I may say that I succeeded. My character was the best that the soldier could receive, and I can confidently assert that no man, from the colonel downwards, had ever to find fault with me for insubordination or neglect of *my own* duties. But that I had a hard up-hill time of it I do not attempt to deny, and when I doffed the blue and white uniform of 207 the 17th, I felt infinitely more rejoiced at my

emancipation than I had done when I bade adieu to the 2 me Régiment de la Légion Etrangère; for my short experience of the British army had been sufficient to convince me that the life of a private in even the lowest French regiment was infinitely more desirable than that of a non-commissioned officer in an English regiment of light dragoons. I would rather be a green hand before the mast of an American whaler, a red-breeched Légionaire, ay! even an Australian shepherd, than an English soldier; not because his pay is small, his promotion slow, and his duty monotonous, for in every service such is always more or less the case, but simply because the constant worrying and fault-finding would drive me mad in a twelvemonth. English officers appear to have got a notion into their addled pates, that to be “smart” it is downright necessary to be constantly discovering that something or another is not in accordance with the “rules and regulations of Her Majesty's service.” From the colonel down to the last joined cornet, who was flogged at school for being a “bad boy” only some six months previous to joining his regiment, fault-finding is the order of the day. When the captain or subaltern inspects his men, or their barrack-rooms, 208 he does so with the eye of an inquisitor, and is delighted if he can only discover that something is wrong. Instead of endeavouring to praise, he thinks it his duty to censure, imagining, poor deluded being, that he is impressing the men with a due sense of his “smartness” and importance. Do our officers suppose that men will patiently submit to all this bullying and badgering? or that the spirit of vengeance does not burn as fiercely in the breast of a soldier as in that of any other mortal? In battle bullets have before now been known to diverge in the most unaccountable manner from the direct line of fire, and of late years military murders have been by no means uncommon occurrences—quite the reverse. And upon whose shoulders does the blame rest? The officers will say that it is all the fault of the men—the men that of the officers, and it is my own private opinion that the men are right. Murders are not generally committed without considerable provocation; and knowing, as I do, the detestable manner in which some of the gentlemen who hold Her Majesty's commission think proper to conduct themselves, I am never surprised when I hear of another military murder, and, although I loathe the cowardly assassin, I have not the smallest particle of pity for his 209 victim; for I know, from my own experience, how

much the British soldier has to endure at the hands of those gentlemen of Her Majesty's service who forget that the first duty of an officer is to endeavour, by kind treatment, to make his men look upon him as a friend, and not as an unjust taskmaster and brutal oppressor. VOL. II. P

210

CHAPTER IX.

A fruitless Journey—Philadelphia astir—Washington in War Time—A Scramble for Government Loaves and Fishes—President Lincoln—An Open-air Meeting—A Discussion at a Drinking-bar—The Danger of Speaking out—Alexandria—A Confederate Hero—The Fairfax Troop—Causes of the American War—The Attitude of the Southerners—A Military Orator—A select Body of Troops—Limited Ideas of Military Discipline—An unfortunate Oversight—A few Thoughts on Slavery—A Slave-owner's Retort—A Slave's Opinion of his Comrades.

I MAY safely affirm that never am I, Mark Tapley, so supremely happy as when taking part in other people's quarrels, or when mixed up in any of those little disturbances which, to use a common expression, “occasionally cloud the political horizon.” It will therefore be easily understood how it arose that, towards the close of the year 1860, I proceeded to Italy, with a vague idea that General Garibaldi, who was then at Naples, might possibly have need of my assistance in driving King Bomba from Gaeta. Arrived in Genoa, I found to my disgust that the star of Garibaldi was no longer in the ascendant, and 211 that my friends the Garibaldians were at a decided discount. After having borne the burden and heat of the day, Cialdini had marched in with his Piedmontese troops at the eleventh hour, and Garibaldi and his followers had been politely given their *congé* by the grateful “Re Galantuomo.” On seeing the true state of affairs, I determined at once to return to England, for there was no longer anything to detain me in the “City of Palaces,” in which, by the way, as an American once truly observed to me, nine things are to be found in perfection —fleas, priests, and staircases—priests, fleas, and staircases—staircases, priests, and

fleas. But before my departure my sympathies were again enlisted in another gigantic political contest, and I became a Confederate with the strongest Southern “proclivities,” and the sworn foe of Abe Lincoln and his party. The United States steamer *Iroquois* was then lying in the port, and I had frequent opportunities of hearing the American question discussed, for her officers appeared to be pretty equally divided, some holding to one side and some to the other. On one point they all agreed, that the time for the “irrepressible conflict” had at length arrived, and that the South would either have to fight for her independence, or be content P 2 212 to yield that political precedence which she had held since the first formation of the Republic. The South would have to fight for her independence—that was quite sufficient for me. I had been disappointed in my Garibaldian aspirations. I would now offer my services to the Confederates, and have a brush with those upstart Yankees whom I all at once discovered to be the greatest rascals under the sun. I therefore returned to England with the intention of at once embarking for the States; but business detained me some months, so that it was only towards the end of April, 1861, that I at length found myself in Philadelphia. I hardly recognised the quiet Quaker city of Penn, the apostle. Flags had been suspended across all the streets (a large display of bunting being then considered a proof of the loyalty of the exhibitor)—troops were being drilled in all directions—recruiting placards met the eye at every step, and the ear was deafened by military brass bands playing “Hail, Columbia!” “The Star-spangled Banner,” and such like patriotic airs, in the vilest manner, from morning to night. Even the street cars were adorned with loyal mottoes—“Right or wrong, the Union one and indivisible,” and such like. Men wore miniature star-spangled banners in their button-holes; envelopes 213 were ornamented with the same blessed gridiron, and with effigies of the Northern President; and in one outfitter's establishment in Chestnut Street, a rope with a hangman's knot was exhibited in the window, underneath which was written “Cravat *à la* Jefferson Davis.” Bunkum speeches were the order of the day, and could Washington have only risen from his grave at Mount Vernon, and listened to the virulent tirades hurled by mob orators at his own beloved State, Virginia, or at her sister, South Carolina, I think he would have been inclined at once to have thrown in his lot with the Confederates. The scurrilous

abuse, vile slanders, and unmanly threats which I heard uttered in that degenerate city of brotherly love, could only have fallen from American lips, or been listened to by an American audience. No name was too bad to apply to the unhappy denizens of Secessia. It had suddenly struck them that their late partners were not only rebels, but thieves, cowards, cut-throats, villains of the deepest dye. What would they not do to any prisoners who might fall into their hands? It should be short shrift and a noose from the nearest tree for them—they should have no mercy. All this was certainly very consolatory to a man going South, but it rather amused than 214 frightened me; so I turned my back on Philadelphia and its hypocritical inhabitants, and continued my journey to Baltimore. There was nothing to be done in the “Monumental city,” for, although the Southern faction was in the majority, the guns of Fort McHenry overlooked the town, and the unhappy Marylanders were given the alternative of either remaining quiet or having their houses levelled with the ground. A Yankee regiment marched past the hotel at which I was staying, and it was easy to see, by the compressed lips and flashing eyes of those who stood beside me on the verandah, how the hot Southern blood boiled in their veins at the indignity of having their city occupied by the descendants of the fanatical Puritans of New Plymouth. I pitied them from my heart, and felt perfectly miserable until I had left a State where, to use the words of an American poet—

“The laws of the land were corrupted. Might took the place of Right, the weak were oppressed and the mighty Ruled with an iron rod.”

Washington was all astir, and presented the appearance of a great military arsenal. Troops were quartered everywhere: in the capitol—in the public offices—at all the hotels, and under canvas in every direction. The military appeared 215 to have taken possession of the entire city. Noisy drunken soldiers reeled through the streets; and dirty, ill set-up Irish and German mercenaries crowded all the hotel bars, and bragged over their cups how they would chaw up the “rebs” when once the order was given to march to Richmond. Anything like discipline was nowhere to be seen—officers and men were on terms of perfect equality, and a private would tell his captain to go to h—l with the utmost *sang*

froid. I must say that I found the Yankee soldiery more patriotic than I had expected, but the Irish and Germans no more knew about what they were going to fight than the man in the moon. I asked one stalwart Milesian what he was going to fight for, and his answer was characteristic of the race:—"For thirteen dollars a month and my rations, sur, and very good pay too." Yes, for thirteen dollars a month and his rations he was willing to carry fire and sword amongst a people who had never done him any injury nor wished him any harm. I know it may be urged that he was doing no more than I was about to do myself. But is this really so? A man who joins the weaker side has at least the consolation of knowing that, however much he may be censured for taking part in a quarrel 216 which is none of his, no one can accuse him of having had an undue regard for his own safety, nor throw in his teeth that he backed the winning horse. People were not very loud in their censure of those who fought under Garibaldi; but I think that few Englishmen pitied those men who, having first forsworn the country which gave them birth, voluntarily enlisted under the American flag for the sake of plunder, and met an inglorious death at "Bull Run," Manassas, or on the banks of the Chickahominy. During my stay in Washington I spent the greater part of each day in strolling about the different camps, looking at the preparations which were being made for the invasion of Virginia; and when I come to recal the sorry military exhibitions which met my eyes in that city of "magnificent distances," I cannot say that I feel at all surprised at the disastrous result of the first campaign undertaken by the "grand army of the Potomac." Everything was at sixes and sevens—nobody appeared to know his own place nor the duties he had to perform. Officers were more occupied in talking politics and drinking brandy smashes and gin slings, than in drilling their men; whilst the soldiers themselves, never imagining for a moment that the stern realities of war were before them, 217 talked of the march to Richmond much in the same way as if it were only a pleasure excursion to a neighbouring village. What a scene did that national monument erected by a united people to Washington, the great founder of their republic; look down upon! White tents filled with fighting men drawn indiscriminately from every nation under the sun—Americans, Irish, Germans, Hungarians, Poles, Italians—differing in race, religion, and language—united only in their malignant hatred of the South. There,

on the opposite side of the Potomac, in all the freshness and verdure of early summer, lay Virginia, whose pleasant woods were soon to resound with the heavy tread of a brutal foreign soldiery, and whose fertile soil was doomed to be crimsoned with the blood of her noblest sons. At that time it almost seemed as if those sons were indifferent to the dangers that threatened the “old dominion,” for although a guard was mounted at the Columbia side of the “Long Bridge,” not a soldier was to be seen on the Virginia shore. The time for action had not yet come. But to return to my description of the sights which met the eye in the American capital. At the time of which I am speaking, the “White House” and all the public offices were daily 218 besieged by crowds of hungry place-seekers, and for the first time I began to see for myself the many evils attendant on a Republican form of government. Almost every civilian I met at the hotels had come to Washington for the express purpose of soliciting Government employ or patronage, and it was most amusing to hear the very slight grounds upon which many of these individuals based their claims for Government sinecures. One had known Abe Lincoln from a child, and therefore he wanted a company in some regiment for his eldest boy; another had been a staunch supporter of the Chicago platform, and had gone the whole hog for Lincoln, so the least the Republican party could do would be to give him the commissariat contract he had applied for; and so forth. No one appeared to rely on his own individual merits, but on the amount of interest he could get to bear on honest Abe and his advisers. Of course their claims could not all be attended to; and great was the indignation of the rejected applicants, and most bitter the envy they bore their more fortunate competitors in the scramble for Government loaves and fishes. It was only later in the day, when Mr. Lincoln had the small-pox, that he could, as he said, “at length give something to every applicant.”

219

Whilst in Washington, I had the pleasure of making my salaam to the Northern President, and I must say that no man ever impressed me less favourably than Abe Lincoln. It matters little now what I thought of him. He is dead and gone, *et de mortuis* , &c. But what can the Americans expect from their Presidents—party spirit running so high that, to

avoid political squabbles, the leading men, on both the Democratic and Republican sides, are forced to yield their claims to the presidency in favour of some unknown individual, whose sole claim to public suffrage is that he is too insignificant ever to be able to cut out a fresh course for himself, or make himself obnoxious to either party? How many men are there in England who had heard of Pierce, Buchanan, or Lincoln, previous to their election? Who or what was Mr. Lincoln? Americans will tell you that he was a lawyer of the “Chicago platform,” a man of the people, who had in his day wielded an axe and split rails like the poorest settler in the state of Illinois. Well, that was all, no doubt, very much to Mr. Lincoln's credit; but will any one tell me that instead of spending his youth in rail-splitting, he would not have been better employed in studying the constitution and the laws of his country, 220 which, after his accession to office, he entirely forgot? I heard both Mr. Lincoln and his right-hand man, Seward, speak in public, and I must say that I have heard better orators. Mr. Seward's speech was, however, the cause of my having to beat a hasty retreat from Washington, and it happened in this way. There was to be a grand flag-raising at the post-office, and I heard at my hotel that Mr. Lincoln, Mr. Seward, and some other Northern celebrities would, in all probability, take the opportunity of giving the assembled crowd their opinions of things in general. So, as I had nothing particular to do, I thought I might as well see what was going on, and listen for half an hour to Massa Lincoln and his colleagues. On arriving at the post-office, I found that not only was I rather late, but that such a number of people had congregated in front of the building as to render a near approach to the balcony, on which their magnificences were perched, out of the question. I could, therefore, only catch a word here and there; but when at length Mr. Seward raised his voice to tickle the ears of his audience with a little of that “bunkum” without which an American statesman's speech would be considered incomplete, I did hear a sentence or two which, unfortunately for me as 221 it turned out, I was foolish enough to remember. At this date I cannot, of course, recollect the exact words he made use of, but one sentence ran something in this style:—

“Ah, fellow-citizens, there are at least two things of which those Southern traitors can never deprive us: one, the glorious stars and stripes (pointing with his finger to the bran new bunting above his head); the other, our national anthem, the ‘Star-spangled Banner.’”

After Mr. Seward had done speaking, not feeling inclined to listen to any more of such bosh, I returned to my hotel, and repairing to the bar of that establishment, was just about to indulge in a cool glass of sling, when I felt a hand on my shoulder, and turning round, beheld a tall, lank, tobacco-stained Yankee, who, without further ado, began to question me in the most impertinent manner.

“Wal,” said he, in a horrid drawling voice, “what did yer think of the flag-raisin'? Fustrate speech that of Seward's, warn't it now?”

“To tell you the truth,” I replied, wishing to bring his investigations at once to a full stop, “I heard so little of his speech that you could not have applied to a worse person than myself to give you an opinion on the subject;” and turning 222 my back to him, I quietly commenced drinking my “sling.” But my friend was not to be so easily snubbed, and at once renewed the attack.

“Now if that ain't good,” he persisted, turning to a lot of men who were drinking at the bar. “Darn me, if I didn't see him swallowing every word that was said, as if his life depended on it, and now he wants to make believe he couldn't hear. That story won't do, nohow ye can fix it.”

“Even were it as you say,” I replied, getting excessively vexed, “I can assure you I failed in catching even the purport of his speech. I am, as you have no doubt perceived before this, an Englishman, and you cannot therefore be surprised that I take but little interest in your political differences, so with your permission we will drop the subject altogether.” To this, however, my tormentor would by no means agree, to the evident amusement of the bystanders, who kept encouraging him by sly winks and nods when they thought

I was not looking, and he kept on at me in the most persistent manner. I had resolutely determined, on my arrival at Washington, never to join in a political discussion on any pretext whatsoever, so long as I remained north of the 223 Potomac; but the ruffian so enraged me by his cool impudence that I forgot all my good resolutions, and instead of treating him with the most supercilious contempt, as I ought to have done, I was, in an unguarded moment, foolish enough to answer him.

“You have asked me,” I said, “what I thought of Mr. Seward's speech, and as you appear so extremely anxious for my answer, that you cannot leave me for one moment in peace, I will give you my opinion of it in one word—an American one—bunkum!”

“How so?” they all demanded in a breath.

“Simply in this way,” I replied. “Mr. Seward stated, I believe, that there were two things of which the Southern traitors could not deprive you—one, the glorious stars and stripes; the other, your national anthem, the ‘Star-spangled Banner.’ Now, if I mistake not, it is the South and not the North that has the right to claim both the one and the other: the first owing its existence to General Washington, a Virginian; the second having, I have heard, been composed by another Southerner, a Mr. Key, whose grandson was brutally murdered in cold blood, not long since, in this very city.”

Had I tried for a month I could not have 224 made a more unfortunate speech. My interlocutor grew perfectly pale with rage. “Cuss me,” cried he, “if I didn't think you were nothing better than a traitor when first I sot eyes on yer, and now I'm darned sure of it. It ud sarve yer right if they turned yer out of the house, and kicked yer across the bridge to yer friends on the other side of the river.”

“That's so,” chimed in the bystanders; “it's tarred and feathered he ought to be.”

Now I had heard of Lynch law, and by no means liked the threatening looks of the rowdies by whom I was surrounded, but I knew that no class of men are so easily cowed as your

arrant bullies; so I thought I would just try what a few quiet determined words would do before matters went any further.

“I feel very much indebted to you, gentlemen,” I said, “for your kind desire to kick me out of the house, but I beg most respectfully to decline that honour, and before I, of my own free will, leave your agreeable society, I trust you will permit me to say a few words. I have already told you that I am an Englishman—now let me tell you a little more. In my country the right of every man to express his opinion is seldom disputed, and perfect freedom of speech is held so 225 sacred by all classes of the community, that I might enter the lowest tap-room in London, and declare myself opposed to all liberal measures and averse to any plan which might tend to elevate the condition of the masses; or, on the other hand, I might take my seat in the coffee-room of some fashionable hotel frequented exclusively by the upper classes, and give the guests to understand that I hated the aristocracy, and was a Chartist and Republican of the most uncompromising caste; and you may believe me when I tell you, that in neither one place nor the other would I find a single individual who would think it worth his while to pick a quarrel with me simply because his political opinions and mine happened to be at variance. But in this land of liberty it appears that one cannot even express an opinion without being subjected to insult, or running the risk of being ejected from the company, as in my case. Gentlemen, I have the honour to wish you all a very good afternoon.”

Although they allowed me to depart unmolested, I knew that it would be most unwise to remain any longer in the hotel after what had happened, so I at once packed up my traps and secured a place in the Alexandria stage-coach. On reaching the Long Bridge, our luggage was examined VOL. II. Q 226 for contraband of war, but they did not think it necessary, luckily, to search our persons, or they would have found a brace of revolvers on me, a discovery which might have been attended with disagreeable consequences. It was not until I was fairly across the Potomac and on the sacred soil of Secessia, that I again felt myself a free agent and amongst a friendly people.

Nothing in the aspect of Alexandria could have led one to suppose that it was but seven miles distant from the camp of a hostile Power, nor the frontier town which would have ere long to bear the brunt of the battle. Business was being carried on as usual, and well-dressed men and women thronged the streets, although the *Pawnee* frigate lay with open ports at the foot of the principal street of the town. Confederate flags were hoisted in defiance of the Yankee, and from the roof of my hotel, the Marshall House, floated that ensign which a few days later caused the death of the landlord, and the first blood to be shed on Virginian soil. Poor Jackson! Little did I imagine when I shook him by the hand on leaving for Richmond, that his hours in the land of the living were numbered, and that his body would be mutilated by the bayonets of Colonel Ellsworth's Fire Zouaves on the very spot where we 227 were then standing! Quiet, and apparently of anything but an impulsive temperament, he was the very last man for whom I would have predicted such a fate. Peace be to his ashes! Let the Yankees call him murderer, assassin, what they will, he died like a true patriot, defending his household gods; and the name of Jackson, the first Virginian who fell in the cause of Southern independence, will not be forgotten when future historians write the annals of that accursed war. While in Washington I had on several occasions amused myself by watching the United States regular cavalry at drill; and on the evening of my arrival in Alexandria I had the opportunity of comparing them with the volunteer horse of the Confederates. The Fairfax troop was being exercised in a field near the town, and thither I repaired without a moment's delay, being extremely anxious, as may well be imagined, to form some idea of the men with whom I was about to be associated for an indefinite period. It was with serious misgivings that I entered the field, for I had been repeatedly assured that the Southern army was little better than a mob, being composed of reckless adventurers from whom the respectable portion of the community held studiously aloof. I was therefore most agreeably Q 2 228 surprised to find that the Fairfax troop at least was of a totally different stamp, both officers and men having evidently been drawn from the very best stock in the country. A sergeant fresh from the riding school at Maidstone might certainly have found fault with the manner in which they sat their horses, and their accoutrements were not quite as bright as an

English light dragoon's, but they had a certain dash about them that I admired excessively, and for raw troops they promised well. Every man in the troop was well mounted, and the uniform was neat and soldier-like—their broad-brimmed felt hats looped up on one side, and ornamented with a black feather, reminding one of those cavaliers from whom the Virginians are so proud to trace their descent. It was easy to see that the Virginian ladies were at heart just as “secesh” as the men, the fair sex of Alexandria having turned out *en masse* to cheer the troopers by their presence. But sad to relate, all this martial enthusiasm was of very little avail, for a few days later, when the Federal advanced guard entered the town, the gallant Fairfaxers were caught napping, and the majority of them taken prisoners in the most stupid and inglorious manner, without, so far as I can recollect, a blow having been struck on either 229 side. Being in happy ignorance of the fate that awaited them, my pleasure was unalloyed; and I left them full of confidence that ere long I should hear of their gallant bearing on some hard-fought field of battle.

There being nothing to detain me in Alexandria, and being anxious to reach head-quarters without loss of time, I started the very next morning for Richmond. It was the memorable day on which the Virginians were to decide whether they would submit to Yankee rule or throw in their lot with the seceding States, and the greatest excitement prevailed along the entire route. On arriving in Richmond, I proceeded to the Ballard House and inscribed my name in the guest book of that establishment, in company with generals, colonels, and civil dignitaries innumerable. The house was full of soldiers, who, if one might judge from appearances, were determined, like wise campaigners, to enjoy themselves to the utmost whilst they had the chance. Nothing that the house contained was good enough for them, and the way they made the champagne corks fly was a “caution to snakes.” They evidently thought that if they had to march out to meet the Yankee, it were wiser to do so with empty pockets, and they spent their money accordingly. 230 No sooner did I intimate that I was a candidate for a commission in the Confederate cavalry, than nothing could exceed their courtesy and attention; and before the day was over, I had many friends both military and civilian, who had promised to exert themselves in obtaining for me the appointment

I desired. Amongst them was one of the leading politicians of North Carolina, who took the trouble of explaining to me, in the kindest and most unaffected manner, the various complications which had at length brought about what the Abolition party were pleased to term the “irrepressible conflict.”

“You are no doubt aware,” he said, “that at the time of the Declaration of Independence there were thirteen States which, although distinct in themselves, agreed to be united for mutual protection and support. These States were all, with the exception of Massachusetts, originally Slave States, the right to have and to hold slaves being guaranteed to every State by that act which we call the Constitution. Now as years rolled away, the tide of European emigration began to flow into the Northern ports, and the fanatical descendants of the Puritans of New Plymouth soon discovered that slave labour was costly, whilst free labour was comparatively cheap. Having, 231 therefore, no longer need of the negro, they thought it was high time to get rid of him as best they could, and so the unhappy slaves were sent South and sold to other masters who could turn their services to better account. No sooner had Sambo been packed off to ‘Dixie,’ than great was the self-laudation of the ex-slave-owners. They all at once discovered that slavery was a heinous crime, and that it was contrary to the laws both of God and man to hold a fellow-creature in bondage. Well rid of the slave, they could now afford to bewail his unhappy lot, and his task-masters of yesterday became his worshippers of to-day. One after another all the Northern States became in this manner free States, and that breach which had always existed between the respective descendants of Puritan and Cavalier, became, if possible, wider than ever. During the earlier years of the Republic, the South had undoubtedly a political precedence, for not only did she send more presidents to Washington, but she managed to have it pretty much her own way, both in the House of Representatives and the Senate. But that same tide of immigration which had swept the negro southwards, was likewise the means of depriving the South of that political supremacy which she had so long 232 enjoyed, for, as new territories were colonized and admitted into the Union as free States, two anti-Southern Members were added to

the Senate and one to the House of Representatives for every 130,000 of its inhabitants. It was solely to obtain a balance of power in the Senate, that the South has for years past been straining every nerve to have slavery extended to the territories and more Slave States admitted into the Union. Texas and Missouri, and more recently Kansas and Nebraska, were in this way added to the Southern league, and various acts were passed for the protection of the slave-owner, the celebrated Fugitive Slave Law being one of them. So long, therefore, as Southern interests were properly cared for by the government at Washington, the Slave States were content to remain in the Union, or rather they consented to put off the day of that secession which they knew must eventually arrive, indefinitely. Unfortunately the day has come rather sooner than we anticipated, for not only are we now in a hopeless minority in both Houses, but the North, taking advantage of our weakness, has of late years been endeavouring to force upon us certain laws and tariffs, which, whilst they benefit her manufacturing population, are downright injurious 233 to our most vital interests. Do not for one moment imagine that the slavery question has aught to do with the matter, or that the North insists upon our remaining in the Union solely from patriotic motives, as she falsely pretends. It is self-interest and not patriotism that makes her so bitter against us.

“For years past the South has been to her a veritable Pagoda-tree; she is about to become a Upas. We have always been her best customers. Our hardware has come from Pennsylvania; Lowell and Lawrence have supplied us with cloth; our ‘notions’ we have purchased in Connecticut, and New York has done our ‘bill-shaving’ to the tune of some millions per annum. All that little game is now at an end. Once a separate and distinct people, and we will be at liberty to purchase our goods in the best and cheapest markets, and you may depend upon it the Yankees will have but a very small portion of our custom. They are aware of this, and they tremble when they think of the consequences which must inevitably result from a separation, so they are determined, if possible, to prevent such a dire calamity by forcing us to remain in the Union, whether we like it or not. This we have determined they shall never do. All we desire is 234 a peaceable separation, and if we

are forced to fight weshall at least have the satisfaction of knowing that we are battling for liberty and not for empire."

Every man to whom I spoke on the subject of the coming conflict appeared to hold precisely the same views as my South Carolina friend. I hardly think they realized what the fury of the storm would be, but they were at all events determined to brave it, let it burst when and how it might. Such a change had come over the Southern people since I had last visited the Slave States, that I could hardly believe that they were the same race of men. I had expected to find the whole country in a state of the most hopeless confusion; stump orators at the corner of every street, and a mob of lawless ruffians drawn from the Border States, ready at any moment to take the law into their own hands. Instead of which I found a quiet, determined people, who had a respect for their government and confidence in themselves. No bunkum—no rushing after government sinecures as in Washington. Self-negation and not selfishness was the order of the day in the Southern capital. There one might see the wealthy Louisianian planter standing in the ranks shoulder to shoulder with the humble mechanic of New Orleans; the proud 235 Virginian meekly taking his orders from some rough diamond who, from his having, perhaps, served in the Mexican war, had obtained the command of a company; the man who had raised a battery at his own expense doing duty as a private, he having himself voluntarily conferred the command on one more qualified to take it. Such were the sights which daily met the eye in the various camps in and around Richmond; and truly the South had reason to be proud of the patriotism of her sons and the devotion of her daughters. I had always looked upon Southern women as the most listless beings in creation, unfitted even for the ordinary fatigues of fashionable life. But there was a latent energy in their composition of which I was unaware. No sooner was their beloved South in danger, than all their apathy vanished in a moment, and, like Spartan women, everything they possessed was at the service of their country in her hour of need. Wives saw their husbands depart, perhaps never more to return, without a murmur; mothers sent forth their sons to die, if necessary, for the common weal; and the daughters of Virginia showered such bright smiles on their

gallant defenders as would have made Bayards of the veriest cowards in Christendom. Rocking-chairs were consigned to 236 the lumber-room and palmetto fans to the flames, and fragile fingers which had never been accustomed to any harder work than the very flimsiest of crochet, now toiled unceasingly, from morn till night, to complete the outfit of some beloved member of the family circle, about to start on his first campaign. All honour to those noble Southern women! What a contrast did their conduct afford to that of those degenerate Northern sisters who feasted and made merry when those nearest and dearest were perhaps stretched wounded and dying on a bloody bed.

A day or two after my arrival in Richmond the first regiment of the North Carolina contingent marched in, and was addressed from the steps of our hotel by Colonel Moses, of South Carolina. It was a speech well suited to the occasion; one part of it more especially eliciting a groan of indignation from his audience, and a general hiss for Abe Lincoln.

“And now, men of North Carolina,” he said, “as I see you about to march forth to meet the invader, but one thing gives me pain. It is this—that you have no worthier foe than the mercenaries of Abraham Lincoln, the sweepings and the riff-raff and the scum of every European city, men whose war cry is ‘Booty and Beauty,’ and 237 who receive an extra bounty if they can only prove that they have been inmates of a States prison.”

This was a particularly sore point with the Southern soldiery. Abe Lincoln, not content with having a fighting population three times greater than that possessed by the Confederate government, was about to endeavour to overwhelm them with hordes of foreign mercenaries of the vilest description. In the War of Independence this had been one of the chief charges against unhappy George III., and the Yankees were now about to do the same thing; and although I cannot believe that the recruiting department in New York ever offered an extra bounty for gaol-birds, still the very fact of the notorious “Billy Wilson” having been appointed to the command of a regiment, gives colouring to the story, for it was the boast of the ruffians whom he commanded, that there was not a single man

in the regiment, from the colonel down to the smallest drummer-boy, who had not at one time or another been in the hands of the police.

After the secession of Virginia, troops began to pass through Richmond on their way to the front in quick succession. And many of the regiments had in their ranks some of the hardest-looking 238 customers it had ever been my fortune to set eyes on. I used to stand for hours watching them at drill, and I have to thank Providence that I was not their instructor, for I should most certainly have lost my temper, and perhaps received the point of an Arkansas toothpick in my hump ribs for my pains. The troops from the South-western States were, I think, the roughest of the lot, and would have driven any English drill-sergeant distracted. When the word was given to stand at ease, they would either amuse themselves by digging up stones with their bayonets, or with a gentle, “Reckon, sergeant, I'll go and git some strawberries and cream,” down would go their muskets, and off they would stalk to some fruit-stall in the vicinity, where they would remain until it was nearly time to be dismissed. Their ideas of military discipline were extremely limited. Poor fellows! they soon learnt that soldiering differed slightly from Border-raiding, and that a man might be admirably fitted for a free fight in a bar-room, and yet helpless as a child on a field of battle.

On arriving in Richmond, it had been my intention to have at once applied at the War Department for permission to act as a cavalry drill-instructor, for although I had not graduated at Maidstone, still I 239 knew more about the internal economy of a riding-school than most of the Confederate officers who acted in that capacity. I soon, however, gave up this project, and determined to join the first cavalry regiment proceeding to the front in which I could obtain a troop. The fact was that the billet of drill-instructor was not an enviable one, there being neither military rank attached to the office, nor, indeed, anything to be gained except money, which it was not my intention to accept. There was a little Belgian, half *maître d'armes* , half dancing-master, lodging at our hotel, who, if one might judge from his advertisements, was a great card in the drill department. These advertisements—headed, “Volunteers, attention!”—used to appear in all the daily papers,

and set forth that M. Spellier was ready to instruct regiments in manual and platoon drill, the sword-bayonet, and Zouave exercises, &c., on moderate terms. Once only had I the honour of crossing sticks with this terrible *sabreur* , and I have not the slightest doubt that he recollects the occasion perfectly. M. Spellier disgusted me with everything relating to his particular branch of the service, so, as I have before said, I made up my mind to join some cavalry corps if I could only obtain a commission, 240 and sufficient money from England to purchase a horse and accoutrements. On leaving England, it had never once occurred to me that all postal communication with the Southern States would be stopped on the breaking out of hostilities, so I had given directions that my letters should be addressed to me, “Post-office, Richmond,” and I now learnt, to my dismay, that, for the future, no letters would be received *viâ* Washington until after the conclusion of the war. This was certainly a lively look-out, considering that I had but twenty pounds in my pocket —barely sufficient to last me for three weeks, even with the strictest economy, my hotel bill alone amounting to some twenty-five dollars per week without extras. All I could do was to write to a friend in New York, requesting him to send me a few hundred dollars, by private conveyance, without loss of time, and patiently await the result of my application. I luckily received an invitation to pass a few days at a country-house, near Petersburg, and thither I proceeded without loss of time, the state of my finances not permitting me to throw such a chance away. My host was, of course, a slave-owner, and during the fortnight that I was his guest, I had the opportunity of studying the slavery question in all its bearings, 241 every facility being afforded me for seeing how things were managed on a Virginian plantation. Whilst my friend unhesitatingly admitted the many evils attendant on a system of slavery, he could not, he said, understand what advantages would be gained by any party in the case of a general emancipation. Neither could I. The negro, although made to work, is, even in a state of slavery, as happy as most mortals who are forced to gain their daily bread by the sweat of their brow; but being by nature lazy and dependent, he almost invariably degenerates in a free atmosphere, and falls at once into the most hopeless state of helplessness and moral degradation. The “Uncle Toms” of Southern plantations are as rare specimens of their class as are the “Mr. Legrees;” and although I do not mean to

assert that the negro is incapable of social improvement, still the instances where he has shown himself intellectually on a par with the white man have been so extremely rare, that I should as soon think of bringing forward the large number of idiots in Great Britain to prove the mental decay of the Anglo-Saxon race, as, by referring to a few isolated cases, like that of Toussaint l'Ouverture, endeavour to deduce therefrom the intellectual capacity of the negro. VOL. II. R 242 Do our abolitionists assert that God made all men equal? Do they advocate the cause of the negro, and desire that the black and white races should live together on terms of perfect freedom and equality? Then let they themselves set the example. Let them give their daughter to some black Othello, and take up their abode for one short year in the well-governed island of St. Domingo, and I will believe them; until then, I cannot. Oh, shallow, short-sighted philanthropists of the Exeter Hall clique, whose eyes have been so often dimmed whilst listening to the exaggerated wrongs of the negro, hear what Southern gentlemen say of you:—

”There are those foolish English would-be philanthropists who are never happy except when finding out motes in their brother's eye, nor charitable but when the recipient is at a distance, and who, while expatiating for hours on the evils of slavery, are yet so inconsistent, that they would purchase slave-grown sugar in preference to that produced by free labour, simply because it happened to be some halfpenny a pound cheaper. Who are these men that dare to lay down the law to us, and so persistently insult us by their ill-timed interference? Do they forget that charity begins at home, and that those who 243 care not for their own house are worse than infidels? Do they ignore the fact, that in their own free England there are thousands upon thousands of their fellow-countrymen whose sad lot is more to be pitied than that of the negro whose cause they espouse—men whose lives are one continued battle with penury, whose bodies have grown prematurely old through want, whose minds are in a more heathen darkness, who are altogether in a more wretched, degraded state than were even the slaves, (as represented by Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe) on the plantation of Mr. Legree.” And with shame I have been obliged to own that they spoke the truth. Enough can be said against slavery without

attempting to paint the slave-owner in more hideous colours than he deserves. Common sense will tell one that it is not the master's interest to mutilate and ill-treat his slave, and, except in extremely rare cases, the negro was infinitely better off than the labouring population in many of our own agricultural counties. He was, at least, certain of food and clothing. His labours were comparatively light; he was tended when sick, and cared for in old age; no workhouse stared him in the face; he was one of the family. It is only in the Northern States, amongst his R 2 244 abolition friends, that the unhappy negro is made to feel that he belongs to an accursed race. True, on southern plantations he was a slave; but never having tasted the sweets (?) of freedom, how could he feel their loss? and notwithstanding all that the Ward Beechers and Cheevers may say to the contrary, no one will be inclined to question the great devotion he bore the family whose property he was, even when subjected to the greatest temptation. Never shall I forget the hubbub there was on the plantation the day my host's son left home to join his regiment. His mulatto boy fell down on his knees, and prayed to be allowed to accompany him, and his old black nurse went nearly crazy with grief at his departure. “Oh, sar,” she said to me, the tears streaming down her cheeks, “I raise Massa George, sar. I raise Massa George, and now he's gwine to be killed by dem Yankee trash. Oh Lor, oh Lor! what shall I do!” and the poor old creature wrung her hands in the agony of despair. Only fancy Belgravian Jeames going down on his marrow-bones to make such a request, or my lady's head nurse smothering young hopeful with kisses on his leaving the paternal mansion for the seat of war. Instances of affection and devotedness, such as the one to which 245 I have just alluded, I myself more than once witnessed during my sojourn in the Southern States; in fact, I may say that I almost invariably found the slave devotedly attached to his master, and the master kind and considerate to his slave, and the conduct of the negroes, after the commencement of hostilities, will, I think, bear out my assertion. Did not President Lincoln himself invite the oppressed and suffering slaves to take shelter under the protecting folds of the star-spangled banner? Was not liberty the tempting bait held out to induce them to desert? And yet how few of them proved faithless to their salt, even when freedom was to

be had for the asking. Poor benighted wretches, they failed to appreciate “honest Abe's” liberal offer, and elected to remain with their old masters.

My host's butler was one of the finest specimens of a spoilt nigger that I ever met. Not only was he the butler, but major domo, overseer, “ *Keller meister;* ” in fact, the commander-in-chief of the establishment, standing in awe of no one but his master, and not very much afraid of him. I somehow or another managed to gain this gentleman's esteem, and he not only constantly honoured me with his company, but likewise gave me his opinion of things in general, 246 and initiated me into all the mysteries of the plantation. I feel convinced that the very fact of my being chaperoned by such an aristocrat as Mr. Chris. added not a little to my dignity, and the respect with which I was always greeted by the hands on the plantation. From the height of his magnificence, Mr. Chris. could afford to look down with supreme contempt on these same field hands, whom he would occasionally notice by a patronizing nod, or smile of approbation. “Dem niggers ain't of no account,” he would confidentially say to me; “dam lazy trash. Massa too good to dem by half, and dey grow sassy as de berry debil. Look dar at dat boy ‘Jake;’ dere ain't no sort of mischief dat yere limb ain't up to. He'd spoil de best gang ob niggers in de country, and I reckon he hasn't been whipped dese two year or more,” and Chris' hand would grasp an imaginary cow-hide, and I could pretty well guess what sort of a master he would make had he possession of a plantation. The negro, whether he be a slave on a plantation, or a free man in Liberia, or one of our West India Islands, almost invariably proves himself a hard task-master whenever invested with the slightest authority—cringing and obedient to his superiors, brutal and tyrannical to those in 247 a lower grade than himself. The whip was seldom used on my host's plantation; he told me that whenever it was reported to him that a hand had misconducted himself, it was his custom to send for him, and tell him that if ever he offended in a like manner again, he should be sent south *instanter* , a hint which generally had the desired effect. I asked one very old negro whether he had ever been whipped. “Only twice, massa,” he said; but he added with a broad grin, “I war a reg'lar bad

nigger dem times, and reckon I desarv'd it.” I wonder whether any of our soldiers or sailors, who have received corporal punishment, would own to as much.

Previous to the war, life on a Virginian plantation was a very different sort of existence to that led by hard-working farmers in the Northern States; and after three journeys south of “Mason and Dixon's line,” I came to the conclusion that there were to be found in the world many more undesirable positions than that of a Southern planter. Indeed, notwithstanding my horror of slavery, I fear that, had I been offered an estate with a hundred slaves upon it in the “sunny South,” I should almost have felt inclined to accept it. The every-day life of a Southern gentleman differed little from that of 248 any landed proprietor in our own country. He walked or rode over his plantation, and saw with his own eyes how things were getting on, giving his orders to the overseer, and listening to any complaints that might be made. That over, the remainder of the day was at his own disposal; and if he had guests staying with him, the chances were, the greater part of his time would be devoted to looking after their comfort and amusement.

Southern hospitality was proverbial, and many a planter of my acquaintance lived in a style which would have been considered luxurious even in England. All that is over now. The proud Virginian planter of former days is reduced to the same level as his late bondman, and holds the remnant of the property which was once his own in fee from a man who, a very few years back, would not have entered his presence with his hat on. After that, who would not wish to be a republican?

249

CHAPTER X.

Norfolk, in Virginia—Ill-founded Hopes—Disagreeable Quarters—The Confederate Battery at Sewell's Point—Hot Weather—Jefferson Davis—Tempting Offers to England—Hours of Idleness—An Awkward Predicament—A Doubtful Consolation—An Idle Proclamation —The Author's Position becomes Critical—A Grievous Disappointment—The Value of a

Foreign-office Passport—Back to the North—On Board the *Cumberland* —An Evening Landscape—A Money Difficulty—A Fresh Disappointment and a Bold Move—An Old Friend lost for Ever—At a Window in New York—Unsatisfactory Interview with a Banker—A Lucky Thought—The Author is in a Miserable Plight—But “All's well that ends well.”

AT the expiration of two weeks I took leave of my hospitable entertainer, and continued my journey to Norfolk. Prior to the commencement of hostilities, Norfolk had been the great naval arsenal of the United States; and one of the first acts of the Virginian Government had been to seize upon the men-of-war then lying in the Navy Yard. Fearing lest the Federal fleet might make a dash upon Norfolk, and 250 recapture these vessels, orders were sent to General Taliaferro to erect batteries which would prevent the advance of any hostile ships from the direction of Hampton Roads. Unfortunately for the Confederates, however, the *Pawnee* managed to run the gauntlet, and the men-of-war lying at the Navy Yard were all set fire to and scuttled, with the exception of the *Cumberland* frigate, which was towed in triumph to Hampton. At the time of my visit to Norfolk, efforts were being made to raise the *Merrimac.* How far they were successful I need not state, for the short but gallant career of that ship (re-christened the *Virginia*), must be still fresh in the minds of my readers. Norfolk being within a short distance of the enemy's lines, the townsfolk were in a constant state of feverish excitement, which the news of the battle of Big Bethel, received about this time, did not tend to allay. Great was the joy of Secessia on hearing of this first Confederate success. It would have been dangerous even to have hinted that such a victory was worse than a defeat; but yet it was so, for it made the Southern troops fall into the error of underrating the enemy, and a most fatal one it proved to be, doing more injury to the Confederate cause than even a dozen sanguinary 251 defeats. The good people of Norfolk were, if possible, more sanguine as to the final issue of the contest than the Richmondites. If they could only hold their own for even a few months, they said, all would go well. “King Cotton” would assert his power, foreign intervention would ensue, and the Southern Confederacy be triumphantly established. Need I say that I endorsed this opinion? I had only to turn to the pages of history to see that England had almost

invariably managed to find some pretext for interfering in the quarrels of other nations whenever she imagined her own interests were endangered. What interest had she at stake greater than the cotton one? Hundreds of thousands of her citizens were altogether dependent on cotton for their daily bread. The supply stopped, what would be the result? Gaunt famine in Lancashire, bankrupt cotton-spinners, universal discontent amongst a class never celebrated either for patience under suffering, nor moderation in their demands. Taking the question in another point of view, it was undoubtedly the interest of England to acknowledge the Southern Confederacy, if only for the sake of securing an ally on the American continent, to whom she could look for assistance in case the North might 252 attempt to carry her threat of Canadian annexation into execution. Real sympathy between the two nations there could be none. We had been continually humbugged by tricky Yankee statesmen, cheated out of Maine, robbed of our fisheries, deprived of our right of search. There had been the Oregon, the San Juan, and the Lord only knows how many other “difficulties” out of which our statesmen had invariably managed to crawl with draggled plumes; our ambassador had been dispensed with, and our consuls dismissed on the very flimsiest of pretexts; nothing, in fact, had been left undone to try poor John Bull's patience to the utmost. England was the target at which all shafts were hurled. Did a lawyer find the case going against his client, a timely slap at Great Britain and her institutions would win over the judge, and carry the jury to a man; English refugees had only to declare, like Mr. Edwin James, that the “cold shade” of the aristocracy had blighted their existence in their native land, and they were received with open arms. Anything anti-British met with immense success. With all these facts before me, I could not but believe that the recognition of Southern independence by England would take place at no distant date. Events 253 have proved that, with many others, I over-estimated the importance of the Southern cotton trade, and underrated the patience and long-suffering of my fellow-countrymen; but it has yet to be seen whether Yankee statesmen will remember our forbearance, and consent to leave us in peace now that the war is over, and employment is required for some three hundred thousand lawless soldiers, who would desire no better

amusement than to carry fire and sword into her Britannic Majesty's defenceless American possessions.

I cannot say that I consider Norfolk a desirable place of residence. During my visit the heat was intense, and to make matters worse, my hotel was, without exception, the dirtiest and worse conducted hostelry it had ever been my bad fortune to enter in either the Northern or Southern States. The cooking was atrocious, and it was perfectly sickening to behold the myriads of flies which, despite the unceasing efforts of the unsavoury black waiters to dislodge them with their feather fans—swarmed on the dirty table-cloth, or charged in clouds at each dish as it was uncovered, unmindful of the fate of scores of their comrades already struggling in the unctuous mess. As in Richmond, the military 254 mustered in force at all the hotels in the town, and at ours more especially. Troops from different states in the Confederacy were being daily drilled in the Navy Yard. Right good material they were too, the Louisianians in their dark blue uniform, “chasseur de Vincennes” style, bearing the palm for cleanliness and soldierly appearance. But whatever might be said of the men, their arms were certainly not much to boast about. At the commencement of hostilities the Confederate Government had at once seized upon the arsenals of Augusta, Harper's Ferry, and Norfolk, in which were stored many thousand stand of arms; but they were, for the most part, of the old “brown Bess” pattern, and not to be compared with the bran new rifles served out to the Northern troops. The fact of their arms being of an inferior description did not appear, however, to trouble my Southern friends in the slightest degree, for when told of the Enfield rifles, which would most assuredly be shipped to the Northern States by English houses, they simply said that “they reckoned,” when it came to a fight, they wouldn't give the “yanks” much chance at long range, but charge and try them with the bayonet.

Whilst in Norfolk I paid a visit to the Confederate 255 battery at Sewell's Point, opposite to which was Hampton, where the Federal fleet lay quietly at anchor. With the aid of a glass I could see every movement on board the hostile vessels, and the soldiers at drill on the further shore. But although in such close proximity to the enemy, the Confederate

officers did not appear to stand in the least fear of an attack, and laughed heartily when I expressed doubts as to the safety of their position. It was just possible that with guns of enormous calibre, the Yankees might be able to annoy them from the “ripraps,” an island in the sound; but as to any gun boats like the “harriet Lane” making an impression on their works, it was out of the question. And so they amused themselves by watching the movements of the enemy, and the officers on board the *cumberland* and *united States* frigates passed their time in pretty much the same manner until that day when the *merrimac* steamed down from Norfolk, and paid off old scores by sinking them both where they lay at anchor.

Never shall I forget the day of my visit to Sewell's Point. The heat was overpowering, and for eight mortal hours I was exposed to the full force of a Virginian sun. Although I had filled 256 my hat with green leaves, I expected every instant to be sun-struck, and fairly reeled as I walked along, the perspiration streaming from me so profusely, that on my return to Norfolk I found the bank-notes, which I carried in my pocket, converted into a sort of pulp, resembling papier muché, and perfectly worthless for further circulation. Worse than all ice was scarce, the little that yet remained being reserved for the concoction of “juleps” and “slings,” from which seductive drinks I was unfortunately debarred, owing to the shattered state of my finances. Truly, the Yankees at Hampton had their revenge. If, after a couple of hours' drill, their throats were parched, and their mouths filled with the bitter dust of the “old Dominion,” they could at least allay their sufferings with a delicious glass of iced-water, which, in a climate like that of Virginia, is not simply a luxury, but one of the necessaries of life, whilst the drink of their enemies was warm and nauseating, if not absolutely unwholesome, and the long summer and autumn would have to pass away before they could enjoy a cool draught of any description. Right glad was I to get back to Richmond, which, although hot and disagreeable enough in all conscience, was still infinitely preferable to 257 norfolk. It was the seat of Government, and there was always something going on. Generals and statesmen, upon whom the destiny of the Confederacy depended, were as thick as huckle berries. Jeff Davis, Stephens, Beauregard, and scores

of other celebrities were daily to be seen at the various hotels, and no one would have guessed from their outward demeanour what angry passions filled their breasts. I am not naturally a “tuft-hunter,” but I must confess, that whilst in Richmond I used to hang about any locality where I thought there was a chance of meeting the Southern President. It was very bad taste, no doubt; but to watch the movements of a man who had just taken upon himself the Government of ten millions of human beings had a fascination for me which I tried in vain to overcome. I was introduced to him in due form, and, although he said no more to me than to the scores of others whom he greeted daily, yet I felt more pleased with those few words of welcome than if they had been uttered by the greatest potentate in Europe, and much would I give to be able to say that I was the personal friend of Jefferson Davis. No one can say that President Davis is a man of a commanding presence; quite the reverse—the manner in which VOL. II. S 258 he wears his beard detracting much from his personal appearance. But there is something in the expression of his eye which is particularly winning, and you feel at once that you are talking to a man who, if he be a stern and unrelenting enemy, can likewise prove a warm and devoted friend.

Most of the great guns put up at the Spotiswoode House; but if the company at the Ballard was not quite so select as at the rival hotel, our politicians, of whom we had any number, were infinitely more noisy and uncompromising. The tenor of the conversation at the Ballard was of course political; politics the first thing in the morning and the last thing at night. What schemes were not devised by these embryo Metternichs to drag England into the quarrel and solve the slavery question! Would England only raise the blockade of the Southern ports, she should have her cotton at a price slightly in advance of the cost of production for the next ten years; her manufactures would be admitted duty free into Southern markets, navigation laws would no longer interfere with her mercantile marine, whilst a treaty offensive and defensive with the South would give her a political importance on the American continent 259 such as she had not enjoyed since “declaration of Independence.” As I have before said, no one appeared to entertain a doubt that European intervention would fail to follow the first military success; and most grievously

disappointed must they have been when obliged finally to own that no hopes could be entertained of foreign aid, and seen themselves thrown altogether on their own resources. On looking back at the events of the last four years, one can see at a glance where have been the weak points of the Confederate harness.

It is really surprising how wise we all are when discussing the errors of past campaigns, how foolish when asked to form an opinion on the probable events of a future one.

I led a very lazy Italian sort of life whilst in Richmond; in fact, it was altogether too hot to do anything else. I used generally to rise early and take a plunge in the clear waters of the “james,” after which a smart walk as far as the cemetery—one of the prettiest spots near Richmond—had generally the effect of giving me an appetite for breakfast, and that over there was the usual amount of political controversy and tobacco smoke until I felt drowsy enough for my s 2 260 mid-day nap. Dinner took up another hour, and then, when the cool of the evening came on, I would either take a drive into the country with some friend who owned a buggy, or I would give the Richmond troops the benefit of my martial presence, and after that smoke my cigar in the Capitol grounds. But if the time passed rapidly away, my few remaining dollars fled even faster. The letter which I so anxiously awaited never made its appearance. Morning after morning I presented myself at the post-office as soon as it was opened, hoping against hope that there might perchance be a letter. But no. The clerk's answer was invariably the same: “i reckon there ain't any letters for you this morning, Mr. Tapley;” and I would return to my hotel and sit for hours at the window nearest the portico, watching the arrivals with an anxious eye, fearing lest the bearer of my despatches might make his appearance and I not there to receive him. I began to feel extremely anxious, for if I failed in obtaining the money, what was I to do? Without the means of purchasing a horse and accoutrements it would, I knew, be downright folly to apply for a commission, and even should I eventually make up my mind to return to England, I had barely sufficient 261 to pay my passage as far as Baltimore, unless I disposed of some of my personal effects. No wonder my friends could not make out what was the matter with me. I, who had been but a short time previously so anxious to join the

Southern army, no longer appeared to take any interest in the matter, nor to care whether I received an appointment or not. Little did they know how very few dollars remained in my pocket-book, nor how anxiously I was debating within myself in what manner I should liquidate my next hotel bill when it was presented to me for payment. Had I only hinted to any one of them the “fix” I was in, right sure am I that their purses would. have been immediately placed at my disposal. But, unfortunately for me, if there is one thing more than another that I dread and studiously avoid, it is placing myself under an obligation to a comparative stranger. More than once in my lifetime I could have saved myself an infinity of trouble and annoyance by accepting a temporary loan from some acquaintance: but, no, like a fool, I would always rather apply to some one upon whom I really had a claim, and of course be refused for my trouble. I had to undergo a considerable amount of good-natured chaff on the subject, and, being rather thin-skinned 262 skinned, I writhed under it more than I should have liked to own.

“Don't you be in the least alarmed, Tapley,” they would say, “at the Yanks threatening to hang every prisoner not American born who falls into their hands. Two can play at that game, and if they hang you, we'll string up a dozen in return, and you'll be at least avenged, if that's any consolation;” or, “you know, Tapley, if you should happen to be killed, we can pickle you and send you home, or pack you in an hermetically scaled coffin, like the Yankees do their dead.” But if I laughed at the terrible threats by which “honest Abe” hoped no doubt to drive all the aliens in the Southern States into the ranks of his own army, there was still one little objection to my taking up service with the Confederates, viz. that, according to the Queen's proclamation, I forfeited my rights of citizenship, and, although I liked the South much, I loved my own country more. At that time I did not suspect that the said proclamation was only so much waste paper, nor that after the dressings that we had received from the American Government during the Crampton-stanley difficulties, Federal agents would be permitted to recruit men in Ireland and other parts of Great Britain, 263 in open defiance of the authorities and all international law. Had I done so, money or no money, I would have joined some regiment of Confederate cavalry,

and my bones would perhaps now be rotting in a Virginian grave, and these adventures of Mark Tapley, jun., never have been written. If any of my readers regret that such were not my fate ere I attempted to turn author, I can conscientiously say that I do not endorse the sentiment, for, although a soldier's grave may be a very honourable bed, I am prosy enough to fancy that one grave is pretty much the same damp, uncomfortable sort of place as another; and as to military glory, we all know that a real hero is, as “Arthur Lloyd” would say, “a man we often read about, but very seldom see;” and for my own part, I would not consent to lose a leg to become commander-in-chief of the English army, even were the billet a less unenviable one than it is. But to continue my story: my affairs drew rapidly to a crisis, and at last only two courses were left open to me—either to borrow some money from an acquaintance, or else endeavour to make my way back to some Northern port, where I could obtain a supply, and return South again, either by way of Kentucky, or by slipping through 264 the enemy's lines. It was with great reluctance that I finally determined on the former course, and as the friend to whom I was about to apply lived near Norfolk, for Norfolk I one morning started, intending to return to Richmond the next evening at latest. But I had counted without my host; for I found on my arrival in Norfolk that my friend was away from home, and was not expected back for a day or two. This was indeed a most unlooked-for mischance; but as his mulatto servant positively assured me that his master would be back in two days at the outside, I thought it would be a pity returning to Richmond as empty-handed as I had left it, and determined to remain where I was until he should make his appearance. As I had left all my baggage in Richmond, I had no alternative but to take up my abode once again at the vile hotel where I had lodged on my previous visit, and to the landlord of which I was personally known; for it is not particularly pleasant to enter a strange hotel when the whole of one's personal effects consist of the clothes on one's back and an umbrella. If I found the hotel as dirty and uncomfortable as ever, I must at least acknowledge that so far as courtesy and attention were concerned, my landlord left nothing to be desired; for he was the very essence of politeness, and 265 spared no pains to make the time hang less heavily on my hands, by showing me the different sights in Norfolk and the environs; and so two weary days

passed away, and the morning of the third came, and my friend had not yet made his appearance. Seated in the hall of the hotel, I was sullenly pulling away at a vile rank "plantation," and brooding over my ill luck, when I was suddenly aroused from my lethargy by hearing two men, who were standing near me, talking of a certain steamer which was to leave Norfolk for Fortress Monroe the very next morning, bearing a flag of truce. By what I could glean from their conversation, she was to take on board any persons who were desirous of proceeding northwards, all that was necessary being to obtain a pass from the general commanding in Norfolk. Here was a chance. I could go to New York, and be perhaps back again in Richmond in ten days, or even less. Much better to do that than to waste my time in waiting for a man about whose movements there appeared to be the greatest uncertainty. Up I jumped, and after calling once again at my friend's house to see if perchance he might not have returned, I went straight to the presence chamber where General Huger sat in judgment. I found a good many people hanging about the place, many 266 of them bound on the same errand as myself, but I do not think that there was a single man amongst the whole lot who desired ever again to return to the "Sunny South," I alone excepted. I did not get my pass so easily as I anticipated. A grim smile passed over the military secretary's face when I told him that I hoped to be back again in ten days. He eyed me with evident suspicion, and subjected me to a considerable amount of cross-examination—how long I had been in the Confederate States—where I had resided during that time—why I desired to leave, and so forth. My answers, however, did not appear to satisfy my interrogators, and they were evidently about to subject me to still further examination, when I thought it best to bring matters to a finale; so, putting my hand into the breast pocket of my coat, I withdrew therefrom my passport, opened it, and laid it on the desk before them, without uttering a single word. Now it is all very well for "honourable gentlemen" in the House to give us an occasional taste of the "Civis Romanus" clap-trap, but I know for my own part, that my Foreign Office passport has never been of the slightest use to me whenever I have come into collision with Government employés on the Continent of Europe, and for any "protection" I have derived from being armed 267 with that formidable, if not costly document, I might as well have presented the officials with a

copy of the “Dairyman's Daughter.” I do not think that we are such a very mighty people on the Continent as we imagine ourselves to be, nor that we are, as a rule, treated with that “distinguished consideration” which, as citizens of a country on whose flag the sun never sets, we have (as we say) a right to demand. Formerly, perhaps, a threat to appeal to one's ambassador might have had some effect, just in the same way that extortionate innkeepers used once upon a time to be kept in order by threats of letters to the *Times.* But now-a-days both Government officials and hotel-keepers have ceased to be frightened by English bluster, and John Bull's bellowings are no longer of the slightest avail. However, in a young republic like the Confederate States, they could not be expected to have as yet learnt the real value of the imposing document which I had the honour of submitting for their inspection. There were the arms of England at the top, and those of my Lord Clarendon at the bottom, in themselves sufficient to strike awe into the hearts of men whose knowledge of heraldry was as limited as that possessed by my worthy Confederate inquisitors, whilst the number of *visés* with which the book 268 was crammed, gave to the whole thing a smack of respectability which there was no disputing. For the first time in my life the old passport had commanded respect. It was returned to me with a bow, a pass was at once given me, and with a light heart I left the presence of the mighty Huger.

I did not think it advisable, on my return to the hotel, to say anything about my intended departure, for there was not sufficient time left to obtain any portion of my baggage from Richmond, and I did not care about its being known that I was going north in such very light marching order. I wrote a letter, therefore, to the friend whose non-arrival in Norfolk had been the cause of my hasty departure, telling him my reasons for taking advantage of the flag of truce, and begging him to keep my effects, as I should certainly be back again in less than a fortnight, if I were not taken prisoner whilst endeavouring to slip through the enemy's lines. The flag of truce was advertised to sail the next day at one o'clock precisely, and at that time, armed with my pass, I found myself on the jetty, at the end of which the *Westpoint* was to call for her complement of passengers from Norfolk, she having first to receive on board a considerable number from Portsmouth, a town on

the other side of the 269 river. We soon saw her coming towards us, with a very small Confederate flag at her peak, and an immense white ditto at her bows, those in command being determined, it seemed, that we should not be mistaken for a hostile craft through the smallness of our flag of truce, which, as it floated in the breeze, looked like a large-sized table-cloth, and about as clean as those generally seen at the hotels in Norfolk. We steamed at a good rate down the river, blowing our steam-whistle all the time, so that our Yankee friends in Hampton might have due notice of our coming; and in a short time the Federal fleet could be seen ahead, looming dark through the haze, and immediately the order was given to ease the engines, and the *Westpoint* began screaming, as if in defiance of the foe into whose presence she had come with impunity. At length we saw some boats putting off from the fleet; the engines were stopped, and there we lay, at about half-a-mile's distance from the shore, patiently awaiting the orders of the commodore. On the boats coming alongside, we found, as we expected, that we were to be taken off in them, and conveyed on board the *Cumberland* frigate, there to remain until the *Adelaide* steamer should be ready for departure. The crews of the said boats were in exceedingly bad 270 humour, knowing as they did, from former experience, the hard afternoon's work there was in store for them, and the number of trips they would have to make ere our refugees were safely deposited with their household gods on board the fleet. All, with the exception of myself, appeared to have with them their entire “ménage,” and the decks of the *Westpoint* were blocked up with mountains of furniture, comprising every article of domestic economy from a cradle to a four-poster. Having neither wife nor child, nor, as I have before mentioned, any personal effects, with the exception of an umbrella to look after, I left in the first boat, and in a few minutes found myself on the deck of the *Cumberland.* Had it not been for the Yankee flag waving in the breeze above my head (which flag, by the way, her crew at least never disgraced—for when her hull was shattered by the *Merrimac* , she sank colours flying), I might have been on board an English vessel for any difference I could perceive in her equipage, and a large portion of her crew were most unmistakably subjects of her Britannic Majesty. I had not been on board many minutes when a steward came up to me with an invitation from

some of the officers to join their party in the ward-room—an invitation which I, of 271 course, immediately accepted. Down I went, and was formally introduced to some half-dozen rather gentlemanly-looking men for Yankees, whom I found pleasantly employed in endeavouring to cool their parched throats by copious libations of Monongahela whisky and iced water. It is needless to say how my mouth watered when I saw the huge fragments of ice floating about in the earthenware pitchers, nor how delicious it was to feel the cooling liquid trickling gently once again down my own burning throat. It made me almost look with an eye of friendship on the enemy, for alas! with many of us, the heart lies nearer the stomach than is generally supposed. My entertainers were exceedingly communicative, and appeared rather more than anxious that I should be the same; in fact, if it were not libel even to hint such a thing, I should almost be inclined to say that the naval gentlemen in the ward-room of the *Cumberland* endeavoured to pump me. If they really did attempt such a thing, I regret exceedingly for their sakes that they were not more successful, and that the “Monongahela” was not sufficiently potent to unloose the strings of my tongue, nor make me forget the difference between friend and foe even for an instant. However, putting this 272 inquisitiveness aside, I had no reason to complain of the treatment I received, for whilst on board I had everything that I required, and towards evening I was conveyed to the Baltimore steamer, where I found the rest of the passengers already assembled, and everything ready for an immediate departure. It was a glorious evening. The haze had cleared away, and from the hurricane-deck of the steamer I could command the entire estuary of the “James.” Anchored close to us, lay a small fleet of merchantmen and two or three large transport steamers, which had just discharged their living freight into Fortress Monroe. Beyond them the tall masts of the *Cumberland* and *United States* stood out clear and distinct against the evening sky, now crimsoned with the setting sun, and a little farther to the left lay Hampton, peacefully reposing under the protecting guns of Fortress Monroe. To my right was Old Point Comfort, and, crossing over to the starboard side of our vessel, I could see far away, on the farther shore, the Confederate position at Sewell's Point, inside of which I had been admitted as a friend but a few short days before. Standing on the deck of a Yankee ship, I almost felt as if

I were a traitor to the Southern cause, and ashamed of myself for not having had the patience to wait for the 273 return of my friend to Norfolk, which would have obviated the necessity of a journey north-wards. Little had I thought, when scanning the fleet from that very battery, in how short a time I myself would be ostensibly demanding its protection; but, as Mrs. Partington would say, “Sich is life.” As I thus mused over the past our paddles began to revolve, and I was once more on my way to the “Monumental City.” I remained on deck watching each familiar object rapidly disappear as we flew through the water, until darkness shut out the prospect, and the shores of Secessia were lost to view.

When I awoke the next morning from a troubled sleep, I found that we had already reached our destination, and were underneath the guns of Fort McHenry. Feeling that the crippled state of my finances did not permit of my putting up at one of the principal hotels, I, on stepping ashore, made direct for a small inn, which I had noticed on my previous visit to Baltimore, and which was situated close to the Philadelphia Railway depôt. I thought it would be just the kind of place to suit me, for it was unpretending and quiet, and as I might be detained some days in the town it was desirable I should study the closest economy. On arriving VOL. II. T 274 at my destination, I told the landlord that, as I should most probably be detained for a week, I would pay for my room in advance, tendering him at the same time the amount of the rent in Southern notes, which, to my astonishment and disgust, he unceremoniously rejected. Now, on leaving Norfolk, it had never struck me that the notes of such a well-known bank as that of “Cape Fear” would not pass current in the Northern states, and I had not therefore taken the precaution of converting my money into Yankee “shin-plaisters.” Here, then, was a nice commencement to my journey north. I would most probably have to lose some twenty per cent. of the little money that remained to me before I could even pay for my breakfast. However, there was no help for it, so out I started again in search of a money-changer, and in due course my poor notes were converted into Northern currency at the quoted rate of exchange. With pockets considerably lightened by the transaction, I returned to my inn, wrote my letters, and hurried off to the post-office to inquire after a certain clerk, who would, my landlord

assured me, if I only mentioned his name, give me every information respecting my lost despatches. After some difficulty I found the individual in question, 275 and repairing with him to a neighbouring bar, explained to him in as concise a manner as possible how affairs stood, taking care, however, not to arouse his suspicions respecting my Southern "proclivities." His answer was by no means satisfactory—quite the reverse. "If," he said, "my letters had been stopped at the Washington post-office, as they no doubt had been, I might get them perhaps when the South 'caved in'"—in other words, at the conclusion of hostilities; "but as to supposing for one moment that the Postmaster General would have some million letters sorted for my especial convenience, he guessed he wouldn't do it for Pontius Pilate." So there evidently was nothing to be effected in that quarter, and all I could do was to wait patiently until answers arrived to the letters I had written to my friends in New York. On the morning of the third day a letter did arrive for me, but it was not the one I expected, but just a line from a gentleman in New York to whom I had also written—fearing lest my friend might be away from home—to tell me that Mr. T. had left the city on a fishing excursion, and had gone no one well knew whither, but it was probable that he was up the Saguanay river, not far from Quebec, and would not return for T 2 276 another six weeks at soonest. What was to be done? Remaining any longer in Baltimore was out of the question, and I at once made up my mind to continue my journey northwards. But this was more easily said than done, for after settling with mine host, I had not sufficient left to pay my fare further than Philadelphia, and that was but half-way. Calling, however, to mind the old proverb, "He who hesitates is lost," to Philadelphia I took the "cars," caught the Delaware up-river steamer, and found myself the same evening in the streets of Trenton, with a quarter of a dollar, or one shilling British money in my pocket. Entering an hotel bar, I invested a fourth part of my capital in a glass of apple-whisky, a vile compound for which the State of New Jersey is celebrated; and finding by a map which hung against the wall that my shortest route to New York was *viâ* Amboy, for that place I at once started, trusting to luck for finding some means of crossing the Bay when I got there. The weather was fearfully hot, and as I was in light marching order—my kit, *à la* Sir Charles Napier, consisting of a Crimean shirt, four collars, comb, tooth-brush, and a

piece of soap—all of which luxuries I had purchased in the most reckless and extravagant manner before leaving 277 Baltimore, I determined to get over as much ground as I could during the night. My line of march lay along the railway, and although the sleepers seriously impeded my progress, still I managed to push along for a couple of hours at a sufficiently rapid rate. But as the darkness came on my stumbles became more frequent, and my rate of travelling slower and slower, until at length, after several narrow escapes of breaking my neck by tumbling off the embankment, I was forced to come to a dead halt, and make preparations for camping out for the night. Being an old backwoodsman, these preparations were soon made, and in ten minutes I was fast asleep, and perhaps just as comfortable as if I had been reclining on a bed of down, instead of the sandy soil of New Jersey. The day was breaking in the east when I awoke, and after a wash in a brook hard by I continued my journey, never once stopping to take rest until I had covered a good fifteen miles of ground and the sun was high in the heavens. Halting for an instant at a small village, where I purchased twelve-and-a-half cents' worth of bread and cheese—thus reducing my finances to the small sum of threepence—I kept on walking until I reached a clear stream, on the banks of which 278 stood a thick clump of trees, under the shade of which I determined to breakfast, and sleep until the heat of the day was passed. I was fearfully tired, for fifteen miles along a line of railway in America—where one has either to hop from sleeper to sleeper, or else trudge through the hot loose sand—is in itself a good day's work, and equal to double the distance over a good English macadamized road. At four o'clock I resumed my march, camped out again that night, and the next evening arrived in Amboy, hungry, hot, and tired. As I just managed to miss the boat, there was no alternative but to remain in Amboy for the night, and start by the first steamer in the morning. But my last “red cent” had gone, and in a civilized country bed and supper are not to be had without money. What was to be done? Alas, my poor old pipe would have to go after all. It was to avoid the pang of parting with this pipe, which had been my companion in many lands, and ofttimes my only solace in hours of trouble and danger, that I had taken this weary tramp across the State of New Jersey, for by disposing of it in Philadelphia I might have realized more than sufficient to have paid my fare to New

York: and would it now have to go, after all? The thought was 279 agonizing. It was like parting with an old and valued friend, and I held out against the double temptation of bed and supper, until the sun went down and the night breeze began to blow so freshly across the water as to send a chill through my overworked and heated body, and made me long for a place of shelter and a glass of something “stiff.” Then, and not till then, did I waver in the resolution I had formed, not to part with my beloved meerschaum at any price; the cravings of nature carried the day; my dear old pipe became the property of a stranger for the paltry sum of six dollars, and I had my supper—but at what a cost!

The next morning I arrived in New York, and after tidying myself up a bit, I went in search of some old friends who lived a few miles out of the town near Harlem. But the same bad luck which had so constantly pursued me since my departure from Richmond, seemed to follow my steps in New York. Every one I knew who could be of service to me was out of town. One had gone to Newport, another to Saratoga, whilst a third had started off for Europe, and the entire day was spent in fruitless inquiries, and five o'clock came, and I was precisely in the same position as when I started off in the morning. 280 Now as I knew that the banker through whom I drew when in New York was a rabid Abolitionist, I had deemed it advisable under the circumstances to give him a wide berth; but on finding that my friends were all out of town I thought it would perhaps be better after all to tell him how I was situated, and ask him to honour my draft on London as he had frequently done before. On arriving at his place of business, I found it, as I had expected, closed for the day, and it being evident that nothing more could be done until the following morning, I went to French's, a cheap hotel near the Park, where I found ample amusement during the remainder of the evening in watching the motley crowd passing and repassing in front of the window at which I was seated.

In no city that I have ever been does the stranger see a more constant succession of novel and amusing sights than in New York. Just let us watch for only five minutes this tide of humanity pouring down Broadway, and then say in what part of the world, in what other

city, could one find such an *olla podrida,* of diverse nationalities and queer faces as in this great mercantile emporium of the United States.

281

See, here comes the genuine Yankee, sallow and thin, with lank black hair and piercing eyes, chewing away as if “the whole duty of man” consisted in munching “Honey-dew” from morning till night, and staining the pavement with constant squirts of tobacco juice. Mark how nervously energetic he looks—what determination in the lines about those closely compressed lips, and how careworn the features for a man of his years! Ah! we may say what we like of the Yankee, he has some wonderful points in his character, and is without doubt the man of all others whose self-reliance is the strongest, and who is therefore the best fitted to battle with the world. Probably that very man before us has in the course of his short lifetime tried fifty different pursuits and failed. Is he dispirited? Not a bit of it: he is going to try again. Little does he care what it is that he turns his hand to, so long as he can turn over the almighty dollars. If he find that he cannot make a smart trade in eight-day clocks that wont go and Yankee “notions,” he will try book-hawking, preaching, lecturing, rail-splitting—ay, anything and everything; and perhaps some of these days he will run for President, or be elected governor of his State. And underneath that rugged exterior there perhaps 282 beats as kindly a heart as could be found, were one to search the world over, for your true Yankee, although close at a bargain, is open handed with a friend, and has nothing mean or paltry in his composition. Yes, there are many worse fellows than yourself in the world, my worthy Yankee, but having Southern proclivities I am bound to hate you on principle; so pass on, and never let me see your face again. But look here; close on his heels comes a little monkey of a very different stamp. Allow me to introduce you to Young America: a creature who has all the bad qualities of his sire without his virtues, and whose sole aim in life consists in aping French manners and customs, to the amusement of the vulgar herd. Our little friend yonder belongs to that codfish aristocracy which in New York is designated the “Upper-tendom,” and he is a fair specimen of the exalted class to which he belongs. His father's patronymic was the good

old Irish one of Murphy, but on making a handsome fortune out of the celebrated “Knock me Down” bitters, and removing from a small frame house in Eleven hundred and fortieth Street to a brown stone ditto in Fifth Avenue, the wife of his bosom suddenly discovered that the name was plebeian, and by the advice of young Hopeful, who had just returned 283 from Paris, it was changed into the aristocratic one of De Morphie, and De Morphie it remains to this day. Alphonse De Morphie having been in Paris and Vienna, and picked up a few new vices not familiar to American Hobble-dehoydom, is looked upon as an authority by his brother imps of Fifth Avenue, and is quite a pet with their sisters, the Misses Flora McFlimsey of that quarter. In fact, our friend is a great swell in his way, drives a “span” of trotting horses, has a cottage near Brooklyn, patronizes the opera, when there is one, dines at Delmonico's, where he airs his bad French, and gambles away his “parient's” money, in the same manner as other American youths of his age. Unlike the English fast man, there is nothing manly about him. Hunting, boating, cricketing are unknown to him, and a saunter down Broadway is the utmost fatigue his precious carcass is capable of undergoing, at least, so he says, and perhaps for once we may believe him. Rudely jostling this little atom of creation, the ubiquitous Hibernian comes swaggering along, with Biddy his sweetheart locked under his arm, whom it is difficult to recognise, so bedecked is she with cheap finery and borrowed plumes.

On this side of the Atlantic, Pat is not only 284 as good as his master, but a great deal better; at least so he boasts, although, until-food for powder was wanting, he was snubbed by all parties, and treated very little better than that blessed nigger, who shuffles along after him with a hangdog expression of countenance, as if he expected every moment to be kicked off the side-walk by some free and enlightened citizen of the great republic. Here come a party of stolid German immigrants, just landed from some Hamburgh packet, who, open mouthed, are listening to the wonderful accounts which their cicerone, a German Yankee, is giving of the riches of his adopted country; and after them, half-a-dozen live Yankee sailors, in glazed caps, red shirts, and Wellington boots pulled over their black cloth “pants,” are staggering in the direction of the wharves. This wonderfully got-up

individual, in the blue coat with brass buttons, and diamond brooch stuck in his elaborately worked shirt-front, is a New York “rowdy” of the first-class: a gentleman constantly to be met with at the bars of third-class hotels, bowling-alleys, low gambling-houses, and other resorts of even a more dubious character; and these two interesting-looking youths, with short sixes stuck in their mouths, belong to the genus “b'hoy”—young roughs, who would fight, rob, 285 murder, or do anything else rather than engage in any useful or honest employment. If Colonel Billy Wilson did nothing more, he cleared New York of some of these gentry, and for that at least he deserves the thanks of the community. But the living stream sweeps rapidly onwards. There are gray-coated soldiers, red-shirted firemen, sober followers of Penn the Apostle, and drunken ditto of John Barleycorn; swarthy Californian diggers, “bearded like the pard,” and yellow-skinned Chinamen with pigtails. Men from every State in the Union and from every country in the world, all rushing in one compact mass down the main artery of New York, Broadway, on this blazing summer's afternoon. The ladies likewise muster strong, although the majority of the “upper tendom” are recruiting themselves at the different watering-places, where they can dance, dress, and talk scandal to their hearts' content. See there, dressed in all the colours of the rainbow, the Misses De Morphie go sailing along, as if the whole side-walk belonged to them. They are pretty and have small feet and hands, but the less we say of their figures the better, for—tell it not in Gath—were it not for Madame de Corset, the Parisian staymaker yonder, all that contour which we admire so 286 much would be wanting. Fat German Jewesses, overladen with rings, chains, and bracelets, smart slim Yankee girls from New England, negresses with *café au lait* coloured babies in their arms, and occasionally, I am sorry to say, a white woman with an infant of the same suspicious hue, keep passing before us in endless succession, the “cavalerie légère” furnishing a much smaller percentage than they would have done in our own strictly moral and decorous land. But in thus attempting to describe some of the loungers one meets in Broadway, I have wandered far away from my narrative and French's Hotel, where I am supposed to have been seated all this time at the open window of a very dirty reading-room. So to continue.

It was not until four o'clock the next afternoon that I succeeded in catching my worthy banker at his office, and when I did do so I might as well have stayed away for all the good that resulted from the interview. He received me cordially enough, but when he heard that I had been South, his manner changed in an instant, and he coldly told me that it was out of his power to comply with my request, negotiating bills such as I described being altogether out of his line of business.

“But,” I urged, “you have often done so before 287 for me, why not now? As you are well aware, a considerable amount of my money has before now passed through your hands, and no difficulty has ever yet arisen; why then should you decline to render me this very slight service, even though it should be, as you assert, contrary to your rules of business?” I might as well have stood talking to the Washington monument. Let me have the money he would not, and I left his office as empty-handed as I had entered it a few minutes before. “Many a fat saddle of venison and basket of trout has that man received from me before now,” I thought, “and this is the return I get for past courtesies.” England or America, it is all the same: gratitude means simply a “lively sense of favours to come,” and I suppose he begins to fear that no more such favours are in store for him. I could not help laughing. There was I, in a city where I certainly ought to have been pretty well known, unable, it appeared, to raise even the small amount I required: without luggage of any description, and worse than that, again reduced to the small sum of five cents, which was all that remained to me of those six dollars for which I had sold my pipe. Walking to the Battery, I sat myself down on a bench near the water, and took what the Americans call 288 “a view of the situation.” That it was far from an enviable one there was no denying, but it was absolutely necessary that I should put on a bold front, and at once make up my mind what course it were best to adopt under the circumstances. If I still persisted in my determination of returning South, I might perhaps have to remain for weeks in New York, before I could either receive letters from England or hear from my friend who was supposed to be up the Saguanay, and in whose possession were all the deeds upon which I had hoped to be able to raise the money I required. To remain in New

York, I must have the wherewithal to pay my daily expenses, and the solitary five-cent piece that I possessed would not go very far in furnishing forth a single meal of dry bread, let alone a week's boarding at French's. On the other hand, if I made up my mind at once to return to England I should still want money to pay my passage, and where was that to come from, unless, indeed, I could borrow it from somebody? From somebody! Yes; but everybody whom I knew appeared to be out of town, at least all those with whom I was on terms of sufficient intimacy to be able to propose such a thing as a loan. Carefully I ran over in my mind the names of all my acquaintances in New York and its vicinity, hoping that 289 I might still think of some one on whom I had a claim. But not a soul was there in the entire lot to whom I would willingly have placed myself under an obligation, and I was about to dismiss the subject from my thoughts, when I suddenly recollected a certain individual holding a high government appointment, who had passed some days with me in the woods, and who had expressed a desire to be of service to me, if ever it lay in his power. Fool that I had been not to think of him before! Why, he was the very man of all others best qualified to give me the assistance I required, for he knew everybody and everybody knew him. It was too late to call upon him that day, but I would pay him a visit the very first thing in the morning, when everything would be arranged, and I could start for Richmond without further delay. Up went my mercury fifty degrees at least, and I felt as if I had no longer a care in the world. So jubilant was I indeed, that, regardless of the consequences, I determined to spend the whole of my five-cent piece on some cheap delicacy; for not having eaten anything since the morning I began to feel rather peckish —no unusual thing for poor Mark. The delicacy I selected as being the most filling at the price was VOL. II. U 290 West India pine-apple, which an old Irishman retailed, at one cent per slice, at a stall hard by. Pat's pine-apple had not been improved by its exposure for twelve hours to a broiling sun, neither had the dust which was flying about the South Ferry added to its flavour; but I must allow that it was filling for the money, for after eating my five slices I do not think I could have disposed of another had it been to save my life. It also had the effect of making me so intolerably thirsty that I kept running to a neighbouring bar for iced water, which is always to be had gratis in the Northern States, until I so maddened

the bar-keeper that he removed the pitcher from the counter, saying as he did so—“Guess, old hoss, you'd better go for your water where you get your ‘licker,’ and that ain't here, darn me if it is.” What answer could I make him? The wretch evidently guessed the state of my finances—the old proverb, “ *pas d'argent point de Suisse* ,” holding good in other countries besides France, as I have had the pleasure of finding out on more than one occasion in my journey through life. That night I had again the delight of studying the stars from my hard couch in the Battery grounds; at daybreak 291 I refreshed myself by taking a plunge into the cold waters of the harbour, and at mid-day presented myself at the office of my sporting friend, who had, as I fully expected to hear—“only just gone out.” Not having the slightest desire to keep on wandering up and down the streets of New York until his return, I said that I would wait for him, and quietly installed myself in his easy-chair, where I slept soundly until late in the evening, when he at length made his appearance. If he were surprised to find me in his office, how much more so when I told him the reason of my being there. How he roared with laughter when I gave him a sketch of my journey from Norfolk; but when I concluded by saying, “And now, my friend, if I do not look very fresh it is simply because that, with the exception of a morsel of pine-apple, I have had nothing to eat for thirty-six hours,” his merriment ceased in a moment.

“Why, my poor fellow,” he cried, “here have I been sitting listening for the last half-hour to your adventures, and you all the while dying with hunger! Come along at once and have something to eat; it will be time enough to talk on business when the cravings of your stomach U 2 292 are appeased and your waistband a little more tightened than it is at present.”

As may be supposed, I did not require to be asked a second time. To the nearest restaurant we repaired forthwith, where I pitched into the comestibles with a voracity which made even the waiters stare; nor did I desist so long as a morsel remained of all the dishes which had been placed before me. But at length I had to cry enough, and then, and not till then, did my friend propose that we should adjourn to his quarters, where, comfortably seated in an easy-chair, with a fragrant Havannah between my lips, I could

listen to what he had to say on the subject of my intended return to Richmond. To this I readily agreed, and in a very few minutes we were quietly installed in what he called his “den”—a room on the walls of which were hung trophies of the chase and “curios” from all parts of the world, collected by my friend himself during a lifetime of more than ordinary travel and adventure. I must do my friend the justice to say that not only did he prove himself a perfect master of rhetoric on that evening, but that his liquor was unexceptionable, so much so indeed, that the more I imbibed of it, the 293 more plainly did I see the force and justice of the arguments of the man who had an unlimited supply of such nectar in his cellar. In fact, there was no opposing such a flood of eloquence, no resisting such a flow of brandy. My mentor was altogether opposed to my plan of returning to Richmond; no good, he said, could possibly result from such an insane proceeding, for even if I did make a start southwards, the chances were that I would be taken prisoner the instant I attempted to cross the lines. Besides, I was an Englishman, and had no right to mix myself up in other people's quarrels, more especially when, by my sovereign's proclamation, I was expressly forbidden to do so. What had the Southerners ever done for me that I should take such an extraordinary interest in their welfare, or run the risk of losing my life only to be laughed at for my trouble, as intermeddlers always were? Much better to remain in a country where all the comforts of life were to be had (here he pushed the cognac and iced water towards me), than to return to a country where the necessaries, let alone the luxuries of life, would soon be wanting. But why enumerate all the arguments he used to dissuade me from 294 my project and shake my Southern “proclivities?” Suffice it to say, that the last glass of brandy finished the matter, and that when I arose to say good night, or rather morning, for it was then three o'clock, I had given my promise not to return to Richmond, let affairs take what turn they might. I did not feel altogether satisfied with myself when I awoke the next morning and called to mind the promise I had made my host the previous night. The promise I had certainly given, under what circumstances it mattered not, and I was bound in honour to carry it out. Well, if I could not return to Richmond there was nothing to detain me in New York, and up I jumped, fully determined to start by the very first steamer to England. I took care, however, not to allow my kind

host to suspect for an instant that I felt annoyed at the turn my affairs had suddenly taken, but I firmly expressed my determination to leave for Europe by the very first steamer if a berth could be had. Finding that he could not induce me to become his guest, even for a week, he most kindly gave me permission to draw upon him for any amount I might require, and forth I sallied to engage a berth on board one of the Inman line of steamers, 295 then about to sail. Finding that the steamer was to start the next morning, I determined to go on board that night, so as to avoid all the flurry and bother attendant upon an early start from a strange house, and after having purchased a little under-clothing—a *very* little, I may say, for it was all contained in a brown paper parcel—I returned to my friend's house without having expended more than twenty-five pounds at the outside. He perfectly ridiculed the idea of my going across the Atlantic with such a scanty sea-kit, but on this point I was stubborn and not a stitch more would I buy. We should not be more than twelve days on the passage, I said, and for that time I had clothes enough and to spare; and as to what people thought, they might go to Halifax for all I cared. So that very evening I went on board the steamer, my friend promising to pay me a visit the first thing in the morning and introduce me to the captain. The boatman who rowed me to the ship evidently eyed both me and my parcel with suspicion, and sung out to the man at the gangway as I mounted the ladder, “I guess that fellow's luggage wont give your ship a list anyhow; what do you say, mate?”

296

I could have knocked all the rascal's teeth down his throat, and my indignation was not lessened by the disrespectful behaviour of one of the stewards, who, seeing me walking aft, shouted out, “That's not the way to the steerage. Just make tracks forward, will you, unless you want the officer of the watch on top of you, which he will be if he sees you on the quarter-deck!”

Producing the receipt for my passage, I took Master Steward by the ear and told him to read it, which he did, looking very foolish all the while, not knowing what to make of me. He sulkily told me to follow him, and proceeded to show me my berth; having taken

formal possession of which by depositing therein my precious parcel, I thought I might as well introduce myself to some of my fellow-passengers. Of these there were already a score or more on board. Introduce myself indeed! The moment they saw me make my reappearance they slunk away from me as if I had been only just discharged from a plague-hospital, and not a single word would they exchange with me on any consideration whatever. All this rather amused me than otherwise. How could I expect that the codfish 297 De Morphies and De Velins could possibly be seen talking to an humble individual like myself, whose whole impedimenta was packed in a not over large piece of brown paper. What could I be but a fraudulent bankrupt, or a house-breaker, or a murderer, perhaps; and they turned up their by no means aristocratic noses as I passed along. Even when I went into the saloon I had a table to myself; for, fearful of contamination, not a soul would come near me. I was to be put in Coventry during the entire passage. Poor mean wretches, I thought, why should I be angry with you? How can it be expected that men brought up as you have been can have any other standard by which to judge a man than his apparent wealth? The freemasonry of good society is Sanscrit to you, and the old doggerel,

“Dollars and dimes, dollars and dimes, An empty pocket is the worst of crimes,”

is for ever ringing in your ears.

Be it so. But it is time for me likewise to stand upon my dignity, and from this time I will treat you all with the most supercilious and sovereign contempt.

The next morning, as I was dressing, I heard a great bustle in the saloon, and a man's voice, 298 which was almost inaudible from excitement, which said:—

“It's just as I told you. L. has come on board to apprehend that fellow with the brown paper parcel, and we shall get rid of him after all.” Now it just happened that my late host was the very man who would have come on board to arrest me had I committed any capital offence in the State of New York, and it may be therefore imagined what excitement his

advent occasioned when it became generally known that he was in search of poor me. There was a rush upon deck to see me handcuffed and carried off, and great was the surprise and disappointment of my fellow-passengers when they saw the terrible official kindly draw my arm within his own and lead me off to introduce me to the Captain. Never shall I forget how perfectly ashamed of themselves they all looked, as they one by one sneaked below again, to the amazement of L., who could not understand what all the row had been about, nor did I feel at all inclined to enlighten him. But the hour had come for departure. With many a friendly wish for a pleasant and prosperous voyage, my worthy friend stepped into his boat and sailed away. The screw began to revolve, and for the sixth 299 time I bade farewell to Yankeedom. Although my abrupt departure from Richmond was unquestionably a sad blow to the Confederate cause, still I cannot, after mature consideration, conscientiously say that I believe that my presence in the camp would have materially altered the issues of the contest. The Southerners had a fair stand-up fight for their rights and liberties, and were whipped—not because their cause was accursed, as the Abolitionists say that it was, but simply that “Providence is, generally, on the side of the largest battalions,” and no longer works miracles for the weaker host, as in the days of Joshua. After a struggle unprecedented for its obstinacy in the annals of history, those brave Confederate armies, which time after time hurled back the invader with tremendous loss, have been annihilated, and the sunny South is at the mercy of President Andy Johnson. Thanks to foreign mercenaries and negro levies, the Yankees have carried the day, and nothing remains for the conquered but to submit like brave men to the inexorable decrees of fate.

Chivalrous England, by adhering to her modern non-intervention doctrine, missed her last chance of securing an ally on the North American Continent. It is to be hoped that she will never 300 have reason to regret the ignoble part she acted during both the Danish and American wars, and that when another American or Continental difficulty arises, she will not find, to her cost, that there is such a thing as carrying non-intervention a little too far.

THE END.

13, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET, FEB. 1866. MESSRS. HURST AND BLACKETT'S LIST OF NEW WORKS.

THE HON. GRANTLEY BERKELEY'S LIFE AND RECOLLECTIONS. Vols. III. and IV. completing the Work. 3Os., bound.

Among the other distinguished persons mentioned in these volumes are the Emperors Alexander, Nicholas, and Napoleon III.; Kings George IV., William IV., and Leopold I.; Princes Talleyrand, Esterhazy, Napoleon, Puckler Muskau; the Dukes of Sussex, York, Cambridge, Wellington, d'Orleans, d'Aumale, Brunswick, Manchester, Beaufort, Cleveland, Richmond, Buckingham; Lords Byron, Melbourne, Lansdowne, Holland, Brougham, Alvanley, Yarmouth, Petersham, Craven, Salisbury, Devonshire, Ducie, Glasgow, Malmesbury, Castlereagh, Breadalbane, &c. Sirs Robert Peel, T. Lawrence, W. Knighton, George Dashwood, George Warrender, Lumley Skeffington, Bulwer Lytton, Count d'Orsay, Count de Morny, the Rev. Sydney Smith, Tom Moore, Shelley, Thomas Campbell, Beau Brummell, Theodore Hook, Leigh Hunt, W. S. Landor, James and Horace Smith, Jack Musters, Assheton Smith, &c. Ladies Holland, Jersey, Londonderry, Blessington, Shelley, Lamb, Breadalbane, Morgan, Mrs. Fitzherbert, Mrs. Jordan, Miss Landon, the Countess Guiccioli, &c.

ENGLISH TRAVELLERS AND ITALIAN BRIGANDS: a Narrative of Capture and Captivity. By W. J. C. Moens. 2 vols., with Portrait and other Illustrations. 21s.

“Mr. Moens tells, in this book, of his life among the brigands as their prisoner until the payment of the heavy ransom asked for himself and his friend Mr. Aynsley. Here, then, is a man with a good story to tell. It does not follow as a common law of nature that he happens to know how to tell it; but, for the comfort of all who would like to make an honest story about robbers, full of adventure, recent and quite true, part of their Christmas

reading, be it known that Mr. Moens does know how to tell his tale. He tells it faithfully and simply. It is very interesting."— *Examiner.*

"In these volumes, the literary merits of which are numerous, we have the true story of the capture of Mr. Moens by the brigands of South Italy. We have no doubt that the book will be extensively read; we are quite sure that it will do an immense amount of good. It lets in a flood of light upon the dens of these robbers. It will bring to bear upon the whole system the public opinion of Europe."— *Daily News.*

"Mr. Moens here tells the story of his captivity among the brigands of Southern Italy. It will be remembered that Mr. Moens and the Rev. Mr. Aynsley were captured as they were returning from a visit to the ruins at Pœstum Mr. Aynsley was released that he might negotiate the ransom of Mr. Moens. That unfortunate gentleman was taken about from place to place by the brigands, who were hotly pursued by the soldiers. For several weeks he led a life of great hardship, and finally was released, when his true and heroic wife, with the assistance of Mr. Aynsley, and other friends, succeeded in raising and paying £5,100 as ransom, Mr. Moens's book is one which ought to be widely read. It is well and vividly written, and is intensely interesting. It gives us a thorough view of interior of brigand life in Italy."— *The Star.*

"As a genuine contribution to our knowledge of mankind, this truthful report of the habits of life, the motives, characters, and conversation of a gang of outlawed robbers and murderers, dwelling like beasts of prey in the wilderness, and waging war against the peaceful world lying beneath their mountain stronghold, is indeed a remarkable book. The sordid meanness and callous brutality of these wolves in human shape have never been so vividly portrayed. The chapters of the book supplied by Mrs. Moens serve to enhance the interest and sympathy with which we peruse the straightforward and veracious story of the principal sufferer."— *Illustrated News.*

“These volumes will be read with engrossing interest. They bear the impress of unrestrained truthfulness of detail, while at the same time they possess much of the charm of romance. The literary merits of the work are of no mean order.”— *Post.*

13, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET. MESSRS. HURST AND BLACKETT'S NEW WORKS, NOW READY.

A JOURNEY FROM LONDON TO PERSEPOLIS; including WANDERINGS IN DAGHESTAN, GEORGIA, ARMENIA, KURDISTAN, MESOPOTAMIA, AND PERSIA. By J. Ussher, Esq., F.R.G.S. Royal 8vo, with numerous beautiful Coloured Illustrations. 42s. Elegantly bound.

“This is a very interesting narrative. Mr. Ussher is one of the pleasantest companions we have met with for a long time. We have rarely read a book of travels in which so much was seen so rapidly and so easily, and in which the scenery, the antiquities, and the people impressed the author's mind with such gentlemanly satisfaction. Mr. Ussher merited his success and this splendid monument of his travels and pleasant explorations.”— *Times.*

“This work does not yield to any recent book of travels in extent and variety of interest. Its title, ‘From London to Persepolis,’ is well chosen and highly suggestive. A wonderful chain of association is suspended from these two points, and the traveller goes along its line, gathering link after link into his hand, each gemmed with thought, knowledge, speculation, and adventure. The reader will feel that in closing this memorable book he takes leave of a treasury of knowledge. The whole book is interesting, and its unaffected style and quick spirit of observation lend an unfailling freshness to its pages. The illustrations are beautiful, and have been executed with admirable taste and judgment,”— *Post.*

“This work is in every way creditable to the author, who has produced a mass of pleasant reading, both entertaining and instructive. Mr. Ussher's journey may he defined as a complete oriental grand tour of the Asiatic west-central district. He started down the

Danube, making for Odessa. Thence, having duly ‘done’ the Crimea, he coasted the Circassian shore in a steamer to Poti, and from that to Tiflis. This was the height of summer, and, the season being favourable, he crossed the Dariel Pass northwards, turned to the east, and visited the mountain fastnesses of Shamil's country, recently conquered by the Russians. Thence he returned to Tiflis by the old Persian province of Shirvan, along the Caspian, by Derbend and the famous fire-springs of Baku. From Tiflis he went to Gumri, and over the frontier to Kars, and the splendid ruins of Ani, and through the Russian territory to the Turkish frontier fortress of Bayazid, stopping by the way at Erivan and the great monastery of Etchmiadzin. From Bayazid he went to Van, and saw all the chief points of interest on the lake of that name; thence to Bitlis and Diarbekir. From Diarbekir he went to Mosul by the upper road, visited Nineveh, paid his respects to the winged bulls and all our old friends there, and floated on his raft of inflated skins down the Tigris to Baghdad. From Mosul he made an excursion to the devil-worshipping country, and another from Baghdad to Hilleh and the Birs Nimrud, or so-called Tower of Babel. After resting in the city of the Caliphs, he followed the track of his illustrious predecessor, Sindbad, to Bassora, only on board of a different craft, having got a passage in the steamer Comet; and the English monthly sailing packet took him from Bassora across the gulf to Bushire. From thence he went to Tehran over the ‘broad dominions of the king of kings,’ stopping at all the interesting places, particularly at Persepolis; and from Tehran returned home through Armenia by Trebisonde and the Black Sea”— *Saturday Review.*

FROM CADET TO COLONEL: The Record of a Life of Active Service. By Major-General Sir Thomas Seaton, K.C.B. 2 vols. with Illustrations, 21s.

“Here are two volumes of pleasant, racy, personal memoirs by a veteran soldier, who, with the refreshing frankness of his class, gives us all his experiences from the day he took shipping on the Downs as a Cadet under the Old Company, down almost to the present time, when, full of years and honours, he enjoys his retraite as a Major-General in the Queen's service, and his well-won decoration as a Knight Commander of the Bath. The

writer buckled on his sword in 1822, and made it do good service through the disastrous Cabul campaign and at the last siege of Delhi. Sir Thomas Seaton has, in truth, produced a delightful book."— *United Service Gazette.*

"This is a genuine and instructive book. It is a record of Sir Thomas Seaton's own personal history and experience, in which he sheds a clear light upon many questions of large import, besides imbuing his narrative with that lively interest which always attaches to personal adventures."— *Daily News.* 2

3

THE LIFE OF JOSIAH WEDGWOOD. From his Private Correspondence and Family Papers, in the possession of Joseph Mayer, Esq., F.S.A., Francis Wedgwood, Esq., C. Darwin, Esq., M.A., F.R.S.Y, Miss Wedgwood, and other Original Sources. With an Introductory Sketch of the Art of Pottery in England. By Eliza Meteyard. Dedicated, by permission, to the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, Chancellor of the Exchequer. Vol. 1, 8vo, with Portraits and above 100 other Illustrations, price 21s. elegantly bound, is now ready. The work will be completed in one more volume.

"This is the Life of Wedgwood to the expected appearance of which I referred at Burslem."— *Extract from a Letter to the Author by the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone.*

"This very beautiful book is the first of two volumes which will contain that Life of Wedgwood which for the last fifteen years Miss Meteyard has had in view, and to which the Wedgwood family, and all who have papers valuable in relation to its subject, have been cordially contributing. In his admirable sketch of Wedgwood, given at Burslem, it was to the publication of this biography that Mr. Gladstone looked forward with pleasure. It is a very accurate and valuable book. To give their fullest value to the engravings of works of art which largely enrich the volume, the biography has been made by its publishers a choice specimen of their own art as book-makers. Neither care nor cost have been grudged."— Examiner.

Library of Congress

“The appearance of such a work as Miss Meteyard's ‘Life of Josiah Wedgwood’ is an event of importance in the sister spheres of literature and art. The biographer of our great potter has more than ordinary fitness for the fulfilment of her labour of love. She is an enthusiastic admirer and a practised connoisseur of Ceramic Art, and she brings the pleasant energy of individual taste and feeling to the aid of complete, authentic, and well-arranged information, and the well-balanced style of an experienced *litterateur.* The interest of the book grows with every page. The reader will peruse the numerous interesting particulars of Wedgwood's family life and affairs with unusual satisfaction, and will lay down the work with undoubting confidence that it will rank as a classic among biographies—an exhaustive work of the first rank in its school.”— *Morning Post.*

“No book has come before us for some time so stored with interesting information. Miss Meteyard is a biographer distinguished by a clever and energetic style, by delicate judgment, extensive information, and a deep interest in her subject. The history of the Ceramic Art in England, and the biography of the eminent man who brought it to perfection, have evidently been to her a labour of love; and of the spirit and manner in which she has executed it we can hardly speak too highly. The splendid getting up of the work reflects much credit on the house from which it is issued.”— *Dublin University Magazine.*

“The biography of Josiah Wedgwood has fallen into good hands Miss Meteyard has infused into her task a congenial spirit, a cultivated taste, and, in addition to fifteen years' study of her subject, she has been able to enrich her book with a mass of private letters and documents relating to Josiah Wedgwood which have been wholly inaccessible to other writers. These give the work a character of reliable information to which no rival can lay claim. The publishers have spared neither labour nor expense in the costly illustrations of the exquisite artistic gems which adorn the book.”— *The Shilling Magazine.*

“It needs no special advertisement to make us aware, so soon as we open the book, that this is the life of the great Wedgwood, executed with an enthusiastic industry and

illustrated with a taste which will be sufficient to satisfy Mr. Gladstone himself. Messrs. Hurst and Blackett may be fairly congratulated on having turned out the best English book of the year on art."— *Macmillan's Magazine.*

"In this magnificent volume we welcome one of the very noblest contributions to the history of the Ceramic art ever published. We place it at once and permanently side by side with Bernard Palissy's Memoirs and with Benvenuto Cellini's Autobiography. An abundance of rare and very precious materials is here admirably put together by the dexterous hand and exquisite taste of Miss Meteyard. A more conscientious discharge of the responsible duties devolving upon the biographer of a really great man has not been witnessed, we believe, since the days of Boswell, the greatest of all biographers."— *Sun.*

4

MEMOIRS AND CORRESPONDENCE OF FIELD-MARSHAL VISCOUNT COMBERMERE, G.C.B., &c. From his Family Papers. 2 vols., with Portraits. *(In the Press.)*

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF LADY ARABELLA STUART: including numerous Original and Unpublished Documents. By Elizabeth Cooper. 2 vols. post 8vo, with Portrait. 21s. bound.

HISTORIC PICTURES. By A. Baillie Cochrane, M.P. 2 vols. 21s.

"Mr. Baillie Cochrane has published two entertaining volumes of studies from history. They are lively reading. 'My aim,' he says, 'has been to depict events generally known in a light and, if possible, a picturesque manner.' Mr. Cochrane has been quite successful in carrying out this intention. The work is a study of the more interesting moments of history —what, indeed, the author himself calls it, 'Historic Pictures.'"— *Times.*

"These volumes will be read with delight by those whose familiarity with their subjects will leave them free to study the new and striking points of view in which they are set forth;

and the pure taste and fervent feeling which adorn them, while they will be most valuable to such as have not an extensive knowledge of history, as a means of stimulating their taste. No reader will lay down the book without feeling grateful to the gifted mind which has thus employed its scanty leisure, and hoping that Mr. Baillie Cochrane may be induced to continue researches productive of so much profit and such keen and rare pleasure."— *Morning Post.*

"Mr. Baillie Cochrane has here employed his graceful and picturesque pen on some scenes from modern history. The reader will find valuable and pleasant information in every page."— *Morning Herald.*

"Mr. Cochrane gives evidence in his 'Historic Pictures' of sufficient vividness of fancy and picturesqueness in description to make his sketches very lively and agreeable to read."— *Saturday Review.*

BRIGAND LIFE IN ITALY. By Count Maffei. 2 vols. 8vo, 28s.

"Two volumes of interesting research."— *Times.*

"Count Maffei's work is obviously of an authentic character. The preface is dated from the Italian Embassy, and the volumes show many evidences of their author having had the advantage of special information not hitherto made public. The volumes must be read by all who would understand the present position of South Italy. They are written in a lively style, and combine the value of history with the entertainment of a romance." *London Review.*

"These extraordinary volumes contain some of the most astounding revelations of brigand life and adventure the world ever heard of. They savour so much of the marvellous that nothing could induce us to suppose that they were not wild legends but for the references given to documents of unquestionable authority, and from which the narratives are chiefly taken. Let Count Maffei's two volumes be read as they ought, and assuredly will be, for

their more than romantic adventures and obvious truthful relations, and all true-hearted Englishmen will for ever hold all parties associated with Italian brigandage in righteous abhorrence. In all respects the book is worthy of its distinguished author, and of the enterprising publishing house from which it has issued."— *Star.*

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. By Cardinal Wiseman. 1 vol. 8vo, 5s.

"A noble tribute to the great poet."— *John Bull.*

"This work is evidence of an exquisite refinement of thought and a singular gracefulness of intellectual expression, which it would be difficult to equal."— *Observer.*

5

ADVENTURES AMONGST THE DYAKS OF BORNEO. By Frederick Boyle, Esq., F.R.G.S. 1 vol. 8vo, with Illustrations. 15s. bound.

"Mr. Boyle's Adventures are very pleasant reading—smart, lively, and indicative of no slight amount of bonhomie in the writer."— *Athenæum.*

"This is an entertaining book. Mr. Boyle saw a good deal of the country, made intimate friendship with a large number of savage chiefs, lived for some time in a native village, and has given us, in an entertaining and humorous style, a very lively and pleasant account of his trip."— *Saturday Review.*

"The information contained in Mr. Boyle's Adventures has the great advantage of being recent, and certainly nothing can surpass the interest conveyed in his pages, which are written with spirit and cleverness. The descriptions of the habits and customs of the people, the climate of the country, with its productions animal and vegetable, and the numberless anecdotes of all kinds throughout the volume, form a work of great interest and amusement."— *Observer.*

IMPRESSIONS OF LIFE AT HOME AND ABROAD. By Lord Eustace Cecil, M.P. 1 vol. 8vo. 14s.

“Lord Eustace Cecil has selected from various journeys the points which most interested him, and has reported them in an unaffected style. The idea is a good one, and is carried out with success. We are grateful for a good deal of information given with unpretending good sense.”— *Saturday Review.*

“The author of this work has earned an honourable place among noble authors.” *Athenæum.*

“'These sparkling papers are remarkably full of sensible thought and solid information. They very cleverly and very pleasantly sum up their author's judgment on many matters of interest.” *Examiner.*

YACHTING ROUND THE WEST OF ENGLAND. By the Rev. A. G. L'estrange, B.A., of Exeter College, Oxford, R.T.Y.C. 1 vol. 8vo, Illustrated. 15s.

“A very interesting work. We can scarcely imagine a more pleasant and romantic yachting voyage than that of the author of this volume round the rough and rugged west coast of England, which forms the coasts of Cornwall and Devonshire. The bold character of these coasts, the Lizard, Mount St. Michael, the fine old town of Bideford, Gurnard's Head, the rocky Scilly Isles, the small rock on which the Eddystone braves the fury of the storm, and guides the mariner up Channel, are among the attractions which such a voyage afforded; while the many small towns and villages, and their inhabitants, must have yielded a considerable amount of pleasure to those who for the first time visit these interesting counties. We might, if space permitted, give many interesting extracts from the work, which would convey to the reader the same good opinion of the work which we have ourselves formed from its perusal.”— *Observer.*

“Mr. L'Estrange's course seems to have led him from North Devon round by the Land's End and Scilly Isles to Plymouth, and the reader may well imagine how much of the beautiful and romantic, both in natural scenery and historic legend, such a voyage opened out. The writing is simple and natural. Mr. L'Estrange tells things as he saw, me with, or heard them, with no effort at display or effect, and those who trust to his pages need not fear being disappointed. We commend this handsomely got-up work to the attention of all desirous of pleasant information upon a comparatively but imperfectly known portion of her Majesty's dominions.”— *Era.*

A PERSONAL NARRATIVE OF THIRTEEN YEARS' SERVICE AMONGST THE WILD TRIBES OF KHONDISTAN, FOR THE SUPPRESSION OF HUMAN SACRIFICE. By Major-General John Campbell, C.B. 1 vol. 8vo, with Illustrations.

“Major-General Campbell's book is one of thrilling interest, and must be pronounced the most remarkable narrative of the present season.”— *Athenæum.*

6

MY LIFE AND RECOLLECTIONS. By the Hon. Grantley F. Berkeley. Vols. I. and II., with Portrait. 30s.

“A book unrivalled in its position in the range of modern literature. We have here a picture in the recollections of a living man of a state of society which is now superseded, and of which very few relics still remain to be illustrated. In the present case there is allowance to be made for the resentment, rightly or wrongly entertained, for what the author considered to be a family plot and persecution. On the other hand, his keen appreciation of natural objects, his thorough intimacy with his dogs and his horses, is not only an evidence of his powers of observation, but a creditable testimony to his possession of some of the higher humanities. Like William the Conqueror, it is clear that he ‘loved the tall deer as if he were their father,’ and we cannot but be tolerant of a true sportsman who might have played a better part if he had had better opportunities.”— *The Times.*

Library of Congress

“A book unrivalled in Its position in the range of modern literature.”— *Times.*

“There is a large fund of amusement in these volumes. The details of the author's life are replete with much that is interesting. A book so brimful of anecdote cannot but be successful.”— *Athenæum.*

“This work contains a great deal of amusing matter; and that it will create a sensation no one can doubt. Mr. Berkeley can write delightfully when he pleases. His volumes will, of course, be extensively read, and, as a literary venture, may be pronounced a success.”— *Post.*

“A clever, freespoken man of the world, son of an earl with £70,000 a-year, who has lived from boyhood the life of a club-man, sportsman, and man of fashion, has thrown his best stories about himself and his friends into an anecdotic autobiography. Of course it is eminently readable. Mr. Grantley Berkeley writes easily and well. The book is full of pleasant stories, all told as easily and clearly as if they were related at a club-window, and all with point of greater or less piquancy.”— *Spectator.*

HAUNTED LONDON. By Walter Thornbury. 1 vol. 8vo, with numerous Illustrations by F. W. Fairholt, F.S.A. 21s., elegantly bound.

“Haunted London is a pleasant book.”— *Athenæum.*

“A very interesting, amusing, and instructive book. It is well illustrated by Mr. Fairholt.”— Saturday Review.

“Pleasant reading is Mr. Thornbury's ‘Haunted London’—a gossiping, historical, antiquarian, topographical volume, amusing both to the Londoner and the country cousin.”— *Star.*

“Mr. Thornbury points out to us the legendary houses, the great men's birthplaces and tombs, the haunts of poets, the scenes of martyrdom, the battle-fields of old factions. The book overflows with anecdotical gossip. Mr. Fairholt's drawings add alike to its value and interest.”— *Notes and Queries.*

“As pleasant a book as well could be, forming a very handsome volume—an acquisition either for the table or the bookshelf. A capital title is ‘Haunted London’—for is it not haunted this London of ours? Haunted happily, by ghosts of memories that will not be laid. What footsteps have not traversed these cause-ways, inhabited these dwelling-houses, prayed in these churches, wept in these graveyards, laughed in these theatres? And of all these Mr. Thornbury discourses-shrewdly, like an observant man of the world; gracefully, like a skilled man of letters; lovingly, like a sympathizing fellow-creature; courtier and playwright, student and actress, statesman and mountebank, he has an eye for them all. Saunter with him down any street, and before you get to the end of it we wager you will be wiser than at starting—certainly you will have been entertained.”— *Sun.*

RECOLLECTIONS OF A LIFE OF ADVENTURE. By William Stamer, Esq. (‘ Mark Tapley. ’) 2 vols. with Portrait, *(Just ready.)*

GARIBALDI AT HOME: Notes of a Visit to Caprera. By Sir Charles R. Mcgrigor, Bart. 8vo, with Illustrations. *(In the Press.)*

7

COURT AND SOCIETY FROM ELIZABETH TO ANNE, Edited from the Papers at Kimbolton, by the Duke Of Manchester. *Second Edition.* 2 vols. 8vo, with Fine Portraits.

“The Duke of Manchester has done a welcome service to the lover of gossip and secret history by publishing these family papers. Persons who like to see greatness without the plumes and mail in which history presents it, will accept these volumes with hearty thanks to their noble editor. In them will be found something new about many men

and women in whom the reader can never cease to feel an interest—much about the divorce of Henry the Eighth and Catherine of Arragon—a great deal about the love affairs of Queen Elizabeth—something about Bacon, and (indirectly) about Shakspeare —more about Lord Essex and Lady Rich—the very strange story of Walter Montagu, poet, profligate, courtier, pervert, secret agent, abbot—many details of the Civil War and Cromwell's Government, and of the Restoration—much that is new about the Revolution and the Settlement, the exiled Court of St. Germains, the wars of William of Orange, the campaigns of Marlborough, the intrigues of Duchess Sarah, and the town life of fine ladies and gentlemen during the days of Anne. With all this is mingled a good deal of gossip about the loves of great poets, the frailties of great beauties, the rivalries of great wits, the quarrels of great peers."— *Athenæum.*

"These volumes are sure to excite curiosity. A great deal of interesting matter is here collected, from sources which are not within everybody's reach."— *Times.*

THE LIFE OF THE REV. EDWARD IRVING, Minister of the National Scotch Church, London. Illustrated by his Journal and Correspondence. By Mrs. Oliphant. *Fourth and Cheaper Edition, Revised,* in 1 vol., with Portrait, 5s., bound.

"We who read these memoirs must own to the nobility of Irving's character, the grandeur of his aims, and the extent of his powers. His friend Carlyle bears this testimony to his worth:—'I call him, on the whole, the best man I have ever, after trial enough, found in this world, or hope to find.' A character such as this is deserving of study, and his life ought to be written. Mrs. Oliphant has undertaken the work and has produced a biography of considerable merit. The author fully understands her hero, and sets forth the incidents of his career with the skill of a practised hand. The book is a good book on a most interesting theme."— *Times.*

"Mrs. Oliphant's 'Life of Edward Irving' supplies a long-felt desideratum. It is copious, earnest, and eloquent. On every page there is the impress of a large and masterly

comprehension, and of a bold, fluent, and poetic skill of portraiture. Irving as a man and as a pastor is not only fully sketched, but exhibited with many broad, powerful, and life-like touches, which leave a strong impression."— *Edinburgh Review.*

"A truly interesting and most affecting memoir. Irving's life ought to have a niche in every gallery of religious biography. There are few lives that will be fuller of instruction, interest, and consolation."— *Saturday Review.*

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. By Victor Hugo. Authorized English Translation. 1 vol. 8vo, 12s.

"M. Victor Hugo has produced a notable and brilliant book about Shakespeare. M. Hugo sketches the life of Shakespeare, and makes of it a very effective picture. Imagination and pleasant fancy are mingled with the facts. There is high colouring, but therewith a charm which has not hitherto been found in any portrait of Shakespeare painted by a foreign hand. The biographical details are manipulated by a master's hand, and consequently there is an agreeable air of novelty even about the best known circumstances."— *Athenæum.*

LIFE IN JAVA; WITH SKETCHES OF THE JAVANESE. By William Barrington D'almeida. 2 vols. post 8vo, with Illustrations. 21s., bound.

"'Life in Java' is both amusing and instructive. The author saw a good deal of the country and people not generally known."— *Athenæum.*

"Mr. D'Almeida's volumes traverse interesting ground. They are filled with good and entertaining matter."— *Examiner.*

"A very entertaining work. The author has given most interesting pictures of the country and the people. There are not many authentic works on Java, and these volumes will rank among the best."— *Post.*

8

REMINISCENCES OF THE OPERA. By Benjamin Lumley, Twenty Years Director of Her Majesty's Theatre. 8vo, with Portrait of the Author by Count D'Orsay. 16s.

“Mr. Lumley's book, with all its sparkling episodes, is really a well-digested history of an institution of social importance in its time, interspersed with sound opinions and shrewd and mature reflections.”— *Times.*

“As a repertory of anecdote, we have not for a long while met with anything at all comparable to these unusually brilliant and most diversified Reminiscences. They reveal the Twenty Years' Director of Her Majesty's Theatre to us in the thick and throng of all his radiant associations. They take us luringly—as it were, led by the button-hole—behind the scenes, in every sense of that decoying and profoundly attractive phrase. They introduce us to all the stars—now singly, now in very constellations. They bring us rapidly, delightfully, and exhilaratingly to a knowledge so intimate of what has really been doing there in the Realm of Song, not only behind the scenes and in the green-room, but in the reception-apartment of the Director himself, that we are au courant with all the whims and oddities of the strange world in which he fills so high and responsible a position. Reading Mr. Lumley, we now know more than we have ever known before of such Queens of the Lyric stage as Pasta, Catalini, Mallbran, Grisi, Sontag, and Piccolomini—of such light-footed fairies of the ballet as Taglioni, Fanny Ellsler, and Cerito—of such primi tenori as Rubini, Mario, Gardoni, and Giuglini—of such baritones as Ronconi and Tamburini—or of such bassi profondi as the wondrous Staudigl and the mighty Lablache. Nay, Mr. Lumley takes us out of the glare of the footlights, away from the clang of the orchestra, into the dream-haunted presence of the great composers of the age, bringing us face to face, as it were, among others, with Rossini, Mendelssohn, Meyerbeer, Verdi, Balfe, and Donizetti. He lets us into the mysteries of his correspondence—now with Count Cavour, now with Prince Metternich—for, in his doings, in his movements, in his negotiations, Sovereigns, Prime Ministers, Ambassadors, and Governments are, turn by turn, not

merely courteously, but directly and profoundly interested! Altogether, Mr. Lumley's book is an enthralling one. It is written with sparkling vivacity, and is delightfully interesting throughout."— *Sun.*

MEMOIRS OF JANE CAMERON, FEMALE CONVICT. By a Prison Matron, Author of "Female Life in Prison." 2 vols. 21s.

"This narrative, as we can well believe, is truthful in every important particular—a faithful chronicle of a woman's fall and rescue. It is a book that ought to be widely read."— *Examiner.*

TRAVELS AND ADVENTURES OF AN OFFICER'S WIFE IN INDIA, CHINA, AND NEW ZEALAND. By Mrs. Muter, Wife of Lieut.-Colonel D. D. Muter, 13th (Prince Albert's) Light Infantry. 2 vols. 21s.

"Mrs Muter's travels deserve to be recommended, as combining instruction and amusement in a more than ordinary degree. The work has the interest of a romance added to that of history."— *Athenæum.*

TRAVELS ON HORSEBACK IN MANTCHU TARTARY: being a Summer's Ride beyond the Great Wall of China. By George Fleming, Military Train. 1 vol. royal 8vo, with Map and 50 Illustrations.

"Mr. Fleming's narrative is a most charming one. He has an untrodden region to tell of, and he photographs it and its people and their ways. Life-like descriptions are interspersed with personal anecdotes, local legends, and stories of adventure, some of them revealing no common artistic power."— *Spectator.*

SPORT AND SPORTSMEN: A Book of Recollections. By Charles Stretton, Esq. 1 vol. *(Just ready.)*

ADVENTURES AND RESEARCHES among the ANDAMAN ISLANDERS. By Dr. Mouat, F.R.G.S., &c. 1 vol. demy 8vo, with Illustrations.

“Dr. Mouat's book, whilst forming a most important and valuable contribution to ethnology, will be read with interest by the general reader.”— *Athenæum.*

MEMOIRS OF QUEEN HORTENSE, MOTHER OF NAPOLEON III. Cheaper Edition, in 1 vol. 6s.

“A biography of the beautiful and unhappy Queen, more satisfactory than any we have yet met with.”— *Daily News.*

A WINTER IN UPPER AND LOWER EGYPT. By G. A. Hoskins, Esq., F.R.G.S. 1 vol., with Illustrations.

POINTS OF CONTACT BETWEEN SCIENCE AND ART. By His Eminence Cardinal Wiseman. 8vo. 5s.

GREECE AND THE GREEKS. Being the Narrative of a Winter Residence and Summer Travel in Greece and its Islands. By Fredrika Bremer. Translated by Mary Howitt. 2 vols.

MEMOIRS OF CHRISTINA, QUEEN OF SWEDEN. By Henry Woodhead. 2 vols., with Portrait.

ENGLISH WOMEN OF LETTERS. By Julia Kavanagh, Author of “Nathalie,” “Adele,” “French Women of Letters,” “Beatrice,” &c. 2 vols.

THE OKAVANGO RIVER: A NARRATIVE OF TRAVEL, EXPLORATION, AND ADVENTURE. By C. J. Andersson, Author of “Lake Ngami.” 1 vol., with Portrait and numerous Illustrations.

TRAVELS IN THE REGIONS OF THE AMOOR, AND THE RUSSIAN ACQUISITIONS ON THE CONFINES OF INDIA AND CHINA. By T. W. Atkinson, F.G.S., F.R.G.S., Author of “Oriental and Western Siberia.” Dedicated, by permission, to Her Majesty. Second Edition. Royal 8vo, with Map and 83 Illustrations, elegantly bound.

ITALY UNDER VICTOR EMMANUEL. A Personal Narrative. By Count Charles Arrivabene. 2 vols. 8vo.

THE LIFE OF J. M. W. TURNER, R.A., from Original Letters and Papers furnished by his Friends and Fellow Academicians. By Walter Thornbury. 2 vols. 8vo, with Portraits and other Illustrations.

THE CHURCH AND THE CHURCHES; or, THE PAPACY AND THE TEMPORAL POWER. By Dr. Döllinger. Translated by W. B. Mac Cabe. 8vo.

THE NEW AND POPULAR NOVELS, PUBLISHED BY HURST & BLACKETT.

A NOBLE LIFE By the Author of ‘John Halifax, Gentleman,’ ‘Christian's Mistake,’ &c. 2 vols.

“This is another of those pleasant tales in which the author of ‘John Halifax’ speaks, out of a generous heart, the purest truths of life. Of the mere skeleton of the story there would not be much to tell, but in the clothing of it with warm flesh and blood the anther uses her own magic arts. The chief of them are her sympathy with all that is right and kind in human intercourse, and her habitual solution of all problems of life by reference only to the highest grounds of action.”— *Examiner.*

“In a ‘Noble Life’ the author of ‘John Halifax’ has given us a book which is really refreshing reading. The book is not overloaded with characters. The interest is centred on some two or three persons, but unusual care has been bestowed upon their delineation. Nor ought

we to pass unnoticed the grace with which the story is told. For its style only it is worth reading, so easy and pure is the diction. Add to this the interest of the story, and it will be readily understood that ‘A Noble Life’ is a book to be got and read as soon as possible.”— *Star.*

“Few men and no women will read “A Noble Life” without feeling themselves the better for the effort.”— *Spectator.*

“This interesting story is beautifully written, and the noblest moral lessons are most earnestly enforced.”— *Sun.*

“This book must rank as one of the most fascinating of its kind that modern fiction has produced. It deserves a wide perusal.”— *Dispatch.*

GREATHEART: A Story of Modern Life. By Walter Thornbury, author of ‘Haunted London,’ &c. 3 vols.

FALKNER LYLE. By Mark Lemon. 3 vols.

GILBERT RUGGE. By the Author of ‘A First Friendship,’ &c. 3 vols.

MILLY'S HERO. By the Author of ‘Grandmother's Money,’ &c. 3 vols.

“The situation of two women in love with the same man has always been a favourite subJect with writers of fiction. The author of ‘Milly's Hero’ has depicted with considerable skill the moral attitude of two women under such circumstances. The book is worth reading.”— *Saturday Review.*

“‘Milly's Hero’ is an interesting story, exceedingly well told. The book is full of charming touches of real life, done by one who has been able largely to notice and to comprehend the differing characters and idiosyncracies of individuals. Special pains have been

bestowed upon the heroine of the story. The plot of the novel is well conceived and carefully worked out, and the result is, as we have said, a most interesting story."— *Star.*

HESTER'S SACRIFICE. By the Author of 'St. Olavo's,' &c. 3 vols. *(Just ready.)*

THE CLYFFARDS OF CLYFFE. By the Author of "Lost Sir Massingberd," &c., 3 vols.

"The Clyffards of Clyffe has very considerable merits. It Is a very readable novel, written in a good style. The Author can give excellent descriptions both of scenery and character."— *Saturday Review.* "The interest of this story is well sustained to the last."— *Reader.* "The Author displays imaginative faculties of a higher order than in his previous works. Throughout the whole book there is a pervading sense of power and finish."— *Post.* "A clever novel."— *Examiner.* "A charming book. From incident to incident the reader is led in pleasant surprise and ever growing interest."— *Star.*

CHRONICLES OF DARTMOOR. By Mrs. Marsh. 3 vols.

"It is very long since we have read so capital a novel as this. It is in all respects well and cleverly written. It has genuine good feeling and good sense, genuine wit, and genuine novelty. The descriptions of the beautiful scenery of Devonshire add greatly to the interest of the book."— *Observer.*

11

AGNES. By Mrs. Oliphant, Author of "The Life of Edward Irving," &c., 3 vols.

"'Agnes' is a novel superior to any of Mrs. Oliphant's former works."— *Athenæum.*

"'Agnes' has that stamp of first-rate power which no one can mistake. It is a narrative of deep interest."— *Reader.*

"Mrs. Oliphant is one of the most admirable of our lady novelists. In her works there are always to be found high principle, good taste, sense, and refinement. The grace of her

style, its tranquillity, its unstudied but by no means negligent elegance, have a peculiar charm. ‘Agnes’ is a story wrought out with the skill and unexaggerated pathos with which Mrs. Oliphant's readers are familiar. Its pathetic and refined beauty will appeal irresistibly to all readers.”— *Post.*

DOCTOR HAROLD. By Mrs. Gascoigne, Author of “Temptation, or a Wife's Perils,” &c., 3 vols.

“‘Dr. Harold’ is a clever story, elegantly written, well devised, natural, and developed with gradually growing interest. The Doctor is charmingly sketched.”— *Post.* “A very charming book; it is of great interest, is gracefully written, and full of true and tender human feeling.”— *Star.* “The merits of ‘Dr. Harold’ are great. It is a really good book.”— *Spectator.*

CHRISTIAN'S MISTAKE. By the Author of “John Halifax, Gentleman.” 1 vol.

“A more charming story, to our taste, has rarely been written. Within the compass of a single volume the writer has hit off a circle of varied characters all true to nature—some true to the highest nature—and she has entangled them in a story which keeps us in suspense till its knot is happily and gracefully resolved; while, at the same time, a pathetic interest is sustained by an art of which it would be difficult to analyse the secret. It is a choice gift to be able thus to render human nature so truly, to penetrate its depths with such a searching sagacity, and to illuminate them with a radiance so eminently the writer's own. Even if tried by the standard of the Archbishop of York, we should expect that even he would pronounce ‘Christian's Mistake’ a novel without a fault.”— *Times.*

“This is a story good to have from the circulating library, but better to have from one's bookseller, for it deserves a place in that little collection of clever and wholesome stories that forms one of the comforts of a well-appointed home.”— *Examiner.*

THE PEMBERTON FAMILY. Edited by the Author of “Margaret and her Bridesmaids,” &c. 3 vols. “This is an admirable novel, as pure and noble in motive and moral as it is interesting and affecting as a story. The delicate and refined taste, the unexaggerated simplicity of style, and the fervour and pathos which marked the former works of this lady, are all recognizable in ‘The Pemberton Family.’”— *Post.*

MISS CAREW. By Amelia B. Edwards, Author of “Barbara's History,” &c. *Second Edition.* 3 vols.

“Never has the author's brilliant and vivacious style been more conspicuously displayed than in this very original and charming story.”— *Sun.*

BLOUNT TEMPEST. By the Rev. J. C. M. Bellew. *Third Edition, Revised.* 3 vols.

“This book is well written. The story is interesting and full of incident. The accounts of the various old families and family places are extremely well done. The picture of life at Hampton Court is very good, and there is an amusing account of a commemoration day at Oxford.”— *Athenæum.*

OSWALD HASTINGS; or, the Adventures of a Queen's Aide-de-Camp. By Capt. W. W. Knollys, 93rd Sutherland Highlanders, 3 vols.

“This is a brisk, rattling story of military life and success, by a writer who has personally seen much of that about which he writes, and can, moreover, write well about that which he has personally seen. With young soldiers ‘Oswald Hastings’ will be popular, and it will be heard of in drawing-rooms.”— *Athenæum.*

Under the Especial Patronage of Her Majesty.

Published annually, in One Vol., royal 8vo, with the Arms beautifully engraved, handsomely bound, with gilt edges, price 31 *s.* 6 *d.*

LODGE'S PEERAGE AND BARONETAGE, CORRECTED BY THE NOBILITY.

THE THIRTY-FIFTH EDITION FOR 1866 IS NOW READY.

Lodge's Peerage and Baronetage is acknowledged to be the most complete, as well as the most elegant, work of the kind. As an established and authentic authority on all questions respecting the family histories, honours, and connections of the titled aristocracy, no work has ever stood so high. It is published under the especial patronage of Her Majesty, and is annually corrected throughout, from the personal communications of the Nobility. It is the only work of its class in which, *the type being kept constantly standing,* every correction is made in its proper place to the date of publication, an advantage which gives it supremacy over all its competitors. Independently of its full and authentic information respecting the existing Peers and Baronets of the realm, the most sedulous attention is given in its pages to the collateral branches of the various noble families, and the names of many thousand individuals are introduced, which do not appear in other records of the titled classes. For its authority, correctness, and facility of arrangement, and the beauty of its typography and binding, the work is justly entitled to the place it occupies on the tables of Her Majesty and the Nobility.

LIST OF THE PRINCIPAL CONTENTS.

Historical View of the Peerage.

Parliamentary Roll of the House of Lords.

English, Scotch, and Irish Peers, in their orders of Precedence.

Library of Congress

Alphabetical List of Peers of Great Britain and the United Kingdom, holding superior rank in the Scotch or Irish Peerage.

Alphabetical list of Scotch and Irish Peers, holding superior titles in the Peerage of Great Britain and the United Kingdom.

A Collective list of Peers, in their order of Precedence.

Table of Precedency among Men.

Table of Precedency among Women.

The Queen and the Royal Family.

Peers of the Blood Royal.

The Peerage, alphabetically arranged.

Families of such Extinct Peers as have left Widows or Issue.

Alphabetical List of the Surnames of all the Peers.

The Archbishops and Bishops of England, Ireland, and the Colonies.

The Baronetage alphabetically arranged.

Alphabetical List of Surnames assumed by members of Noble Families.

Alphabetical List of the Second Titles of Peers, usually borne by their Eldest Sons.

Alphabetical Index to the Daughters of Dukes, Marquises, and Earls, who, having married Commoners, retain the title of Lady before their own Christian and their Husband's Surnames.

Alphabetical Index to the Daughters of Viscounts and Barons, who, having married Commoners, are styled Honourable Mrs.; and, in case of the husband being a Baronet or Knight, Honourable Lady.

Mottoes alphabetically arranged and translated.

“Lodge's Peerage must supersede all other works of the kind, for two reasons: first, it is on a better plan; and secondly, it is better executed. We can safely pronounce it to be the readiest, the most useful, and exactest of modern works on the subject.”— *Spectator.*

“A work which corrects all errors of former works. It is a most useful publication.”— *Times.*

“A work of great value. It is the most faithful record we possess of the aristocracy of the day.”— *Post.*

“The best existing, and, we believe, the best possible peerage. It is the standard authority on the subject.”— *Herald.*

13

NOW IN COURSE OF PUBLICATION, HURST AND BLACKETT'S STANDARD LIBRARY OF CHEAP EDITIONS OF POPULAR MODERN WORKS, ILLUSTRATED BY MILLAIS, HOLMAN HUNT, LEECH, BIRKET FOSTER, JOHN GILBERT, TENNIEL, &c.

Each in a single volume, elegantly printed, bound, and illustrated, price 5s.

VOL. I.— **SAM SLICK'S NATURE AND HUMAN NATURE.**

“The first volume of Messrs Hurst and Blackett's Standard Library of Cheap Editions forms a very good beginning to what will doubtless be a very successful undertaking. ‘Nature and Human Nature’ is one of the best of Sam Slick's witty and humorous productions, and well entitled to the large circulation which it cannot fail to obtain in its present convenient and cheap shape. The volume combines with the great recommendations of a clear, bold type,

and good paper, the lesser, but attractive merits, of being well illustrated and elegantly bound."— *Post.*

VOL. II.— **JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN.**

"This is a very good and a very interesting work. It is designed to trace the career from boyhood to age of a perfect man—a Christian gentleman, and it abounds in incident both well and highly wrought. Throughout it is conceived in a high-spirit, and written With great ability. This cheap and handsome new edition is worthy to pass freely from hand to hand as a gift book in many households."— *Examiner.*

"The new and cheaper edition of this interesting work will doubtless meet with great success. John Halifax, the hero of this most beautiful story, is no ordinary hero, and this his history is no ordinary book. It is a full-length portrait of a true gentleman, one of nature's own nobility. It is also the history of a home, and a thoroughly English one. The work abounds in incident, and is full of graphic power and true pathos. It is a book that few will read without becoming wiser and better."— *Scotsman.*

VOL. III.— **THE CRESCENT AND THE CROSS.** BY ELIOT WARBURTON.

"Independent of its value as an original narrative, and its useful and interesting information, this work is remarkable for the colouring power and play of fancy with which its descriptions are enlivened. Among its greatest and most lasting charms is its reverent and serious spirit."— *Quarterly Review.*

"A book calculated to prove more practically useful was never penned than 'The Crescent and the Cross'—a work which surpasses all others in its homage for the sublime and its love for the beautiful in those famous regions consecrated to everlasting immortality in the annals of the prophets, and which no other writer has ever depicted with a pencil at once so reverent and so picturesque."— *Sun.*

VOL. IV.— **NATHALIE. BY JULIA KAVANAGH.**

"'Nathalie' is Miss Kavanagh's best imaginative effort. Its manner is gracious and attractive. Its matter is good. A sentiment, a tenderness, are commanded by her which are as individual as they are elegant."— *Athenæum.*

VOL. V.— **A WOMAN'S THOUGHTS ABOUT WOMEN.** BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

"A book of sound counsel. It is one of the most sensible works of its kind, well-written, true-hearted, and altogether practical. Whoever wishes to give advice to a young lady may thank the author for means of doing so."— *Examiner.*

VOL. VI.— **ADAM GRAEME. BY MRS OLIPHANT.**

"'Adam Graeme' is a story awakening genuine emotions of interest and delight by its admirable pictures of Scottish life and scenery. The eloquent author sets before us the essential attributes of Christian virtue, their deep and silent workings in the heart, and their beautiful manifestations in life, with a delicacy, a power, and a truth which can hardly be surpassed."— *Post.*

VOL. VII.— **SAM SLICK'S WISE SAWS AND MODERN INSTANCES.**

"We have not the slightest intention to criticise this book. Its reputation is made, and will stand as long as that of Scott's or Bulwer's Novels. The remarkable originality of its purpose, and the happy description it affords of American life and manners, still continue the subject of universal admiration. To say thus much is to say enough, though we must just mention that the new edition forms a part of Messrs Hurst and Blackett's Cheap Standard Library, which has included some of the very best specimens of light literature that ever have been written."— *Messenger.*

VOL. VIII.— **CARDINAL WISEMAN'S RECOLLECTIONS OF THE LAST FOUR POPES.**

“A picturesque book on Rome and its ecclesiastical sovereigns, by an eloquent Roman Catholic. Cardinal Wiseman has treated a special subject with so much geniality, that his recollections will excite no ill-feeling in those who are most conscientiously opposed to every idea of humaninfallibility represented in Papal domination.”— *Athenæum.*

VOL. IX.— **A LIFE FOR A LIFE.** BY THE AUTHOR OF “JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN.”

“We are always glad to welcome Miss Mulock. She writes from her own convictions, and she has the power not only to conceive clearly what it is that she wishes to say, but to express it in language effective and vigorous. In ‘A Life for a Life’ she is fortunate in a good subject, and has produced a work of strong effect.”— *Athenæum.*

VOL. X.— **THE OLD COURT SUBURB. BY LEIGH HUNT.**

“A delightful book, that will be welcome to all readers, and most welcome to those who have a love for the best kinds of reading.”—Examiner. “A more agreeable and entertaining book has not been published since Boswell produced his reminiscences of Johnson.”— *Observer.*

VOL. XI.— **MARGARET AND HER BRIDESMAIDS.**

“We recommend all who are in search of a fascinating novel to read this work for themselves. They will find it well worth their while. There are a freshness and originality about it quite charming.”— *Athenæum.*

VOL. XII.— **THE OLD JUDGE. BY SAM SLICK.**

“The publications included in this Library have all been of good quality; many give information while they entertain, and of that class the book before us is a specimen. The manner in which the Cheap Editions forming the series is produced deserves especial

mention. The paper and print are unexceptionable; there is a steel engraving in each volume, and the outsides of them will satisfy the purchaser who likes to see books in handsome uniform."— *Examiner.*

VOL. XIII.— **DARIEN. BY ELIOT WARBURTON.**

"This last production of the author of 'The Crescent and the Cross' has the same elements of a very wide popularity. It will please its thousands."— *Globe.*

VOL. XIV.— **FAMILY ROMANCE; OR, DOMESTIC ANNALS OF THE ARISTOCRACY.** BY SIR BERNARD BURKE, Ulster King of Arms.

"It were impossible to praise too highly this most interesting book. It ought to be found on every drawing-room table. Here you have nearly fifty captivating romances with the pith of all their interest preserved in undiminished poignancy, and any one may be read in half an hour."— *Standard.*

VOL. XV.— **THE LAIRD OF NORLAW.** BY THE AUTHOR OF "MRS MARGARET MAITLAND."

"The Laird of Norlaw fully sustains the author's high reputation."— *Sunday Times.*

VOL. XVI.—THE ENGLISHWOMAN IN ITALY.

"We can praise Mrs Gretton's book as interesting, unexaggerated, and full of opportune instruction."— *The Times.*

VOL. XVII.— **NOTHING NEW.** BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

"'Nothing New' displays all those superior merits which have made 'John Halifax' one of the most popular works of the day."— *Post.*

VOL. XVIII.— **FREER'S LIFE OF JEANNE D'ALBRET.**

“Nothing can be more interesting than Miss Freer's story of the life of Jeanne D'Albret, and the narrative is as trustworthy as it is attractive.”— *Post.*

VOL. XIX.— **THE VALLEY OF A HUNDRED FIRES.** BY THE AUTHOR OF “MARGARET AND HER BRIDESMAIDS.”

“We know no novel of the last three or four years to equal this latest production of the popular authoress of ‘Margaret and her Bridesmaids.’ If asked to classify it, we should give it a place between ‘John Halifax’ and ‘The Caxtons.’”— *Herald.*

VOL. XX.— **THE ROMANCE OF THE FORUM.** BY PETER BURKE, Serjeant at Law.

“A work of singular interest, which can never fail to charm. The present cheap and elegant edition includes the true story of the Colleen Bawn.”— *Illustrated News.*

VOL. XXI.— **ADELE. BY JULIA KAVANAGH.**

“‘Adèle’ is the best work we have read by Miss Kavanagh; it is a charming story, full of delicate character painting.”— *Athenæum.*

VOL. XXII.— **STUDIES FROM LIFE.** BY THE AUTHOR OF “JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN.”

“These ‘Studies from Life’ are remarkable for graphic power and observation. The book will not diminish the reputation of the accomplished author.”— *Saturday Review.*

VOL. XXIII.— **GRANDMOTHER'S MONEY.**

“We commend ‘Grandmother's Money’ to readers in search of a good novel. The characters are true to human nature, the story is interesting, and there is throughout a healthy tone of morality.”— *Athenæum.*

VOL. XXIV.— **A BOOK ABOUT DOCTORS.** BY J. C. JEAFFRESON, ESQ.

“A delightful book.”— *Athenæm.* “A book to be read and re-read; fit for the study as well as the drawing-room table and the circluating library.”— *Lancet.*

VOL. XXV.— **NO CHURCH.**

“We advise all who have the opportunity to read this book. It is well worth the study.” *Athenæum.*

VOL. XXVI.— **MISTRESS AND MAID.** BY THE AUTHOR OF “JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN.”

“A good wholesome book, gracefully written, and as pleasant to read as it is instructive.”Athenæum. “A charming tale charmingly told. All the characters are drawn with life-like naturalness.”—Herald. “The spirit of the whole book is excellent. It is written with the same true-hearted earnestness as ‘John Halifax,’”— *Examiner.*

VOL. XXVII.— **LOST AND SAVED.** BY THE HON. MRS NORTON. “‘Lost and Saved’ will be read with eager interest. It is a vigorous novel.”—Times. “A novel of rare excellence; fresh in its thought, and with a brave soul speaking through it. It is Mrs Norton's best prose work.”— *Examiner.*

VOL. XXVIII.— **LES MISERABLES.** BY VICTOR HUGO. AUTHORISED COPYRIGHT ENGLISH TRANSLATION.

“The merits of ‘Les Misérables’ do not merely consist in the conception of it as a whole; it abounds, page after page, with details of unequalled beauty. In dealing with all the

emotions, doubts, fears, which go to make up our common humanity, M. Victor Hugo has stamped upon every page the hall-mark of genius."— *Quarterly Review.*

VOL. XXIX.— **BARBARA'S HISTORY.** BY AMELIA B. EDWARDS.

"It is not often that we light upon a novel of so much merit and interest as 'Barbara's History.' It is a work conspicuous for taste and literary culture. It is a very graceful and charming book, with a well-managed story, clearly-cut characters, and sentiments expressed with an exquisite elocution. The dialogues especially sparkle with repartee. It is a book which the world will like. This is high praise of a work of art, and so we intend it."— *Times.*

VOL. XXX.— **LIFE OF THE REV. EDWARD IRVING.** BY MRS OLIPHANT.

"A good book on a most interesting theme."— *Times.*

"A truly interesting and most affecting memoir. Irving's Life ought to have a niche in every gallery of religious biography. There are few lives that will be fuller of instruction, interest, and consolation."— *Saturday Review.*

"Mrs. Oliphant's Life of Irving supplies a long-felt desideratum. It is copious, earnest, and eloquent. Irving, as a man and as a pastor, is exhibited with many broad, powerful, and life-like touches, which leave a strong impression."— *Edinburgh Review.*

VOL. XXXI.— **ST OLAVE'S.**

"This charming novel is the work of one who possesses a great talent for writing, as well as experience and knowledge of the world. 'St Olave's' is the work of an artist. The whole book is worth reading."— *Athenæum.*

VOL. XXXII.— **SAM SLICK'S TRAITS OF AMERICAN HUMOUR.**

Library of Congress

“Dip where you will into this lottery of fun, you are sure to draw out a prize. These racy ‘Traits’ exhibit most successfully the broad national features of American humour.”— *Post.*